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Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the His-
tory, Story, Scenery, Industry and
Interest of New Hampshire

Edited by GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

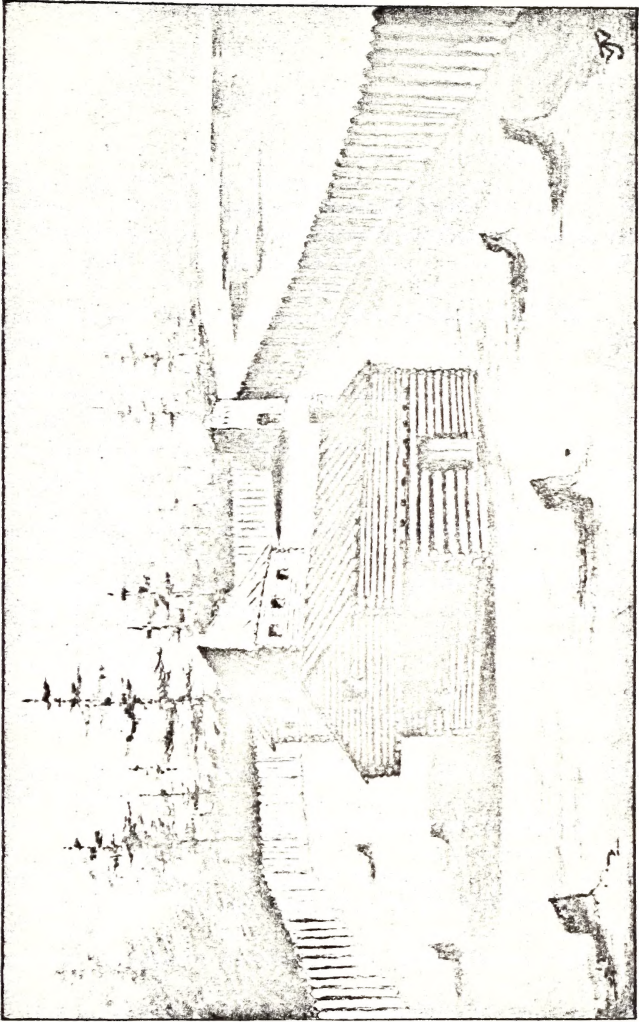
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January to June, 1907

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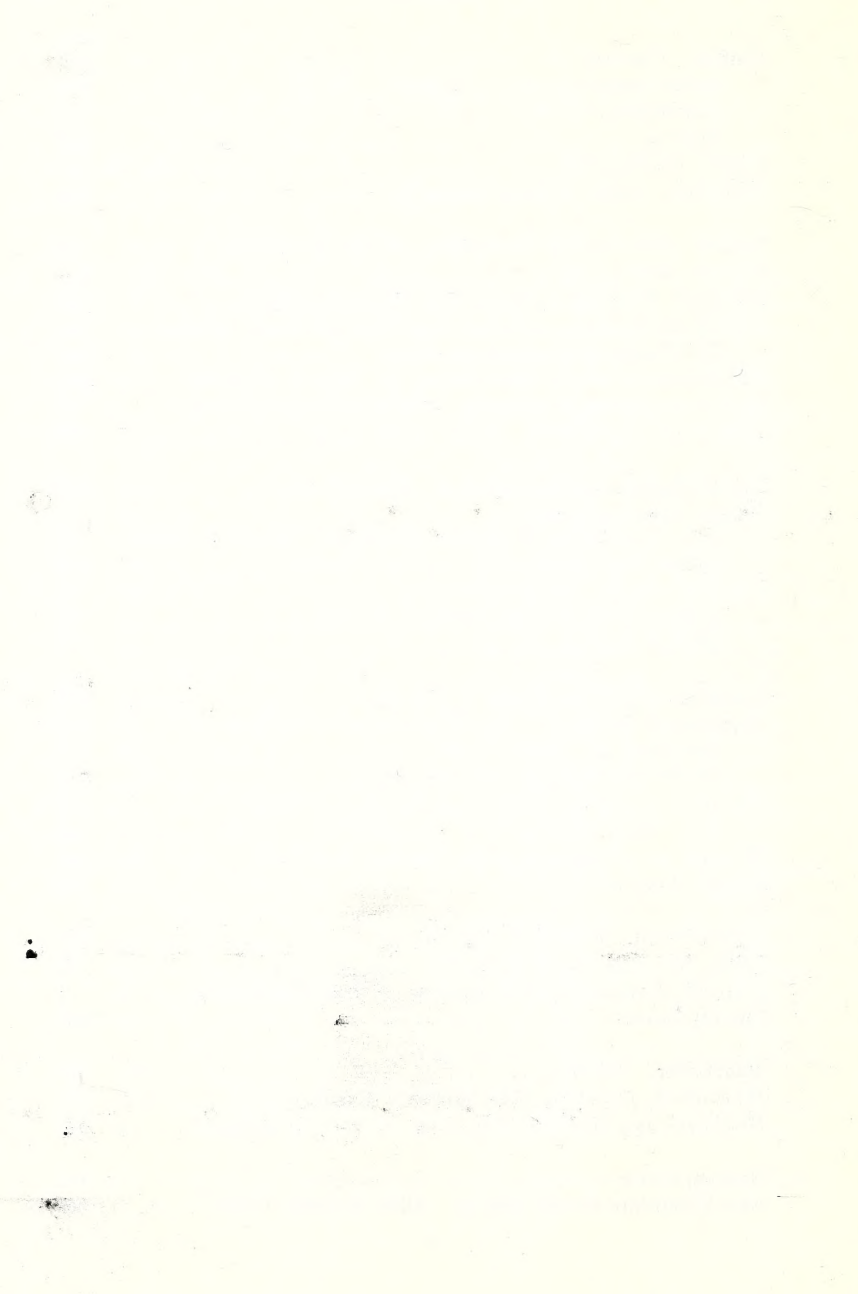
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STARK FORT, BUILT 1747

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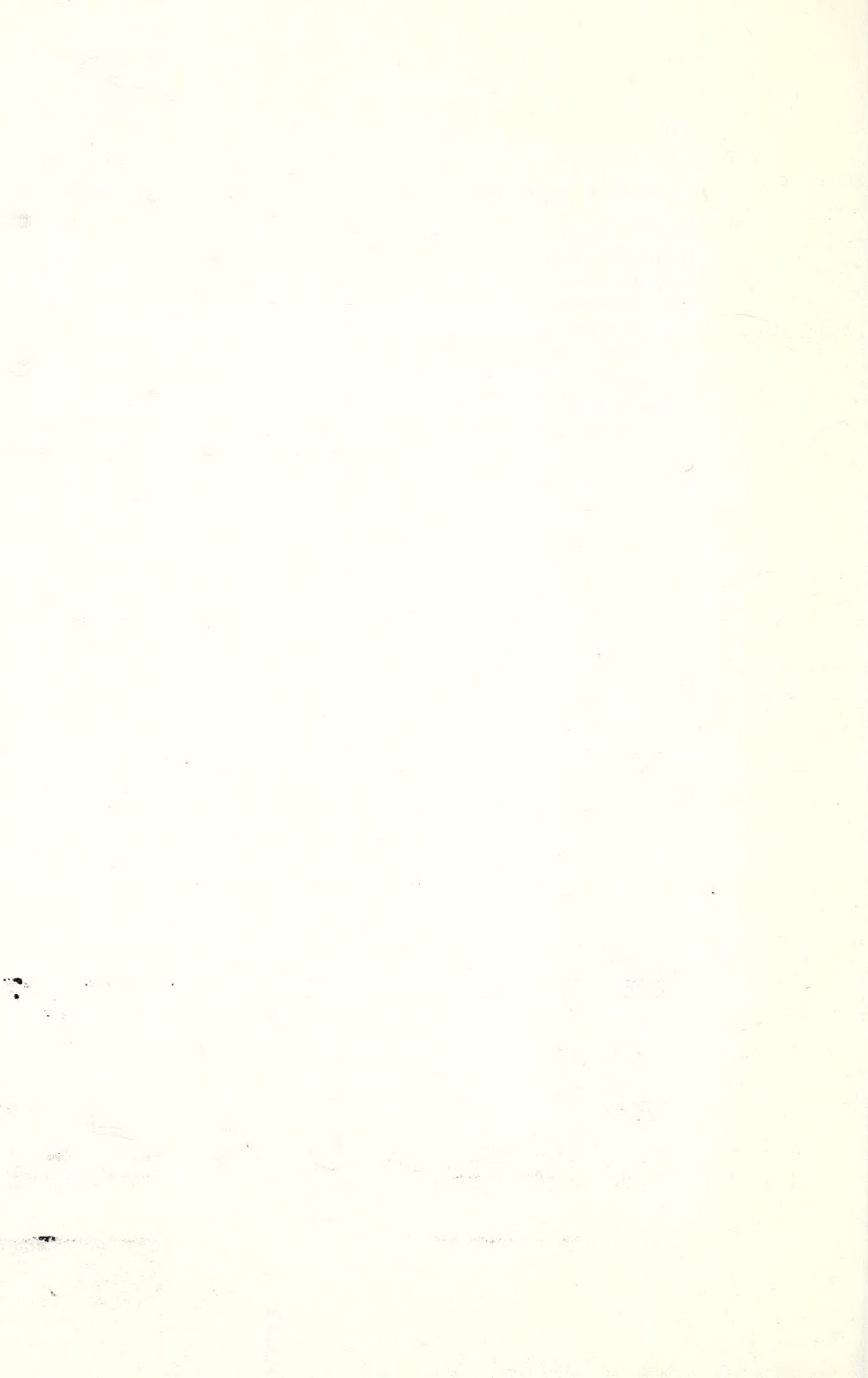
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VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1907.

NO. 1

Granite State

MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

LEADING ARTICLES
IN THIS NUMBER

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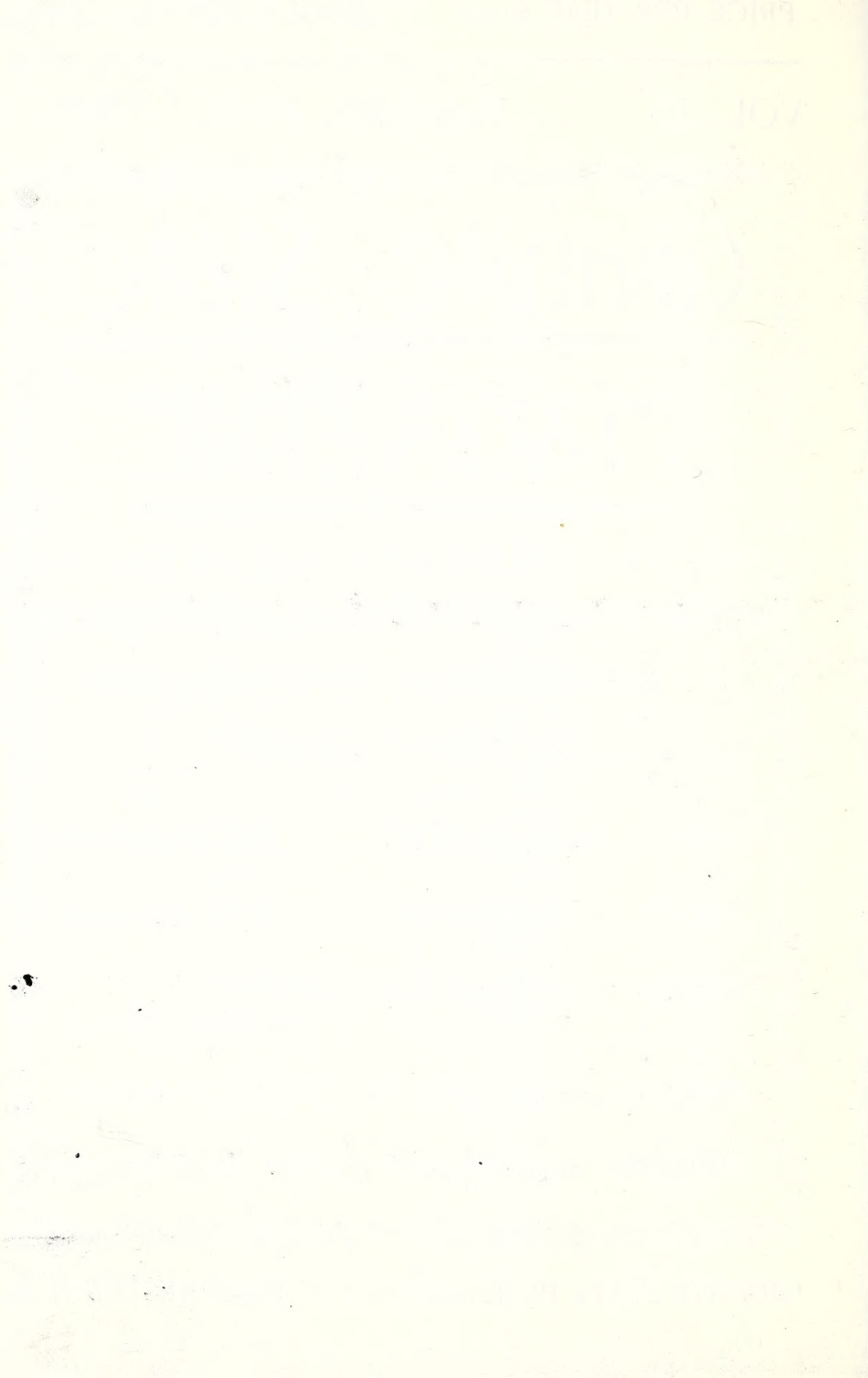
DEATH OF ARNOLD (Poem) . . *T. C. Harbaugh*

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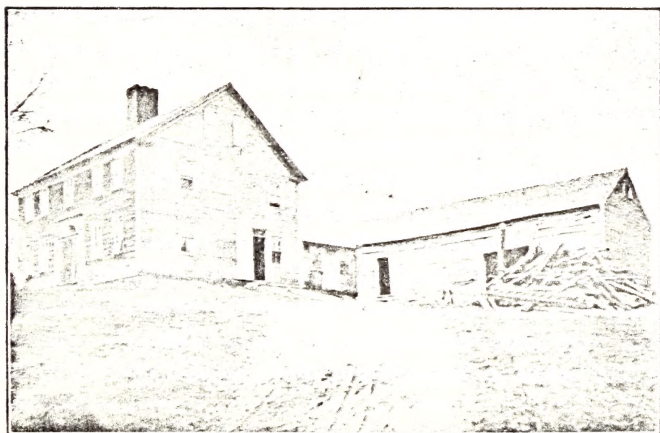
Manchester, N. H.



RUEL DURKEE



Mrs. RUEL DURKEE



THE DURKEE HOMESTEAD

Granite State Magazine

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 1.

Life and Character of Ruel Durkee

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

THERE is scarcely a town, I might say a district, in the Old Granite State which at one time or another has not produced a character that has stood out lone and representative of some particular element of manhood, rugged and aggressive. When these different persons are compared and their personalities analyzed it is found that they possess at least one trait common to all—an underlying honesty of purpose. Rough as the bark of the hickory may be, the wood beneath is firm, solid and reliable. These marked types of men are almost universally of English descent. Few of them are of great intellectuality, the majority of them live and die in narrow spheres of action. They make strong friendships; they incur bitter enmities. It could not be otherwise without casting their characters in different molds.

Among those of this class stands out the sturdy figure of Ruel Durkee, the Sage of Croydon. The meaning of his title may not indicate that he was a philosopher; it does not require great mental capacity to count as a sage where sages count most. The same truth applies to men greater than he. As with nearly all leaders we must look to the mother for the origin of those traits which made him conspicuous.

The mother of Ruel Durkee was Polly Whipple, a lineal descendant of Matthew Whipple, who came over to

this country in a goodly company, making up the passengers of the ship "Increase," 1635, and who was among the pioneers of Ipswich, Mass. Moses Whipple, of the fifth generation from this rugged ancestor, helped to break, as early as 1766, the wilderness of Croydon, N. H. He was an influential man in his day, an ardent patriot when the colonies felt it imperative to preserve to themselves their rights as freemen. He served on the Committee of Safety with ability; was at Ticonderoga when it fell into the hands of the Americans, and was in command of a company of troops in the battle which resulted in the surrender of the flower of the British army under the chivalrous Burgoyne. The war over he received the commission of Colonel of the Fifteenth Militia and, a natural leader of men, he held various positions of trust and honor in town. He removed to Charlestown in 1809, dying five years later at the age of sixty-one years.

His oldest son, Thomas, had a daughter named Polly, who married Rufus Durkee, an odd, eccentric character, a tanner who did quite a business. He was a person of more than ordinary ability, but of peculiar traits that were repeated to a more or less extent in his son. Ruel, the only child of this union, was born in Croydon, July 14, 1809. He lived and died in the house which is still standing, a rather cheerless country farmhouse, unpainted like its erstwhile owner without ornament of figure and plain and substantial. No friendly tree uplifted its protecting arm, and yet this was not an unhappy home. Rather, it afforded within its walls a genial hospitality and its door was open to the needy. While it did not suggest amazing thrift, it said to the world, "Here lives a rugged yeoman."

The advantages of schooling to this boy were not as good as usually fell to the lot of farmers' sons. He assisted his father about the tannery, helped on the farm, and improved his odd days in attending the district school. There is nothing to prove that he was an apt scholar, but his whole life goes to show that his education consisted

principally of observation, and that his teacher was Nature. In summing up the characters of his associates and analyzing their capacities he was an accurate mathematician and unfailing grammarian. In addition to these qualities he swayed men by his iron will, by the gesture of his hand, the intonation of his tongue, the expression of his eye. He possessed these attributes without an apparent knowledge of the fact, which was a portion of his success.

In speech he was a man of few words, and yet at times he showed that he was capable of making more use of these than the majority would of an hour's discourse. His was the eloquence of silent force. Frequently he prefaced his remarks with the sound of the letter "a," as pronounced in "far." He was not a profane man, and yet he emphasized his statements with an adjective which, falling from the lips of another, would be construed into an oath, but coming from him carried a telling influence. Rum he abjured and tobacco he abhorred. Cigars he described as "a brand with fire at one end and a-a damn fool at the other."

At the age of twenty-eight, on May 3, 1835, Ruel was married to Polly Barton, who never wavered in her faith and fidelity toward her strong-minded husband. As an apt example of his peculiar humor and character, it is related of their courtship and marriage:

She was at work at his father's house when the parish minister called at the home. From a neighboring field young Ruel, seeing the horse at the hitching-post, immediately strode toward the dwelling. Asking for Polly, he was told that she was in the garret spinning, and thither he made his way. Finding her he exclaimed in his brusque yet commanding way: "A-a, Priest Haven's down-stairs.

[A, as well as being the first letter in the alphabets of most of the languages, represents the primary sound of the human organs of speech. It was natural that this man—a diamond in the rough—uneducated, unpolished, and living close to nature, should begin life with this sound and open every important but terse sentence of his utterance with the articulation "A-a!"—*Author.*]

Time for us to marry, Polly." Taken aback by this unexpected declaration, though she had looked forward to the day when she might become his bride, she demurred, explaining that she was not dressed for such an occasion. Seeing, however, his determination and knowing his will brooked no opposition, she asked for time to put on a more suitable dress and a pair of shoes. "A-a, I can't wait, Polly. Minister in the house! A-a, go right down now, if you marry me at all." So Polly was married in her bare feet and calico dress. Over fifty years of wedded life proved the wisdom of her choice.

Immediately after their marriage this worthy couple settled upon the Durkee homestead as plain representatives of an honorable, if humble, calling. He interested himself as a young man in local affairs, and in 1842 was elected selectman. He served upon this board of town officers for thirty-three years, all but two of them as chairman. He was treasurer of the town for twenty-eight years. Mr. Durkee was a Free Soil Democrat, and represented Croydon in the State Legislature in 1846 and 1847. He became an earnest opponent of slavery and was very active in the campaign of 1854-55, which resulted in the election of John P. Hale to the United States Senate. From that time through the successive political periods to the election of James A. Garfield as president in 1881, he was in constant service.

The beginning of his earnest activity in the political arena dates from the time of the election of Joseph Gilmore as governor of the state. The period marks also the opening of the railroad contest in New Hampshire, which was so vigorously maintained for many years. The broad-minded Ruel Durkee had from the outset a strong dislike for the incoming executive, who showed in his early management of affairs a certain narrowness of mind that was sure to clash with the open-hearted man from Croydon. Throughout the war it was the aim and accomplishment of him to see that the town quota was filled, and not only at



home but in other sections he labored diligently to do more than his part. Whenever and wherever substitutes were needed he was present to help, and always without thought of compensation to himself. Governor Gilmore went so far as to deny the soldiers the right of suffrage, and Durkee was justly indignant. This followed the bitter opposition between the Concord & Nashua Railroad and the Manchester & North Weare branch road. The first obtained possession of the latter, and one Sunday, the more to his shame, Superintendent Gilmore went with a party of workmen and tore up the rails, destroyed the bridges, and so obliterated a portion of the road.

This untoward action aroused the latent energies of Ruel Durkee, and made him a staunch champion of the people against monopoly. Soon politicians began to know this man from the country as they had not known him before, and with that knowledge came to many a dread of his power. Of few words and subtile movements, the shrewdest soon came to seek him for advice, and as one of the succeeding governors remarked, "I never had cause to regret that I accepted his council, and when I followed his advice I always came out right." A long chapter of public service might be written in describing that trying period. The journey from Croydon to Concord and return was no slight trip, as it had to be made in those days. It consisted of a ride in his own team to Newport, a stage ride to Bradford of fourteen miles, and then by rail to the capital city. Ruel Durkee made these trips many times both by summer and by winter. In the latter season an early start had to be made in the morning, and the return trip was performed late in the evening. While his opponents were discussing, in the cheerful warmth of the Eagle Hotel, some scheme by which they could match or outwit the crafty Sage of Croydon, the stalwart figure of that person, encased in a coonskin overcoat, with a large beaver cap on his head and woolen mittens, knit with a fringe around the wrists, on his hands, was seated in the Newport stage, say-



ing little or nothing to his chance companions, who felt a sort of awe in his presence. Upon reaching Newport, his large bay horse, sleek as Ruel Durkee's horses always were, was led out from the Newport House stable, and hitched to a Saxon River sleigh, when the politician tucked his wolfskin robes about him and started upon the concluding stage of his journey, sure to be met with a cordial reception from Polly at his home.

After partaking of a plain supper of bread and milk, he would walk out to his store, which was looked after by a faithful assistant, there to discuss the affairs of the day, a goodly number always certain to be present to hear what their representative had to say in regard to the situation at the capital. Little short of the marvelous were some of the revelations to these plain, homespun people. On these occasions, as on all others, he never failed to express his dislike for the executive: "A-a, no better than a thief! Stole the rails from the North Weare road and destroyed the bridges. Robbed the people."

A pleasanter picture can be drawn of these long trips to and fro between his home and the state capital, when it was made in the summer time. In place of the snow-drifts and the bleak winds were the flowers and the glory of the long days in June. The fur coat was exchanged for lighter apparel, and we see him dressed in his accustomed broadcloth of the best material in the market. The coat was swallowtail with long skirt, the vest double-breasted and buttoned to the throat even on the warmest day, the pants cut after the old style. Calfskin boots encased his feet, while the well-known tall silk hat surmounted the large head. This was invariably of Amos Little's best make. A wide stock of buckram covered with silk encircled his big neck, while the dark hue of the waistcoat was relieved by a fob watchchain. This was the apparel of the man for many years, the only difference being the amount of wear given it. When a suit became too worn for best it was taken for every day.



He invariably rode in a Concord wagon, which was noted for the peculiar sound given out by its revolving wheels. The sound of this wagon was so well known along the route so often taken by him that his coming was proclaimed a quarter of a mile ahead of his appearance, and the common expression went from lip to lip in home after home: "Here comes Ruel!" and when he drove past, the window panes would be filled by the expectant faces of the occupants of the different houses.

It was a beautiful drive, one of the prettiest in New Hampshire, upon a June morning. Going south from Croydon East Village he rode along the west shore of Spectacle Pond, two sparkling sheets of water connected by the river and so called from a fancied resemblance to a pair of spectacles. On the one hand ran a branch of Sugar River, and anon the road entered the cooling shades of the summer woods, where the fragrance of June lingered and the merry songs of warbling birds made light the summer scene. If the lindens overhanging had sweet-scented blossoms, if ferns wove fairy-like network to embroider the highway, if the water added sweet music by its rippling over the stony keys of the river, Ruel Durkee had no ear or eye for them. He was not a man of sentiment. The regular cluck of his wagon axles and the steady strokes of his horse's shod hoofs afforded merrier music, for each succeeding sound told this stern driver that old Morgan was getting another foot nearer his destination. No; Ruel Durkee was not easily moved by sentiment. Yet somewhere under that rugged exterior there must have been a tender spot touched by an appeal for sympathy from some hopeless seeker. He was a poor collector in all things. A natural lobbyist, one who delighted to mingle in the nomination and election of men for office, he never seemed to remember his own interests. In his day he held mortgages, but usually against those whom he knew would never be able to meet the obligation. As proofs of this they lie outlawed to-day where his hand laid them away in



the old bureau as heirlooms of sympathy if not generosity.

Something of the keen shrewdness of the man in reading character is shown in the illustration of the railroad that wanted certain privileges and sent a man to work with Ruel Durkee to obtain them. The latter looked his visitor over slowly, and then said: "A-a, you are not the man I want. Tell them to send up — —, the man I want, and we will look after it." The other expostulated in vain, saying he had been sent by the company. Upon going back and reporting, as he was obliged to, the man desired by Durkee was sent and the case won.

He did not drift into politics from a desire for gain or public prestige outside of his own narrow sphere. That he might have held high office is evident. No doubt in refusing them he realized his unfitness for them, and that he felt his failings keenly is quite as certain. That he did not grasp the full extent of his power or, rather, did not appreciate the value of his long and faithful service, is as positive as the others. While he might be able to say to one of New Hampshire's strongest chief executives: "Remember who made you governor," there is no proof to show that he abused his power. He was brought into too close contact with the more unfortunate children of earth, felt too deeply their misfortunes, to seek personal emulation at the sacrifice of honesty. In the political woods he was an oak in a forest of birches.

His life work is worthy the study of a student. It was not without its good results, as darkly as these are shaded in the trying scenes in which he figured. While his neighboring towns, under the trials and temptations of that trying period, were running heavily into debt, Croydon, under the careful, sagacious management of this country seer, came out of the ordeal with a minimum of indebtedness, and this without a high rate of taxation. This was indeed an enduring if modest monument.

In 1864 he reached what must have been the proudest achievement of his life, when he was selected as messenger

to carry the electoral vote of New Hampshire to Washington. It is comparatively easy to picture the effect this plain countryman must have conveyed at the national capital among the law-makers and representatives of the world's powers. The rough edge of criticism was hewn away by the honest simplicity of the man, who gave no suggestion of a lack of confidence in his task or realization of inferiority. His tailor had not changed the fashion of his best broadcloth suit, though it had come fresh from his hands. The tall silk hat never looked glossier, the robust form of the man never stronger or of a deeper personality. Ay, this last counts where other traits of human character fail.

Of course Ruel Durkee had his failings. He was human in a quaint, original cast. No doubt he was a bitter enemy. Strong friends are always of that class. If not a man of wide influence he was widely feared for what he might do. It is not the certainties that we dread but the uncertainties. The polished diamond may be more beautiful to the eye, but what it has gained in attractiveness it has lost in value. He showed his acute insight into human nature by his widely quoted expression: "If he is honest he'll stay bought." He practised his ideas of safety in his political dealings in his favorite maxim, "Don't write, send word." Poor letter writers are seldom caught by their written words. It is the fluent pen that most often leads to trouble.

Like all uneducated men, he depended upon his memory of natural sequence for a result. It is related upon good authority that his method of fixing the tax rates was along this line and a unique specimen of his work. Sitting with his associate selectmen he would call upon one of the others to read off the names of the taxpayers, while the third, equipped with pen and paper, was told to put down the sums he named. As one after another was called off, leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, he would say: A-a, put down Smith —," naming a sum. "A-a,

Jones, yes, Jones ——” giving another amount, following this plan until the end of the list was reached. If any dissent was made he paid no heed to the protest. As strange as it may seem, little if any complaint was made against the rates. An explanation is found in the fact that with only a hundred voters in town a man of his long experience had come to know pretty closely what each one's tax should be.

Anecdotes and quaint sayings of this farmer-politician might be given sufficient to fill this entire magazine, but space forbids. These show him of plain, rough speech, with a variety of odd characteristics. Few of these 'twere well to forget; many of them worthy of remembrance. Can you say more of those of higher aspirations? Notwithstanding the frequent opportunities that must have come his way, he died a comparatively poor man. His funeral services were held in the Congregational church, which was filled to overflowing with townspeople and others coming from all sections of the state to pay their last respects to him who was not only known but loved and revered by a wide circle of acquaintances. Mrs. Durkee, who had been his patient and faithful companion for over half a century, survived him less than six months. Friends contributed to furnish this couple with a suitable monument, a polished Scotch granite shaft, surmounted with an urn on a solid base. The following inscription tells its own story:

“Ruel Durkee, born July 14, 1809. Died July 2, 1885, in Croydon. A life-long advocate of human freedom, a patriotic citizen, a good neighbor, a devoted husband, and a faithful friend of those associates who have erected this monument to his memory.

“Polly S. Barton, the excellent wife of Ruel Durkee. Born January 26, 1809. Died December 28, 1885.”

And to-day, on the east wall of the parlor at the old farmhouse, hang two portraits painted in oil—those of a man and a woman—Ruel Durkee and his wife Polly Barton. These remain—these and a memory.

The Death of Arnold

By T. C. HARBAUGH

In a dark and dingy attic
At the close of one fair day,
In the throbbing heart of London
Dying fast a soldier lay;
And the one who knelt beside him
With a reverential nod,
Stroking soft the fevered temples,
Was a holy man of God.

Far beneath him in the twilight
Surged the tide of London Town,
O'er the heartless, stony pavements
Traffic's feet went up and down;
Dreams were his that awful moment,
Visions met him where he lay—
He a traitor to his country
And the Judas of his day.

Fast for him the tide was ebbing
And the shadows gathered dark,
Till, of life's well-wasted candle,
There remained one tiny spark;
Out upon a sea infinite
Drifted rudderless a wreck,
And the parson bending o'er him
Heard the muttered word, "Quebec!"

Like a flash of former glory,
Like a ray of former fame
To the wretched, dying traitor
Came the British city's name.
Ah! once more he led his legions
Thro' the forest's wintry glen,
And again he stormed the fortress
With Montgomery and his men.

THE DEATH OF ARNOLD

All around him stood the heroes
 Who amid the tempests fell,
 When he led them young and valiant
 'Gainst the mighty citadel,
 And his pulses beat, as bravely
 There he held death's hand in check
 While he dreamed that he was fighting
 'Neath the ramparts of Quebec.

For a moment he was silent,
 Then he raised his fevered hands
 And with thunder tones of battle
 Filled the room with his commands:
 "Steady! steady! sons of Freedom!
 One more charge and it is done!
 Forward now; your general leads you,
 Saratoga's field is won!"

* * * * *

In that attic slept the traitor,
 No one stood beside his bier,
 Not an eye grew moist that twilight
 And the cold cheeks felt no tear;
 Bear the news across the ocean
 To the land from whence he fled,
 Tell the men who curse his treason
 'Tis the traitor who is dead.

Dead! unpitied, unbefriended
 In the heart of London Town—
 Dead! the man who sold his country
 To the wearer of a crown
 Linked his name with that of Judas
 Far and wide in Freedom's clime—
 Known forever for his treason,
 Cursed and hated for all time.

Yet, despite the traitor's treason,
 On his grave, accursed to-day,
 Two sprigs of fadeless evergreen
 These hands of mine would lay;
 And the stone that rises o'er him
 With two words I fain would deck,
 Two names that are immortal—
 Saratoga and Quebec!



Rogers' Scout at Lake George

(September 14-24, 1755.)

COMPILED AND EDITED BY G. WALDO BROWNE

A JOURNAL* of the New Hampshire Scout of Three Men sent from Lake George, to reconoitre Fort Frederick or Crown Point Fort the New Works & Army there.†

Set forward in a Battoë from the Encampment the 14th Sep^r† at about 25 Miles Distance down the Lake, landed about daylight, took the Battoë & hid it, left two Men of Connecticut Forces, to watch the Battoë and Provisions till our Return. Saw that Morning sundry Indians Canoes passing in the lower Part of the Lake; Went forward towards Crown Point.

*This report is copied from the Massachusetts Archives Vol. 38A, pp. 176-181. The original was evidently written by Col. Joseph Blanchard from dictation by Major Rogers.

†The Order issued on this occasion ran as follows:

Camp at Lake George,

7 Oct^r 1755.

You are to embark with the party under your command, and land with them on one of the nearest and most convenient islands in the lake toward the carrying place and Ticonderoga and then send out three or four proper persons to reconnoitre the enemy thereabouts and make what discoveries they can: you are then to send out the Birch Canoe as a bait for the enemy, and to remain with the rest of the party, in order to succor and assist them if pursued, or to circumvent the enemy, for which purpose you are to be in constant readiness, with your Men and Battoes, and keep a good lookout.

By the General's Command.

Peter Wraxall,

A. D. Camp.

† The dates given in this report are generally ten days later than those given in the published Journals of Major Rogers, which discrepancy is accounted for by the fact that the Old Style calendar had not at that time come into complete use.

The 17th Day at Evening, discovered a the Wheat Fields & four Houses, about 2 Miles Sotherly from Crown Point Fort. In the Night went to the Intrenchment made from the Fort encompassing a little Hill, the Trenches not finished, but reaches about 30 Rods from the Fort; which Intrenchment begins at the South west Corner of the Fort, and Trends southwesterly about two Rods wide at the Fort, and widens to about 15 at the other End.

Went into the Trench, and spent the Night for discovery in and about there till morning, and then retired to a Mountain about a mile west from the Fort and appurtenances, and saw an Addition to the Fort from the North-west Corner about 25 Rods which reached to the Waterside inclosing some Buildings many tents set up in it.

A Windmill about sixty Rods south of the Fort, in which Space many Tents were up. had a clear Discovery of the Fort and appurtenances. The soldiery were mustered and exercised. The whole of French and Indians we judged were near upon five or six hundred.

Their People some few were at work at the Intrenchments, seemed unconcerned hunting Pigeons &c all round in the woods, some of which came within about 15 Rods of the scout. We came off the Hill at Night.

The 19th set homeward, travelled 30 the Lake about six miles from Ticonderoga.

20th Set up to the Lake to where we left the Battoe, found that & two Men (we left) were gone, and we set homeward.

The 23^d late at Night arrived at the Great Camp*

*this camp

The Land is rough & mountainous from the lower End of the Lake to Crownpoint. The Distance about 20 miles, and we apprehend impracticable to get a passable Road there. Which is the General Acct. of the Discoveries we have made and is humbly submitted by

Your Honours

Most Dutyfull and

Obedient Servant

Robert Rogers

24th Sept^r 1755

the means for Cannon.



To the hon^{ble} Joseph Blanchard Esq^r Col^o of the
Newhampshire Regiment in the Expedition against Crown-
point.

May it please your Honour

The foregoing is a Report of
Capt Robert Rodgers under your Direction, sent with a
party to Crownpoint to reconortie that Fort, which is hum-
bly offered by your

Most humble Servant

Joseph Blanchard

Lake George 24th Sept. 1755

A true copy from the Original Examined by me

Peter Wraxald

Sec.^y to Gen^l Johnson

To the hon^{ble} General Johnson.

The Old Farm-House on the Hill

By FRED MYRON COLBY

There comes to me a picture,—
A picture fair and bright;
A farm-house on the hillside
With clapboards painted white;
Where 'neath the eaves the swallows
Built every summer time,
And sweet the echoes sounded
Of chanticleer's shrill chime.

I see its quaint old gables
With slanting roof-tree low;
Where through the purple twilights
Moved shadows to and fro.
I see the tall white chimneys,
The windows small and old,
Which in the flaming sunsets
Seemed turned to burning gold.

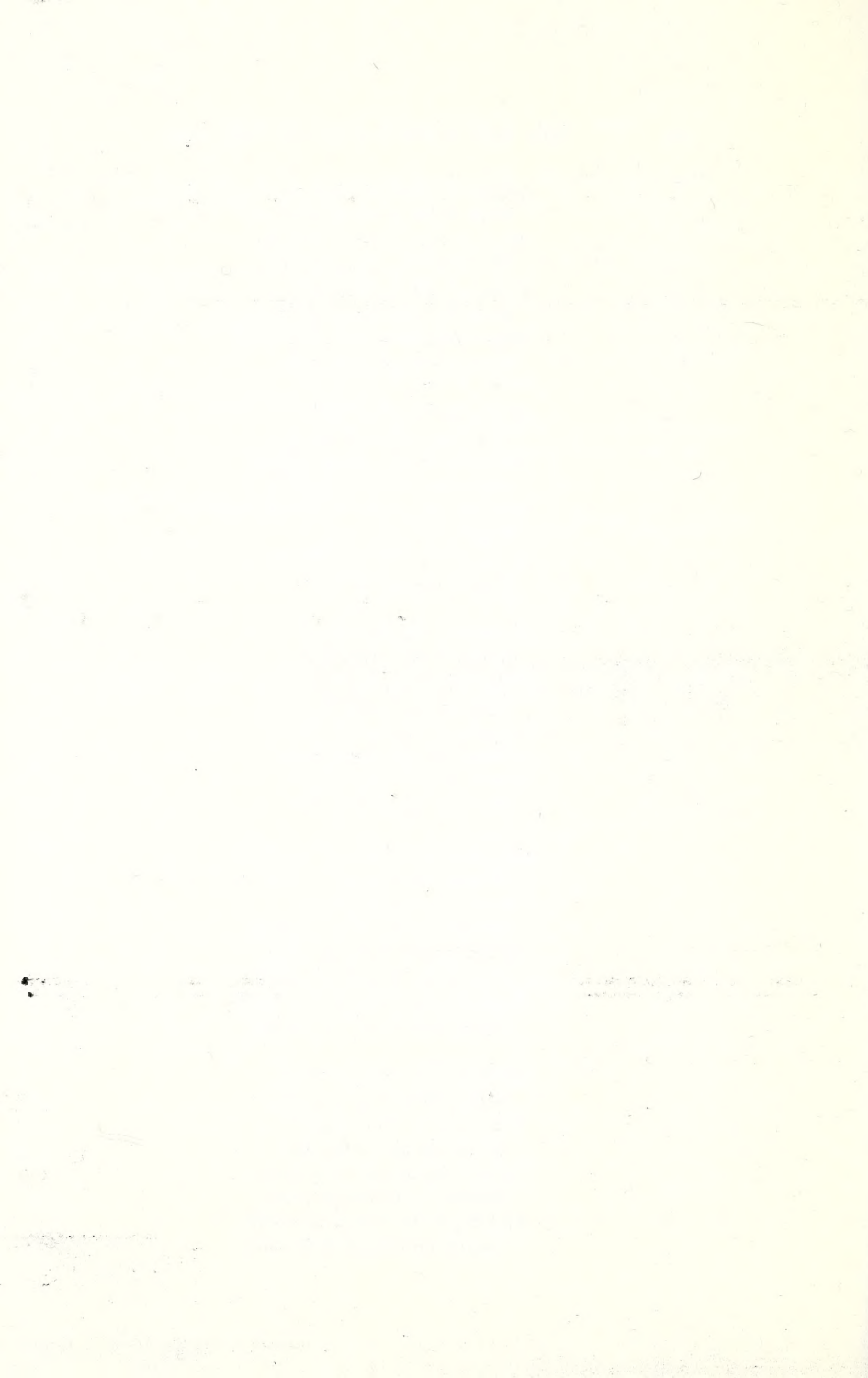
Around it stand tall maples
With rustling, creaking limbs,
Where in the summer evenings
The birds sing vesper hymns.
Within its oaken doorway
Stretched wide a stately hall,
Where massively framed pictures
Hung on the paneled wall.

Under the mossy windows
The bouncing betties grew,
White lilacs and sweet williams,
And roses winned with dew.
What footsteps there have lingered
Beside the open door,
Or paced with dreamy fancies
That even-sanded floor!

A burst of childish voices
Comes to me as I dream;
The silent, dim old mansion
With life and laughter teem.
I catch a glimpse of grandma
Beside her spinning wheel;
A host of memories follow
The flashing of her reel.

Gay pastimes there have wakened
The ghosts of by-gone years;
I hear a burst of laughter
Through falling mist of tears.
With mirth of bees and dances
The rafters there have rung;
There rose the prayer of worship
When holy hymns were sung.

Each silent room is haunted
With visions that have fled;
The voices of its tenants
Have long ago been dead.
But still the ancient farm-house
Stands on the hillside green,
And bright the summer sunshine
Gleams on the peaceful scene.





RUINS OF THE FIRST GLASS MANUFACTORY
IN AMERICA




TEMPLE MOUNTAINS

First Glass Making in America

An Industry of a New Hampshire Town

By CHARLES B. HEALD

OME few miles eastward of grand old Monadnock, in a picturesque vale of sunlit hills, nestles the quiet little village of Temple, one of New Hampshire's secluded gems of forest and meadow. Although now an almost forgotten fact, this modest country town can claim the first glass-works in America.

Recently woodmen in stripping the forest in the southwestern part of this town came upon the site of these early glass-works. A stone oven was found and fused together with the rocks was a greenish glass, while scattered about were fragments of the same material, proving beyond any doubt that here was indeed the site of the old-time "glass-house," a sort of local myth with the townsfolk for the last generation or more.

The spot is on a wooded ridge midway between Temple and Kidder Mountains, a half mile east of the Sharon line and twice that distance north of New Ipswich, but a good five-mile tramp by road and path to the Temple village green. All about the locality lies a beautiful region of peaceful valleys, fertile fields and well-tilled farms, but the spot itself is still in the same lonely wilderness it was in 1780, when Robert Hewes of Boston came with his score or more of German glass-blowers and erected a furnace for the making of glass. Odd it would seem that such a retired place was chosen, did we not know that seclusion was the object sought, because the men with Hewes were Hessian deserters from the British army and, moreover, the mother country would not permit any home industry in the colonies.



The prime mover in the enterprise must have been this Robert Hewes, then a man about thirty years of age and with strong Yankee characteristics. Hewes some years before had become, in a casual way, interested in glass making, so much so as to try it in an experimental course which resulted in his producing plate glass. We next learn of him, for he seems to have been a man of many traits, not as a student but a teacher of the broad-sword in the American army. It was at this time, doubtless, that he became acquainted with the Hessians, a friendship that must have resulted in their desertion of the military for a more peaceful, yet rougher, life in the wilderness.

The first "glass-house" was a building sixty-five feet square, with log huts adjacent. From the ruins, still to be seen, amid a tangled wood and partial clearing, the furnace must have been fairly well constructed. It is still intact, the keystone in its place, like the one of old, found beneath a pile of rubbish, where it had been placed by the master craftsman long years ago.

The glass blown was the shape of a decanter, holding from a quart to a gallon or more. There could not have been many made as a fire soon destroyed the buildings and the industry came to a standstill. It is of interest to note that a few of these specimens are still in existence, a large one to be seen on the dining-room mantel of the hotel in New Ipswich. This one holds about three gallons and, although rather crude at the neck, is nearly perfect, round and shapely. The glass is of a greenish hue, muddy-looking and filled with grains of sand imbedded in it. With the poor facilities that Hewes' men had at their command, it is somewhat of a wonder that they were able to turn out as good specimens of early glass making as they did.

In the locality of the furnace there was no sand, and it had to be drawn from the shore of Magog Pond in New Ipswich, while the stones with which was built were drawn by ox team from Uxbridge, Mass., sixty miles away.

Hewes must have been a man of remarkable determina-

tion, although at home in Boston, being quite wealthy, his was a life of ease. He had the ability to rough it that he might carry out his project, and in his future attempts toward the re-establishment of glass-works, we find his persistency was a strongly developed trait in his character. After the fire, which occurred while he was in Boston, Hewes wrote to the selectmen of Temple for aid in rebuilding, but these "honorable gentlemen" showed from the first that they did not take kindly to his glass-making scheme, nor to his "thirty-two glass-blowing, smoke-puffing Dutch men," as the town records term them.

Hewes next applied to the General Court of New Hampshire for "freedom from rates on his buildings; likewise the same freedom for his glass-makers, to encourage them in the Business; and a bounty on the Glass they shall make."

Direct action to this appeal was postponed, but the records of the house of representatives, under the date of January 2, 1781, shows that it was voted that Hewes "when able to manufacture good window-glass, would receive from this State due encouragement." This vote was also passed the same day by the council, the higher body of the General Court. Later, encouraged by a loan of three thousand pounds from the town of Temple for "ye encouragement of ye Glass Manufactory," Hewes again addressed the General Court to issue lottery tickets for the purpose of raising more money. What words of eloquence and persuasion he used to gain the assent of this "Honorable Body," as frail as the glassware he was attempting to make, is not known, but the General Court of New Hampshire did grant him that permission without discussion March 30, 1781. Both house and council passed an act unique in the legislative history of New England. It read as follows:

THE LOTTERY ACT.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one.

An Act to authorize certain persons to raise Two Thousand Pounds of the New Emission, to enable one Robert Hewes to carry on the manu-



facturing of Glass in the Town of Temple, in the County of Hillsborough

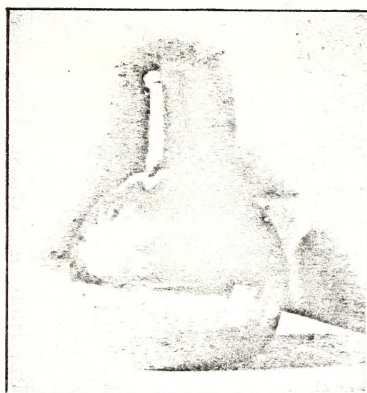
WHEREAS, Robert Hewes of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, hath petitioned the General Court, setting forth that he has been at great expense in erecting Buildings and preparing materials to carry on the manufacturing of glass in the Town of Temple, and that he has brought the same near to perfection, but was unable to proceed further without public encouragement, and should be obliged to drop the enterprise.

* * * * *

Upon consideration of which Petition, the same appeared reasonable, and the granting of the prayer thereof would be for the public good. Therefor, Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives assembled, and by the authority of the Same, that Liberty be, and hereby is granted, to establish and carry on a Public Lottery, to raise the sum of Two Thousand Pounds of the New Emmission, to be applied to the purpose of carrying on said Glass-manufactory and paying incidental charges.

* * * * *

Thus Robert Hewes obtained the indorsement of the state to this "lottery bill," but, alas! he could not dispose of his tickets to advantage, so now fully discouraged he tried to sell out, Hessians and all, to the town of Temple. The townspeople thought they had had enough of the Hessians, "lazy Dutchmen," as they called them, and the care of glass-works was not in their line, so Hewes abandoned the affair and returned to Boston. We afterward read of him as a gentlemen of leisure, and residing in an "elegant mansion surrounded by a spacious court and magnificent shade trees." This was at the corner of Washington and Essex streets, and old residents often relate seeing him in his garden, in dressing gown, at play with his pet peacocks and paroquets. He was a man of short stature, slightly rotund, of light complexion, and very active. "Sally," he once said to his housekeeper, "I am seventy-five years old to-day and can handle a sword better than any young man in Boston." The Boston Directory of 1825 says, "Hewes, Robert, surgeon, bone-setter, corner of Essex; Poland starch-maker, 372 Washington street; Teacher of sword exercise, Boylston Market." It would seem by what we learn from other sources, that to some degree he was successful as a surgeon, and that his "liniment" was a favorite household remedy. "I made this liniment and the bottles it is in," he once remarked to a visitor.



FIRST GLASS BOTTLE BLOWN IN AMERICA



Glafs-Works LOTTERY.

No

17

No.

CLASS, THE FIRST.

THIS TICKET entitles the Bearer to receive such Prize as may be drawn against its Number, in a Lottery established by an Act of the General Court of the State of NEW-HAMPSHIRE, MARCH 30, A. D. 1781, to encourage the manufactory of GLASS.

E

FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST LOTTERY TICKET ISSUED BY
GENERAL COURT

The *Columbian Centinel*, July 21, 1830, has this obituary: "In this city, Dr. Robert Hewes, aged 79; long known as a celebrated bone-setter and fencing master." Hewes was buried in one of the old tombs that was removed from Boston common when the subway was built.

Of the fate of the German workmen Hewes left behind at Temple we know very little. Local tradition tells of a sickness among them that proved fatal, and that they were buried near the scene of their unsuccessful labors. The town records say that for fear they might become town charges they were "warmed" out of the place. Just what that "warming" process was is not stated, but it may be these unfortunate aliens were consigned to some temperature where they could ply their trade with greater vigor. This may be so, for one of the weird tales of our grandfathers' time was that any dark night, should one choose to go there, queer mutterings and strange doings could be heard and seen in the vicinity of the old glass house. Even the town historian relates of a farmer living near its site who, while digging a well, astonished his neighbors one day by coming out of the depths with blanched face to tell of loud voices he had heard down below, and that "he wasn't going back there again to break through." It might have been the broken English of our Dutch friends that Farmer Stowell heard in his well.

Far from the humorous, however, was the untimely end of these German aliens, left stranded as they were among the unfriendly village folk, who could see nothing worthy in the careless good-fellowship of these men from over the sea; men who were doubtless at heart warm and true and who must have been skilled at an art as yet unlearned in this country. There is a certain pathos in their lot, and could we but have known their life history we might have untangled many a romance that ended in a wilderness away from loved ones, home and Fatherland.

A Lesson for Boys

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

WE CALLED a few days ago upon a gentleman in a neighboring city, who is a prosperous business man and who is rather noted among his friends for having an exceptionally fine appearing business place.

"How is it that you have such a magnificent dash to your business system, and this air of superiority in your whole establishment, from your office boy up?" we asked.

"Not many years ago," he replied, "I commenced my career as an office boy in an insurance office which presented a model of executive management, neatness and clock-like system.

"To the training I got there, and a lesson my good mother gave me, I attribute much of my success. Not long after I had learned to sweep the office effectually, a number of my friends got up a sleighing party and invited me to join them. I thought my happiness for life depended wholly upon going for a young miss of whose society I was very fond, who was anxious to go, and I was afraid if I failed to come to time my rival would take advantage of my absence and suddenly undo all I had accomplished by hard work.

"But the expense of the ride for myself and girl would be ten dollars, and at that time a dollar looked about as large to me as a good-sized cartwheel ought to. I found out, however, that I could get two seats with the driver for five dollars and, as my young friend was willing to sit there, I decided to take those instead of paying double the price for the other seats. I thought I had done a good thing in saving so much and spoke to my mother about it, expecting her praise, but she looked displeased and said:

"My son, I would not on any consideration allow you to go on this ride in such a way. Go first-class or not at all. If there are any fifteen-dollar seats get them by all means, if you want to go so very much, and I will help you pay for them. Never, my son, do anything in a cheap, second-rate way. Do not try to do too much, but let what you do be first-class always, and you will in time get where you can do as you wish.'"

The Viking's Love Song

From the Norse

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Like lovers are the soft stars hieing,
Each to his maid on light step borne;
My dragon! 'way on wings swift flying—
Thou billows blue, roll on, roll on!
In yonder grove the White God sitteth,
Good Balder, unto whom we turn:
And there Love's goddess coyly knitteth
By ones the threads of trusting norm.

Along thy strand I lightly wander:
Thy blooming cheek, fair earth, I kiss;
And flowers that fringe the pathway yonder
With white and red art mine in bliss.
And thou, fair moon, with pale light streaming
On grove and temple, cairn and mound,
In god-like beauty art thou dreaming,
Like Saga at a wedding found.

My heart's own voice, sweet rill, whence caught thee
The tender throbbings of my breast?
And, Norland's nightingale, who taught ye
The plaintive songs that I love best?



In twilight hues the fairies playing
 With clouds soft paint my Ingeborg's form,
 Till Freyja, * jealousy portraying,
 Sends hence the image in a storm.

Let fickle clouds forget her semblance;
 She comes herself—like hope! and fair
 And true as childhood's bright remembrance—
 Yea, comes, for heart has heard my prayer,
 Come, love, let these strong arms infold thee;—
 Let this true heart thy shield be e'er;
 Upon this breast I'll safely hold thee,
 Free from all harm, my soul's bright star!

As lily, tall thy form and slender,
 Yet fresh and fair as summer rose,
 While pure as will of gods and tender,
 With all the fervor Freyja knows.
 Beloved, let kisses seal our passion,
 Bind soul to soul in perfect bliss,
 Till fades the earth's and heaven's vision—
 Transported by thy melting kiss.

Thy tresses with the sunlight beaming
 A starry crown shouldst given be;
 And my fair lily, rosy beaming,
 In Vingolf's † hall shouldst dance with me.
 Then from the dizzy maze I'd bringeth
 Thee safe to Hymen's blissful bower,
 Where Brage, silver-bearded, singeth
 New bride-songs with each even's hour.

How clear and sweet the song bird's vesper—
 Soft strains that float from Valhal's strand!
 How softly falls the moonbeam's whisper—
 Light music from the Spirit Land!
 They herald hope and joys unending,
 A Kingdom free from fear and pain—
 A Heaven blest with Love's ways blending,
 Where thou, my Ingeborg, shall reign.

*The Goddess of Love.

†Palace of the Asynjer—mansion of bliss.



PRINCESS OF ODIN

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

[Copyright, 1906, by the Author]


What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER X

A HORSE TRADE SPICED WITH BLUFF

When two nags won't hitch together, but balk an' raise a rumpus,
An' bite, an' throw their feet aroun' to all p'int of the compass.

—*Foss.*

UR couple did not prove to be early risers the following morning, so that Mrs. Goodwill's voice was heard at the foot of the stairs for the second time before they appeared, ready for breakfast. They found Deacon Goodwill in a more genial mood than on the previous evening, which was pretty good evidence that his rheumatism was better. He inquired particularly how they had rested, and touched upon personal matters to such an extent that even the resourceful prodigal was glad when they were told to sit up to the table. The host had barely taken his seat at the head when Enoch burst into the room saying that a stranger had driven into the yard and was inquiring for his father.

"A stranger to see me?" demanded the deacon, showing a frown on his narrow countenance. "Didn't yeou tell

him I wus sayin' grace? How provoking that a stranger ye don't know should come et this time of th' mornin'. I look upon et as sacrilege to break in on a man when he's sayin' grace, especially et breakfast. But I s'pose ye'll hev to run eout an' tell him to come in, 'cos I ain't in any fit condition to come eout."

Enoch did as he was bid, and by the time Deacon Goodwill had ended his prayer the visitor entered the room. Free Newbegin and Quiver quickly recognized him as the Mr. Johnson who had come to Sunset the day before. Glancing toward Abe they saw him eyeing the new comer suspiciously. The latter, however, was very much at his ease, and after bidding every one a very cordial good morning he seated himself at one side of the room.

"Set by an' hev a bite," invited the deacon. "We farmers hev to put up with purty plain fare, but sich as et is ye air welcome. Reckon ye air a stranger in these parts?"

"It has been a long time since I was this way, Deacon Goodwill, but I remember your countenance well. I have been to breakfast, thank you. Stopped with the squire; he's an early riser.. Got a smart daughter. He tells me she does the work at home and teaches the village school. She's a chip of the old block. My mother had a brother who was well acquainted with the people in these parts, so I feel at home. In fact, for that matter, I generally do. I ain't one of your gingerly sort of men who wears kids and looks for fly specks in the chair before he sits down. Got a fine farm here, deacon. Suppose you keep a large stock?"

"One of the largest in town," replied the other, whose vanity was touched by this compliment.

"I knew it, and everything kept up in such good shape. One don't have to inquire to find out the thrifty farmers, for there is nothing in which a man's deeds speak plainer than in farming. Fine ridge of land. I was looking over the landscape as I came along, and it looks so your valley

down here must come in the range of the gold vein thought to run through the town. The people about here are nearly wild over the discovery, and I do not wonder. It is surprising how it should have been there all these years, and then be found by a stranger. But I'm glad it has been found, though it'll do me no good. Real estate will take a big rise. Why, the Widow Temple's little place, actually worth outside of this a couple of hundred, brought fifteen thousand dollars at the auction yesterday. Some outsiders—strangers—got to running on it. Of course they know what they are doing, but I should hate to put so much money into it unless I was sure I was going to get it back with a handsome profit. But the man who got it is making big boasts. The most curious part of it is nobody seems to know the man who bid against him. He would have got it for less than a hundred if it hadn't been for this mysterious bidder. It was a grand outcome for the widow, though I have been told she cried when she signed the papers. That's a woman's way: 'cry when she's glad; cry when she's mad; and cry when she feels bad,' as the saying goes."

In this way the new-comer kept up his conversation until the meal had been completed and, the men moving back, Mrs Goodwill cleared away the cloth. Abe managed to whisper to Reuben Rover:

"He's after Bet, and the way he's stuffing dad he'll get her cheap. What if he should take a notion to sell her? He shan't if I can help it."

The entire party at this juncture, the deacon hobbling along with the aid of a stick, left the house. Inside of five minutes Mr. Johnson verified Abe's prediction by saying:

"Speaking of cattle and horses, deacon, reminds me that I saw your son with a mare yesterday that seemed to be just what I have been looking for as a family driver. I am disposed to give you a good trade if you care to swap—"

"I never allow myself to take up with that ungodly bizness of swappin' hosses," broke in the other, with con-

siderable show of resentment in his tone.

"Pardon me, Deacon Goodwill, I know you are not a man to stoop to the crooked ways of the common jockey, and I would not for a moment have you think that I am one. I never trade hosses unless it is to improve my situation. I do it just as you would trade oxen. When your fine yoke of oxen becomes too old to be employed profitably on your farm, you turn them for beef. Or if they are not just what you need for such work as you have for them, you swap them, do you not, for a pair that will suit you?"

"Sart'in," replied the deacon, brushing an imaginary fly from his nose, "sart'in."

"Well, that is just the case with me. Now I have lost my family hoss and I promised mother, she's my wife though I've fallen in with the habit of the children by calling her by that sacred name, that I would try and find another. I had no sooner put my eye on that brown mare of yours than I said to myself, 'here is the very animal I have been looking for.' She is older than I intended to buy, but she will answer a good purpose for a few years. Her knees are in bad shape, but not every one would notice them. I am a man of few words, Deacon Goodwill, and I never beat about the bush. I will give you seventy-five dollars for that mare, pay you spot cash, and take her away."

"Hear him talk about being a man of few words, when he has been 'beating about the bush' for a full hour," whispered Abe. "That offer won't fetch dad."

"I 'low th' mare is gettin' to be a leetle old," responded Deacon Goodwill, after a brief pause, "but I wouldn't open th' barn to let her out fer thet money," giving his nose a vigorous brush with his horny palm.

"Perhaps somebody has been making you an offer?"

"Can't say as there has been one made directly to me."

"Yes, I see. Know where you can turn her for more than my money. Does he know how old she is, and that

her knees are sprung and her feet pinched?"

"Dunno anything about sich out's. Th' mare wus sold to me to be sound as a nut. She's quick an' light on th' foot. Has remark'ble long reach."

"Perhaps the man offered you a hundred by way of trade. Remember my offer is for spot cash—fifteen five-dollar bills piled one right above another. That makes a pretty high pile, as I will show you. Besides, a dollar in the hand is worth three out of sight in a hoss trade."

"I guess, Abe, it is gettin' dry enough so ye can 'tend to 'em beans," said Mr. Goodwill, as Mr. Johnson began to illustrate his words by beginning to count out the seventy-five dollars in new crisp bills that had a most enticing sound to the farmer as they rustled in the hands of the shrewd trader. In the midst of this action Mr. Johnson suddenly looked up, saying:

"Look here, Deacon. As I said, I am a man of few words, and I dislike dickering. Seeing I have set my mind on buying that mare, I am going to make you another offer, which must be my best. I ought not to do it, but I am going to give you, seeing you have been offered a hundred by way of trade, one hundred and a quarter. I do not wonder you look surprised, for it is a fabulous price. But the matter of a few dollars is not to be compared by me to having a hoss that I know is safe for those dear to me to drive. What is twenty-five dollars compared to a human life? Will you lead out the mare, young man, while I count out to your father the money? I have a long journey before me and little time to lose. Say, deacon, ninety-five dollars is a pretty fair profit to make on an old horse, eh? I understand she only cost you thirty dollars."

In his amazement Deacon Goodwill did not stop to question this stranger as to his source of information. The offer did seem like a dazzling sum to him, and he knew where he could place the money at a good profit. Abe saw that his father was wavering, and he turned pale at the possibility of the offer being accepted. Sidling up to his



father, he whispered:

"Squire Newbegin will do better than that, dad, I know he will. He told me to tell you not to sell her without seeing him, and that he'd give you more than any other man."

"Tut—tut, boy! the squire is willing to do anything to spoil a good trade for me. I wouldn't let him hev her anywhere near what this man will pay. He has made me a big offer—double what the mare is really wuth, an' I haven't riz him up to this notch to let him slip through my fingers now."

Meanwhile young Newbegin had quietly stepped aside and, though drinking in every word spoken by both men, he was apparently intent on breaking into short pieces a dry stick he had picked up. Abe now crossed the yard to where he stood looking down the valley as the former approached. Abe said in an undertone:

"I jess b'lieve dad is going to snap at th' bait!"

"Do you really want him to keep her? And you feel sure she can do what you think?"

"You can lay your last cent on that. This man is lying when he says he jess wants her for a family hoss. He wants her for the Coldbrook race, so as to clean out Jock Jenness and the others, or else he is working for Jock. I ain't clean sure, yet, but whichever way it is it amounts to the same."

"Perhaps I can induce your father to keep her. Or I—"

"Let me keep th' mare to work a couple of days, I s'pose?" asked the deacon. "'Em beans must be got in and there air some chores needed to be done."

"It would inconvenience me considerable, seeing I am so far from home. Get a hoss from one of our neighbors."

"Have to buy et, or what's th' same. Men air so 'fraid o' their hosses."

"I see. Well, seeing it's a trade, and I am anxious to

get home to-day, I will pay you for two days' work, and take the mare along with me. Lead her out, bub."

The die was cast and Abe turned a last appealing look upon his father, and then upon Freeland Newbegin. Little Enoch, to whom Mr. Johnson had directed his last remark, hesitated before starting toward the barn, where Bet was at that time.

"Hold on," said young Newbegin, looking upon the others as coolly as if he was capable of doing all he talked. "I have taken a fancy to that mare, too. Though I do not want her for a family horse, and with all her years, her crooked knees, pinched feet, and with a spavin or two thrown in, I will give you an even two hundred dollars, while you may keep her to do your work for a month."

A frown swept quickly over the countenance of Mr. Johnson, who turned angrily upon the new bidder, exclaiming:

"Who are you who interferes in this way with another's trade?"

"One who has as good right as you, sir, as long as I give a square fight and pay my bills."

"He's a city feller 's come along last evenin' an' asked to stop with me," explained the deacon, who felt called upon to say something. "Come to think on't I ain't asked him his name, I snum I hain't."

"He's no gentleman, that's sure," retorted Mr. Johnson. "But I believe you are a man of your word, Deacon Goodwill."

"He has not accepted your offer," replied Newbegin, "and I fail to see how he is bound to you by word or deed. If you really want the mare you will have to pay more for her than I will, and I have come more than fifty miles."

"I do not know you, sir, nor how much money you may have, fifty dollars or not a cent," declared Mr. Johnson, who showed that he was greatly exercised over this unexpected rival. "Here is the money, deacon, and you have the satisfaction of knowing you have dealt with an honest



man. I have no desire to mix up in a simple matter of business with a hoss jockey and, for aught we know, a sharper. Lead out the mare, bub, for I would like to see her."

Abe winked to Reuben Rover and with astonishing willingness started toward the barn, followed by Enoch. But they were gone so long without appearing with the mare that both Mr. Johnson and Deacon Goodwill became impatient. Finally the latter called for them to come, and a minute later Abe came out of the barn, saying in a very humble tone:

"I'm sorry, dad, but Bet is dead lame! It's in her forward foot, and she—"

"That mare lame?" thundered the deacon, lifting the stout stick he carried for a support to shake it over his head, as he realized this might cost him a good trade. "She was all right yesterday. Bring her out."

Enoch soon came down the path leading the mare by the halter, while she limped painfully and at times could hardly be persuaded to take another step. Deacon Goodwill was so angered by the sight that he stormed furiously, without any regard for the presence of the others.

"Ye did thet, Abe Goodwill, racin' with thet stranger yesterday. It's a sin an' a shame thet a boy o' mine should bring sich disgrace on my good name. Ye've s'piled thet mare an' lost me a good trade."

"Of course I do not want a lame hoss, deacon," said Mr. Johnson. "Under the circumstances of course I shall want to wait a bit before being sure I can pay what I offered."

"My offer is good under any circumstance," declared young Newbegin. "You may keep her to do your work for a month, deacon, and I will take my chances of her coming out of this lameness."

This placed Mr. Johnson in a delicate situation. He had come with the intention of buying the mare, and he would rather have paid two hundred dollars for her than to

miss the purchase. But if she was permanently lame that changed the matter entirely. Finally he said:

"Lead her around, bub. Let's see if she doesn't get over it in a minute."

Enoch did as he was bidden, but old Bet only seemed to grow worse. Free Newbegin alone of the little party watched the countenance of Abe, whose sunburned features grew brighter in spite of the bitter mutterings of his father. He then turned to notice the different expressions on the faces of his host and the jockey, both trying to win out a bargain that was in danger of being lost. Mr. Johnson carefully examined the fore leg of the mare from hoof to shoulder, saying as he straightened up:

"She's dead lame, sure. I don't understand it. She appeared to be all right yesterday. But it is always so with an old hoss. Never can count on one. That's why I didn't feel like offering more at first. She's seen the day when she was worth two hundred dollars. But that's past. I'll tell you what I will do, deacon, and if you don't say I'm fair I'll give you the best hoss in my barn. I'll take the mare home with me and keep her a week. At the end of that time, if she comes out all right, I'll come over and pay you the money. If she doesn't I'll send her back to you without a cent of expense or trouble to you. You have got a bridle I can borrow, I suppose, to lead her by?"

It was evidently the intention of Mr. Johnson to carry into immediate effect his purpose, but before he had obtained the bridle Free Newbegin said somewhat sternly:

"I fail to see what you mean, Mr. Johnson. Do you prefer to have one hundred and twenty-five dollars for that mare to two hundred, Deacon Goodwill?"

"Why, no, of course not," stammered the deacon.

"I thought so. The mare is mine, Put her back in the barn, boy, and by-and-by if you want to harness her up do so. A little exercise will do that leg good."

"Look here, Deacon Goodwill," cried Mr. Johnson, losing his temper, "are you willing to let this man jew you

out of your hard-earned money?"

"He talks fair," replied the other.

"He hasn't shown you the color of a dollar yet."

"The money shall be ready for you, Deacon Goodwill, the moment you deliver the property. You are free to keep her for a month, and by that time your fall's work will be done."

"That's fair," admitted the deacon. Without another word Mr. Johnson, looking very red in the face, gathered up his reins and drove away.

Whatever misgivings Deacon Goodwill felt, or what was really in his mind, was not to be divined by his speech, as he said to Abe:

"Go deown an' git Life Story to come up an' knock the mare in th' head. She's ruined an' I've lost the best chance I shall hev to sell her," and with this parting shot he went into the house to upbraid the rest of his family for his fancied grievance.

"Guess dad won't sell Bet to-day," declared Abe, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, and brightness overspread his countenance which for the moment drove away the freckles.

"But the mare is not really lame?" asked Newbegin, who was both puzzled and pleased by the ingenious youth.

"It won't help us any by talking abaout it. Uncle Life told me how it might be done. If yaou should see her an hour from now she might not hobble much. Stopping in taown for long?"

"A month perhaps. Say, Abe, have you got two cents you can lend me till I get some big bills broken? I happen to be all out of small change."

"Enoch's got it if I hain't. Maybe I have. I'll run and see."

While Abe was gone in the house he and Leonard talked over the plans for the day, the former saying in conclusion:

"You take that letter over to Newmarket and mail it.

I will lie low while you are gone. I may pick up a few pointers. I do not believe it will be best for us to show an open hand until after the selectmen have got our warning. You will get back to-morrow, and you had better come here, as it will be better for us to make this our headquarters at present. As long as we stay we can put off paying our bill."

"I had one penny and I borrowed one from Enoch," said Abe, reappearing at this moment. "You're welcome to 'em, mister—mister, by gosh, I don't know your name yet."

"It is Bidwell, Justin Bidwell," replied the prodigal, regardless of the truth, thinking he could laugh it off as a joke if necessary. Aside he said to Quiver, "You will want to remember this. You might as well take the same sirname—cousins, you know. How would Robert Bidwell do?"

"Only don't call me Bob. So long till I see you again, Cousin Justin," and with these words Leonard Quiver started off on foot, while his friend, very much to the surprise of the young farmer, said:

"If you don't mind I'll work with you to-day, Abe."

CHAPTER XI

A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES

Perhaps they may count me a beggar here,
With never a roof for the wind or the rain ;
But there is the sea with its wave-lashed pier,
And over the sea lies Spain.

—*Coleman.*

YOU pull beans!" exclaimed Abe in genuine amazement. "I didn't know yaou ever worked."

"I must confess it has been a long time since I have pulled beans, but I believe it will do me good now. I just want to try. If I hinder you more than I help you. I will stop."

It is needless to say Abe was delighted, while the deacon watching them from the window wondered what it meant.

"'Pears's he hain't so stuck up 's we thought he wus," he remarked. "But he must hev oceans of money 'cos he offered me two hundred dollars for Bet, and he stuck by his offer arter we found she wus lame, which was better 'n th' other man. But mebbe he'll pay more 'n two hundred ef she should come out'n et."

If his back soon began to ache, his hands grew rough and horny, and his shoes became filled with the loose dirt shaken from the bean roots, Free Newbegin stuck to his self-imposed task with a persistency that was commendable. He showed good judgment in his work, too, as if he had long been familiar with the labor. He moved about among the cornhills, for the beans had been planted with that crop, without breaking down the stocks, and placed each armful of the beans upon the scrub pines used for the "shook" so they would dry well. Abe was happy in his genial company and, unconscious of the purpose for which he was being used, furnished his companion with a

great variety of information concerning Sunset and its inhabitants, all of which would prove valuable to the schemer. One thing he learned for a moment dazed him. One of the board of selectmen was Deacon Goodwill. On second thought he wisely concluded that it might be worse.

"With all his set ideas the deacon is a man one can wind around his finger, if he only goes at it right," he mused. "I sum him up as a pious and penurious old sinner, and this day's work, I'll wager, will go more toward winning his alliance than almost anything I can do. He can be flattered; the squire will have to be bluffed, with a big B."

"The chairman of the board this year is Eb Reed, 'Cap'en Eb,' as they call him," volunteered Abe. "Kind of funny how the cap'en got there. Yaou see, the squire has been to the head for years but he got tired on't. 'Sides lot found fault; said he'd been taking the town's money. So he said he wouldn't have nothing to do with it. Then Cap'en Eb set on putting in his son John, him as has been off to school and come home a filosofer, as he calls it. But all he can do is to filosofy; can't hoe a hill of taters to save his life, and he's afraid of the caows so he can't drive 'em to parster. At the last election before this Cap'en Eb voted for John for every offis as it come along. But he never got over two votes, and yaou can guess who throwed 'em. The squire was moderator, which he has been ever since I was born, and on the last day Mr. Irons, the blacksmith, got up and said as how Jim Bracy had got so poor and helpless that they'd have to make a pauper o' him. This sort of riled Cap'en Eb, who felt he'd been slighted, and so he jumped up and hollered, so they heerd him away down to the Harbor: 'Look here, Mr. Newbegin! talk o' makin' a pauper o' thet ijit over there, when there be sich in taown as my son John; him whose eddication cost me afore it wus eended my best yoke o' oxen and a flock o' my best meriner sheep. Yes, sirree, as true as

yaou air born, if yaou make a pauper o' enny one it must be my son John!"

"They made the old hall shake with larfter, and Bim Goosberry, the biggest clown hereabouts, larfed till he busted his back and they had to get a doctor over from Deepwood. This year, to sort of patch up the cap'en's feelings, they put him in chairman of the selectmen, though they say he can't read the papers to save his life. But I s'pose John helps him. John's courting the squire's daughter. Anyway he thinks he is, but of course Nat Newbegin has got too much common sense to take up with him. But, say, Mr. Bidwell, yaou want to stay till Cap'en Eb has his husking. I heard yesterday he was getting ready for it, and by the time the corn is fit to husk Homer Bland, the blind poet, and Bige Little, the big pack peddler, will be round. A husking wouldn't be a husking without 'em. Bige can make more fun and Homer sing more songs and tell more stories than any dozen others. All the gals will be there, even Miss Newbegin, the schoolmarm, who has more bows to her string, and who finds more red ears, than all the other gals. Meg'll be there, too. Meg's my gal and Meg is honest, if she is old Ike Irons' daughter. Oh, yaou don't want to miss that husking!"

"So the captain is chairman of the board," mused the other. "Well, I can scare him. On the whole the situation opens favorable."

Free Newbegin's first day's work for many years gave him some aches and pains to which he had long been a stranger, but he came in to supper with a lighter heart than he had known for years. The deacon was uncommonly agreeable, and the evening passed most pleasatly. At a later hour when the occupants of the house were supposed to be all asleep, a person might have been seen lowering himself from a chamber window and stealing away down the hill at a rapid pace. At the same time a boy, who was none other than Abe, led a horse out of the door on the back side of the barn and, leading it silently down



through the field, joined the man at the foot of the hill.

"It's going to be a good night, considering there ain't any moon, Mr. Bidwell," greeted Abe. "I wouldn't take Bet out to-night, only a little later Jock Jenness and the rest will be using the track day and night."

Abe followed a circuitous route to reach the race-course, so as not to pass through the village, which would make him more liable to be seen by some of the good people of the town. Thus they finally found themselves moving along a cross road running at the head of the pond. The silence of midnight lay heavily on the dew-wet scene, even the hoof-strokes of Bet's iron-shod heel muffled by the sand. Under the growth pushing down close to the road on the one hand it was quite dark, though the treetops glistened with the silvery rays of the stars. Suddenly the stillness of the night was cut by the clear, edge-set words ringing out with resounding intonations:

"Ship ahoy!"

"It's Ken Fok'sle speaking his imaginary ship," said Abe. "Hark! and you will hear his reply," and Abe had barely concluded his speech before a stentorian voice rang on the scene:

"Ay, ay, ahoy it is!"

Then came the response more promptly than the first:

"What ship is that and whither bound?"

"The merchant ship Halcyon, Kenneth Fok'sle skipper, bound for the markets of Injy with a cargo of general merchandise."

"Ay, ay, Cap'en Fok'sle, sail on. It's long v'yage that finds no port."

"Ay, ay, sir," came the reply, growing fainter with each utterance, as if the speaker was being borne rapidly away into the distance.

"You won't believe one man said all that, will you, Mr. Bidwell? But Ken Fok'sle asked the questions and answered 'em. It being so clear to-night you do not see his beacon, but daown to the house Mrs. Fok'sle will keep

a candle burning till morning, to light her lost boy home, as she says. Look! there goes the captain along the north shore of the pond."

Free Newbegin caught sight of a stalwart figure moving slowly along the rim of the woods that skirted that side of the sheet of water. Curious to catch a better sight of the mysterious man, he darted into the growth in that direction, and got near enough to see that the other showed every appearance of a sea-faring man, from his garb to his rolling gait. He did not think it best, under the circumstances, to address him, and while he looked after him with curious gaze the captain vanished in the gloom ahead.

"You ought'r go daown and see his ship he's been so long building," declared Abe, when his companion had returned to him. "I believe it is about ready to launch."

"I shall certainly call upon him some day," replied the prodigal, as they again moved quietly forward. The old race course was now soon reached, and the trial which followed was very satisfactory to both. Free Newbegin was horseman enough to realize that Bet promised something extraordinary in speed if properly managed and driven. He timed her as she sped around the track, with Abe upon her back, and the record was flattering. On their way home it was decided to get a light wagon in some way before the next practice. Fortunately they did not see any one who appeared to have discovered them, and Bet was returned to the barn without arousing the folks. The following morning Deacon Goodwill was puzzled to know how it was the mare should sweat so standing in the barn on those cool nights, but concluded it was due to her lame foot.

"That boy sha'n't drive her ag'in this fall," he declared. Then seeing his guest approaching he changed the topic by saying:

"Abe tells me, mister, that ye can pull 's many beans 's he. I guess to-day ye may scrub some of th' bushes in the lower field. I snum, I don't know but I shall hev to

let up a leetle on yer bill."

"I am very sorry, deacon, but I got so used up yesterday that I shall have to lay off to-day. I may take a trip to the village."

This was said as a blind, for in reality Free Newbegin took a much longer journey, going first to Beetle Hill, and from there to an adjoining town, from which he returned with a large bundle under his arm. The result of his visit to the rival town of Sunset was not as perceptible, but it was likely to prove more ominous, as he had sought out and engaged the services of the deputy sheriff for the two towns to begin suit in their claim as soon as it was thought practical. This sheriff was Jock Jenness, and the zeal and enthusiasm that he showed in his eagerness to begin work in the matter was a surprise even to the sanguine claimant.

Free Newbegin did not return to Deacon Goodwill's until late in the evening, and less than five minutes ahead of his friend. Thus they ate supper together. Abe was pleased to see them back, and when he had opportunity to speak with them alone he acknowledged that his father had been greatly concerned over their absence, declaring that they would never come back to pay their board bill.

"If it hadn't been for that little trunk I don't know what he'd done. Seeing that sort of give him confidence. I told him you'd both be back to-night. He'd been after you in the morning if you hadn't come to-night," said Abe with a grin, as if pleased by the idea. Tired and footsore the twain immediately sought their room, when the prodigal asked:

"Well, Leonard, what luck?"

"Posting a letter is a simple matter enough, isn't it, if a fellow does have to tramp a little less than a hundred miles to do it. I had pretty hard luck in finding lodge and keep without a cent to my name, but I didn't sleep in a woodpile, though you probably saw that I brought back a two-days' appetite. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, choring round. Pulled beans for Abe yesterday;

went down last night to see old Bet shake her foot. I tell you there is promise in her. I hope Abe will be able to win over to Coldbrook. His object is creditable, whatever his method. Like the rest he is uneasy, dissatisfied. I tell you I envy the little ant that climbs into his house by a window with all his household goods on his back. He is an example of contentedness. He has nothing and is contented; give him but half a worm and he is satisfied. But I didn't start out to preach a sermon. To-day I have been over to see Sunset's rival. Fortunately for us the sheriff, whom we may have occasion to use, is an inhabitant of Beetle Hill, and still more fortunately he is that mouthy jockey, Jock Jenness. He is wild to begin suit, and he won't sleep a wink thinking of it to-night. By the way, as I was looking over the field to-day, as soon as we can get square with Sunset, we will rub out this old feud by uniting the towns. You as mayor and I as treasurer can manage the affairs for both as well as for one. By the way, the present selectmen are a certain hayseed called Cap'en Eb, chairman; our pious and penurious landlord, second; Squire Newbegin, third in order, but first in all business. They meet to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. Our letter will be promptly on hand. I think we had better arrange it so as to drop in on them at three. That will sort of clinch the nail."

"So soon?"

"Why not? Our copy books used to say that delays are dangerous. If you weaken one bit, you had better stay here and pull beans with Abe. The time has come to act. He only deserves the victory who goes in to win. Give me a good suit of clothes, a full stomach and I will defy the world with Tukestan thrown in to boot. If you have confidence in yourself, one half of the battle is won before a gun is fired; and if you have confidence in your ammunition the day is yours. Why, he who is master of himself is master of the world, with a title none dares to dispute. That is what I always admired in Napoleon.



He may have been wrong half of the time—I claim a man's privilege to be wrong a part of the time—but he always stood up for himself. It counted, too, and when he met his victor that day was his in history. Waterloo belongs to Napoleon and not to Wellington. So it shall be with us. I have no fault to find with Mrs. Deacon's dinner, have you?"

"No, but I can't help deploring our clothes. This trip has given the finishing touches to mine. My outer sole has come nearer earth than I ever expect my inner soul will heaven."

"That sounds like your old self, Leonard. A man is not half a man unless he is well dressed. So I have arranged to make up for this by procuring a new suit that is just to my liking."

As he spoke Free began to open the huge bundle which had been lying in the corner unobserved by his companion. Then his friend saw him lay out on the bed first a coat and vest and pair of pants, all of the best broadcloth, stockings, under garments, and a white starched shirt that must have been the envy of Sarah Gooseberry. To crown the lot, he lifted up gingerly an elegant silk hat. Every garment was not only of the best quality but of the latest style. Leonard Quiver looked on in speechless amazement.

"Speak, old boy, and let me know you have not lost your tongue. What do you think of them?"

"Where in the world did you get them?"

"As if that was of the prime importance. But I will assure you of a first-class dealer. Nothing here of your way-back style."

"How in the world did you pay for them? Where did you get the money?"

"Money be burned—when the notes are too thin to be legible. It is only a makeshift anyway. Nerve is a man's real captive. With it he leads in business, he leads in discovery, he leads in conquest, and comes out at last the

hero. Without it he is a failure, whatever money he may have to put in. I bought this suit of clothes with nerve, and when it was fairly in my possession I asked the old man in charge how often he settled with his manufacturer, and he frankly acknowledged every thirty days. Then I generously offered to do as well by him. I never like to take an advantage of a man. If he had said sixty days I should have shown just as good grace in settling at the end of that time. You ought to have seen the look on his countenance, while I spent half, quite half, an hour of valuable time in pointing out to him some of the peculiar beauties of the credit system and how necessary it is to carry on business. But I do not regret a little missionary work now and then, for it is my doctrine that we are here to do good to one another. I apparently bewildered the old fellow a little with my argument, for I left him scratching his head as if puzzled over some great problem that had presented a new phase to him. I think you will agree that I acted in good faith, and here is my proof," producing, as he finished speaking, a second suit of clothes of almost equal equal texture and value of the first. All that Quiver could say, and it took him some time to collect his wits enough to stammer:

"You're a whole brick wall, Reuben Rover. I never met your equal."

"Never go back on a friend because he does not happen to be present, and do not call me by that name. Please don your new outfit, and see how near my judgment has given you a fit. And while you are doing this I will put on mine."

During the next five minutes the couple were busy exchanging their old clothes for these new suits, and at the end of that time a stranger would scarcely have recognized the erstwhile dusty pedestrians plodding along the country road on the afternoon that they had struck town. As if in anticipation of this transformation, Free Newbegin had borrowed the deacon's razor and given his face a clean

shave, except for the silken mustache. Now, as he placed the silk hat on his shapely head, he stood before his companion a fine example of physical manhood. The gray hairs on the temple seemed to lend a sort of dignity that comes with age, and the deepening lines on his countenance afforded a gravity and firmness of expression lacking as yet on the features of his younger companion.

"How do I look?"

"Like a veritable conquering hero. You will fill the bill, Freeland Newbegin. Jove! did you notice that speech?"

"Thank you. Now to pay my debts, and no man can say I ever cheated him out of a cent I could pay. You look superb, elegant. You are the beau ideal of a woman's eye, and if you do not capture the belle of Sunset I will foreclose my claim on the town. You are a worthy scion of the grand old Bidwell ancestry."

Leonard Quiver, in his new suit, with ten years on his side of life, did present a beautiful specimen of the *genus homo*.

"I'll wager my new tile," remarked the chief plotter, "that Sunset will stand agape with wonder when we storm its citadel. Imagine us standing up before the old hay-seeds to-morrow afternoon to assert our claim to justice and human rights! Ay, we'll shake the poppy seeds from out of their eyes, and stir the old town to its very skylights!"

(Begun in the July number; to be continued)

To the Winter Sun

By ANSON G. OSGOOD

O thou, faint-glimmering orb in southern sky,
Casting long shadows toward the frozen North,
O once inclined to ride the heavens high,
How changed since last thou gladdened the green earth

The crested bird loud-calling through the dark
Peers for thy light in vain. Aurora glows
Too late, but later still we wait to mark
The myriad diamonds flashing in the snows.

As, tardy and ashamed, thou salliest forth
Like one o'erslept. Shivering with the chill,
The chill that settles down ere morning's birth,
We watch thee scaring lowly leave the hill

That skirts the East. Imploringly we turn
To thy unwarming light. Unpitying seems
Thy gaze. Those rays that once could scorch and burn
Scarce temper the fierce wind that howls and screams

Among the naked trees. O'er all the land,
Spread out in virgin whiteness, deep snows lay.
They pile the roofs, hang eaves with jewels and
Wind-driven mount the air in mimic spray.

At noon thou scarce dost reach the highest goal
Ere thou art hurrying on thy way to rest.
With many a sigh burdening the anxious soul,
We watch thee rolling toward the waiting West,

Leaving us helpless, helpless and the prey
Of demons of the dark. The cold steals down
Exulting ere we see thou on thy way.
On every hand the gathering shadows frown.

And soon thou kindlest on the western peak
Thy ruddy fire. The red reflection dyes
The snowy fields like blood on wool. We speak—
And thou art gone. As a dull toiler hies

Himself toward home, and there arrived, first, blows
The dying embers on his hearth. To keep
The flame he sits, but ere the fire glows,
Dozing before the coals, he falls asleep.

Such is thy course, O winter sun, but soon,
As fabled gods of old triumphed at last,
Thy strength returned again shall make thee known
When reign of cold and darkness long is past.

Thou wilt redeem us yet from these grim powers
Banish these frosts and snows, bid discord cease.
Thou wilt restore to us the grass and flowers,
Call summer back again, and give us peace.

The Editor's Window

G. B. G. relates the following incident : Some twenty-five years ago a little boy of our acquaintance in Portland, Me., ran away from home on a circus day, and when he returned to the parental mansion told how he went to Eastern Promenade. He said he saw there an old man with white hair, who smilingly asked him his name and he told him. His parents said it was probably a wandering tramp, and that he ought never to talk to strangers who accosted him. The little fellow said he was sure this was no vagrant, but a gentleman.

A few days after he again went without permission to the Promenade, and when he came back said he saw the same old man seated there. The man again pleasantly called him to his side, asked the name of his father and when told said, "I am acquainted with your father, tell him that you met me. My name is Henry W. Longfellow, can you remember it?" "Oh, yes," said the lad, "I know my father is acquainted with you, for I have seen a book on his table with your name on it."

Now that the boy, grown to middle life, fully realizes the greatness of the good man who twice called him to his side, these incidents are a precious memory, illustrating as they do his gracious ways with children.

* * *

The Bureau of Labor recently announced results of its investigation of wages and hours of labor in 1905. They show that the average wages per hour in the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country were 1.6 per cent higher than in 1904; that the average hours of labor per week remained the same as in 1904, and that 6.3 per cent more persons were employed in the establishments investigated. As there was no reduction in the average hours of labor per week, the average weekly earnings per employee were 1.6 per cent higher than in 1904. As there was an increase in the number of employees, as well as in the weekly earnings per employee, there was a



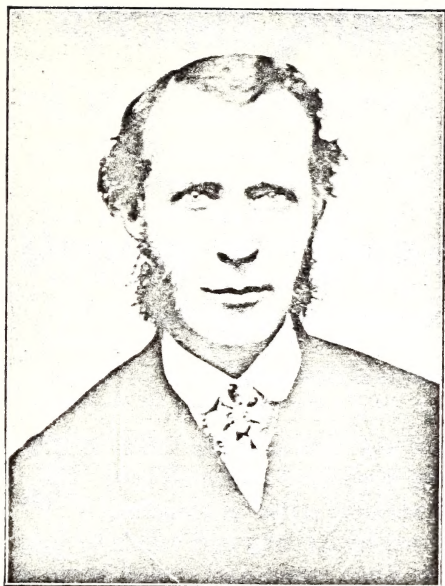
considerable increase in the weekly earnings of all the employees or, in other words, in the amount of the weekly payroll. There was an increase of 8 per cent in the establishments investigated. In connection with this investigation the Bureau announces statistics on the retail prices of food in 1905, as compared with previous years. It is stated that the retail prices of thirty principal articles of food were six tenths of one per cent higher in 1905 than in 1904. The purchasing power of hourly wages, and also of weekly earnings per employee, as measured by retail prices of the thirty articles of food, was, therefore, 1 per cent higher in 1905 than in 1904.

The report of the bureau says further:

"The average wages per hour in 1905 were 18.9 per cent higher than the average for the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899 inclusive. The number of employees was 33.6 per cent greater and the average hours of labor per week were 4.1 per cent lower. The average earnings per week in 1905 were 14 per cent higher than the average earnings per week during the ten years from 1890 to 1899. The average weekly earnings of all employees, that is the total amount of the payrolls, were 52.3 per cent higher in 1905 than the average during the ten-year period.

"The retail prices of the principal articles of food, weighted accordingly to family consumption of the various articles, was 12.4 per cent higher in 1905 than was the average price for the ten years from 1890 to 1899. Compared with the average for the same ten-year period, the purchasing power of an hour's wages in 1905 was 5.8 per cent greater, and of a week's wages 1.4 per cent greater than the increase in purchasing power of hourly wages, because of the reduction of the hours of labor during the period.

"The average prices of wheat bread, butter, cheese, chickens, corn meal, eggs, fresh fish, salt fish, milk, mutton and veal were higher in 1905 than in any other year of the sixteen-year period covered by this investigation."



THOMAS CURRIER



COL. ARTHUR L. MESERVE

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Pioneers of "Popular Literature"

New Hampshire Authors Among Them

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

IN THE midst of the vast output of books to-day it is well to take a backward glance, now and then, that we may the better forecast the future. While there may be those who take exception to the unpalatable fact, it is nevertheless an evident truth that the dime novel has at last gained an entrance into the upper strata of society. The child of the slums of a generation ago has outlived the stigma of his early environments; has exchanged his flimsy, gaudy garb for a more substantial and becoming attire; has educated himself out of the idioms of the streets and the vernacular of new settlements to graduate with passable English; has turned his back upon his unregenerate admirers and followers of former days to become the companion of those who scorned him in his youth; in brief, he has forsaken the Bowery for the home of culture, the alley for the fashionable watering-place, the grocery corner for the summer hotel. But if born in lowly life we find that this same dime novel had a very respectable parentage, and there were good, honest names among his ancestry, who bear a very similar relation to our literature as the pioneers of the first homes in New England stand to the pioneers of progress in the nineteenth century's financial and political achievements.

Books that now fall annually upon the markets as autumn leaves fall on the hillsides, covering fence and

hedgerow, are but keeping time with the magazines and newspapers that serve to cultivate a quickening taste for this form of mental food. Going back to the period in our history when a very small shelf would hold the books of the most industrious collector, and the papers of the country could be counted on the finger nails, the oppressions of a tyrannical government called forth eloquence of remonstrance that surprised Europe, and the continent was confounded by the rhetoric and argument of the public speeches and printed documents of the thinkers and statesmen of that stormy era, work that Lord Chatham acknowledged was "equal to the finest specimens of Greek or Roman literature." Such names of literati as Franklin, Washington, Henry, Adams, Jefferson, Otis, Marshall, Hamilton, Paine and others are unfading stars upon the historic sky of those times.

These all belonged to political literature, in the main, and, while Great Britain reluctantly accepted their merits, as late as 1818 Sidney Smith declared that "there does not appear to be in America at this moment one man of any considerable talent." Still nearly a decade before this Charles Cotesworthy Pinckney had published a book of travels in France, which had made such an impression on English readers that Leigh Hunt was led to exclaim, "All the idle world is going to France!"

But it was of fiction that I set out to speak, and in this line Charles Brockden Brown has the honor of being the first American to devote himself exclusively to literary work. His leading books were the novels "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntley," "Clara Howard," "Jane Talbot." He was born in Philadelphia in 1771 and died there in 1810, eight years before the wit and wiseacre of Great Britain uttered his decision already quoted.

The real pioneer in this field of literary work, and who gave this word as the title to his second successful work, was J. Fenimore Cooper, who began to write in 1818. The



success of his purely American novels quickly awakened activity among publishers and would-be authors, but no one seemed to meet with any particular prosperity. Cooper's novels were above the reach of the common people in price, while they were beyond them in what afforded their taste most pleasure. What was desired, as it proved when it was offered, were stories of adventure on sea and land, as Cooper had given, but without his detail of forest lore and descriptions, which became tedious reading to many.

The man to first catch the public interest in this direction was Mr. Frederick Gleason of Boston, who was also the father of illustrated journalism in America. In speaking of this at one time he said:

"As early as 1840 I conceived of the idea of giving at low prices such reading matter as it seemed to me the average reader would demand, and would appeal to the great majority. Accordingly I entered into preparation with this purpose in view, and in 1842 I launched my first venture from the old Scollay building in Boston. It was a paper-covered book that sold for ten cents, and contained a complete novelette with several minor articles for 'filling.' This was received with so much promise that I concluded to give even more reading for the money, and in the fall of the same year I began the publication of *The Flag of Our Union*, the first story and literary paper in the country. Inside of ten years I had a circulation of nearly 100,000 and an income of \$25,000 from it. In the midst of this success I originated the idea of publishing an illustrated paper of from sixteen to twenty-four pages weekly, the descriptive matter to be accompanied by the best wood cuts and engravings to be obtained. There was no publication of this kind in the country at that time. My new venture was an immediate success, and when I sold out in 1854 I had an actual circulation of 110,000 copies weekly. *The Flag* had nearly as many, and my income from the two was \$50,000 a year."

This was his modest account of himself at the zenith of his success. Soon after selling out his very profitable publishing business in Boston, with a view to retiring from active duties, he removed to New York, where he fell into the hands of sharpers and within two years he lost his handsome fortune. At the time I knew him he was back in Boston, located first on Washington street and then on the top floor of a building on Summer street, trying to make a living from publishing the *Home Circle* and *Gleason's Monthly Companion*. But he appeared now to a new generation to whom his name came as a stranger, and after a futile experience of something like ten years he was obliged to abandon his undertaking. He passed the last few years of his life at the Home for Indigent Business Men, forgotten by those who had known him a third of a century before, when he had retired from his first venture, rich, honored, and his name a household word throughout the land. I knew him only in his days of adversity, when ill-fortune had in a measure saddened a temperament naturally genial, but he was cordial in demeanor and with a frankness in his business relations that was extremely pleasant. He had a sturdy, well-knit figure of medium height, thinning gray hair and iron-gray mustache, trimmed rather short, which lent dignity to his regular features, and bore evidence that in his prime he must have possessed a handsome countenance as well as those sterling qualities of manhood which had afforded him foundation for his earlier enterprises.

It should be borne in mind that at the time he was publishing his *Illustrated Drawing Room Companion*, the Harper Brothers were issuing their *Weekly Journal of Civilization* without pictures. Among the engravers who were employed by Mr. Gleason was Henry Carter, since better known under his trade-mark of Frank Leslie, who, upon leaving his Boston employer, carried to New York the idea of illustrating a weekly paper. In company with a man named Beach he started a paper of that class, though

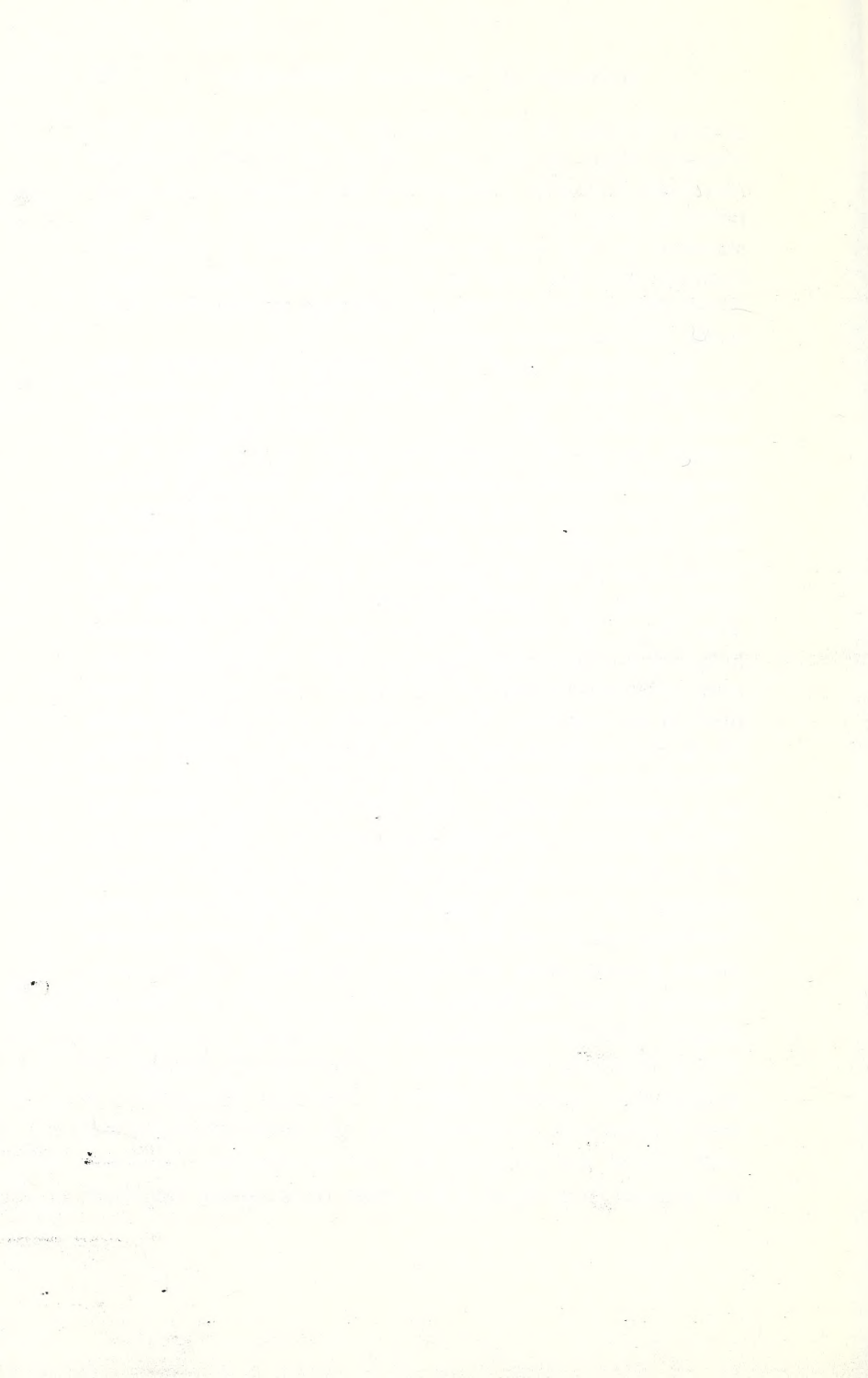




SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

greatly inferior to Mr. Gleason's periodical. Then the Harpers began to illustrate, and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* followed. Meanwhile Mr. Gleason's successor failed to keep the Boston illustrated weekly up to the standard he had, and he was finally forced to abandon a business that had been so fruitful to its original owner. This failure served to open a clearer way for the New York rivals, who had come to stay.

Mr. Gleason employed on his force of workmen two men who soon began to lay the plans for a publication house of their own. This twain took into partnership another, afterwards noted as an author, so the name of the new publishing concern became Elliott, Thomes & Talbot. They were young men, full of new ideas and the vigor to carry them out. In a short time three or four literary papers were placed on the market, the most noteworthy of these being *The American Union*, *Line of Battleship*, and *True Flag*. The first of these was not fairly established before this enterprising firm formulated the scheme of running serial stories instead of those that could be given complete in one number. The plan was to devote all, or nearly all, of the space to one story and finish it in four weeks, when the numbers could be bound into one part and sold as a complete article. This publication was called the *Weekly Novelette*, and was finally sold bound in paper covers as the Ten-Cent Novelette. It was a quarto in form, consisted of sixty-four pages, illustrated with four or more woodcuts and placed in a green cover. It appears to have been a success from the outset. But while it had ready buyers, it had the failing of being unweildy in size and shape. This led the enterprising publishers to reduce the size of its pages, making up in number for this change, and publish the complete story as a Ten-Cent Novelette. It was a 12mo now, contained over one hundred pages, was well printed, and generally had one illustration. This was the original from which a few years later sprang the dime



novel, when New York again became a follower if not an imitator.

Messrs. Elliott, Thomes & Talbot, having begun in earnest, early in their undertaking looked about to find proper persons to furnish them literary material for these forthcoming publications. Something was needed that should appeal at once to the masses of readers, having no objectionable features, and be capable of sustaining an interest to the closing chapter. Mr. Thomes had been a sea-faring man, and he had met one who he believed was fitted to do a considerable part in the supply of this matter. This young man was thus invited to try his hand, or, more strictly speaking, brain, in the new venture, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., began to contribute his inimitable stories of sea life, which were in themselves sufficient to have insured the success of the enterprise. Soon showing an aptitude in other directions, he began to write stories of border life under the pseudonyms of Dr. J. H. Robinson and Dr. S. LeCompton Smith. His sea tales becoming rather profuse for one name, he assumed that of Austin Burdick to father some of his voluminous productions.

Mr. Cobb was the son of the noted Universalist preacher by the same name, and he belonged to a highly respected family. His home was in Norway, Me., in a back district quiet and retired, an ideal spot for a person of his temperament. When he had established a wide reputation with this Boston house, and Robert Bonner was about to start a rival in this field, the *New York Ledger*, he selected Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., to become a staff contributor. The result was that widely advertised and ever-popular serial, "The Gunmaker of Moscow," which ran for eight weeks and for which Mr. Cobb received two hundred dollars an installment. It was the first story I ever read and the impression it made upon my youthful mind lingers yet, doing more than anything else toward influencing me in the same line of work. This was followed by the "Storm Secret," "Orion the Gold-Beater," "Karmel, the Scout,"

Bion, the Wanderer," "Glendower, or the North Sea Rover," "Prophet of Palmyra." "The Unknown Crusader," and others with equally as striking titles. He also began to contribute "Forest Sketches," under the pseudonym of Col. Walter B. Dunlap. He continued with the *Ledger* until his decease, having written two or three hundred serials and unnumbered short stories and anecdotes, of which he seemed to have an unlimited store. His regular salary was equal to that received by our United States senators. He was a tall, slender, handsome, kindly natured man, who was loved by all who knew him. In his earlier manhood he was interested in military matters, and was captain of a company of militia before the Civil War, and many are the pithy reminiscences related of him. He was a very forcible temperance speaker. In his later years he lived in Boston. It is told of him that when asked why he did not write books instead of his usual work, he replied: "It is the nature of a cob to produce a cereal."

It is an interesting fact to note that the scenes of his very successful "Forest Sketches" were laid largely in the region of the White Mountains, and many of the incidents he depicted in other stories were taken from the people and history of our state. Mr. Cobb was a fluent writer, who spent little time in perfecting his style. As he summed up his work he wrote in the thirty-one years that he contributed to the *New York Ledger* 89,544 large pages of manuscript. On May 19, 1887, sitting at his desk at Hyde Park, Mass., he made the following entry in his note book: "Wrote a sketch, 'Jack's Romance,' 21¾ pages, and will now pull up for awhile." This was his last story.

Yet another writer who laid his foundation here was a New Hampshire boy named Thomas Currier, "Doc," as he was familiarly called by his associates, or "Maurice Silingsby," as he was known to his readers. He wrote a fine temperance story, and later in life became one of the best delineators of wild western life. He was a genial, whole-souled fellow. Two more New Hampshire authors won their

first recognition here, Clara Augusta Jones, better known as "Clara Augusta," and Col. Arthur L. Meserve, who wrote under more than a dozen pen names, and used to turn out a novel of from fifty to sixty thousand words in a week. He at one time wrote every alternate number of Munro's "Ten-Cent Novels." Among his pseudonyms were "Burke Brentford," "Capt. L. C. Carleton," "L. Augustus Jones."

Col. Arthur Livermore Meserve was the only son of Isaac and Louisa (Garland) Meserve, and he came from talented ancestors. The Meserves were Huguenots who were driven from France on account of their religion. They first went to the Isle of Jersey, and from there to Portsmouth, N. H., about 1638. They were active in the border wars of New England. Arthur wrote his first sketch for the *Olive Branch* when he was only fifteen. Besides his literary work, he was active for several years in political affairs, holding many positions of trust and honor, winning his title on the staff of Governor Weston. He never married, living with his sister until his death, December 13, 1896. He was one of the handsomest men I ever met, tall and superb of figure, and his cordiality won for him friends wherever he was known.

(To be continued.)

Familiar Scene in New Hampshire

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

It waits to impale the dying sun,
That perfect cone uprising there;
And we daily gaze to see it done
As the last flash blazes high in air!

But lo! Day's monarch comes again,—
The old crag's feet is wreathed in pine,—
Its head, snow-crested, wears no stain,
While Sol, full-globed, doth proudly shine.



PLEASANT POND

Congregational Churches in New Hampshire

A Glimpse at the Beginnings

By REV. THOMAS CHALMERS

THE Congregational Church in New Hampshire is older than the state itself—older even than the royal province or colony of New Hampshire out of which the state was organized. It is almost as old as the royal grant made to Mason and Gorges in the early part of the seventeenth century. The brothers, Edward and William Hilton were fish dealers in London and emigrated to America, settling eventually at Dover in the spring of 1623, the year after the grant to Mason and Gorges. They had lived in America a considerable time before that grant was made.

William Hilton was a member of the Plymouth Colony in 1621, as shown by a letter of his written "at New Plymouth in New England," in that year, to a cousin in England. The colony at Plymouth had been in existence barely a year and had undergone unutterable suffering, yet the cheerful tone of this letter shows William Hilton to have been a loyal and hearty member of the Pilgrim Colony and a stanch participant in their religious habits and opinions.

Our Companie are for most Part very religious honest People: The Word of God sincerely taught vs every Sabbath; so that I know not anything a contented mind can here want. I desire your friendly care to send my Wife and Children to me where I wish all the Friends I have in England, and so I rest,

Your loving Kinsman,

WILLIAM HILTON.

It is presumable that this man who joined his brother Edward in a settlement at Dover two years later carried his Pilgrim opinions with him, but the exceedingly slow growth of the settlement, with other causes, delayed the organization of the church. The inhabitants were few, only three houses had been erected in 1631, and no encouragement was given to religion by the promoters in England until the territory passed into the hands of Lords Say and Brooke, George Willys and William Whiting. Under the patronage of these earnest men a new company of Puritans was added to the Dover settlement in 1633. The real ecclesiastical history of New Hampshire begins with the arrival of these men. A member of this company was a young graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, William Leveridge by name, "An able and Worthy Puritan minister." During his ministry at Dover, which was probably his first parish, the first meeting-house was built on Dover Neck. The outline of the old building is clearly indicated yet, even to the sentry boxes provided for protection against surprises by the Indians. The site of this old meeting-house was recently purchased by Deacon E. A. Brown and presented to the First Parish Church at Dover. From 1633 to 1638 the settlement at Dover was supplied with both meeting-house and ministry, but the church was not formally organized till under the ministry of Hanserd Knollys (Knowles) in December, 1638. The Dover church, though unfortunate in some of its earlier pastors, has been honored with a long line of able and educated ministers. Jeremy Belknap, the greatest student of the early history of New Hampshire, was its pastor for nineteen years.

Though the church in Dover is the oldest church with a continuous history organized on New Hampshire soil, it was organized a few months later than the Rev. John Wheelwright's church at Exeter. But the Exeter church was soon broken up by the Massachusetts authorities, and cannot be said to have had a continuous existence. There is one other church in the state, having a continuous his-

tory, older than the Dover church, but it was not organized on New Hampshire soil. The Congregational church at Hampton was organized at Lynn, Mass. The Rev. Stephen Bachiler had come from England to Lynn and had become pastor of the church there. As the result of church troubles, which were much more common in those days than now, he asked for dismissal for himself and friends from the Lynn church. The request was granted. He and his friends at once organized themselves into a new church. The people at Lynn objected to two rival churches in one small community, and Mr. Bachiler and his friends, in the exercise of remarkably good sense, moved to New Hampshire. Such was the origin of the town and church of Hampton in 1638.

Portsmouth, or Strawberry Bank, was settled about as early as Dover, but the church life there had a much later development. No regular Christian ministry seems to have been provided for before 1658. It was in this year that a very energetic man, named Joshua Moody, was called to minister to the Portsmouth church. The chief part of his ministry fell on evil days for the Puritan conscience. Cromwell, the great Protector not only of the Commonwealth of England but of the Puritan conscience throughout the world, died the very year Moody entered upon his Portsmouth ministry. Governor Cranfield, after the "Restoration" under Charles II. issued an order declaring that all persons desiring to partake of the Lord's Supper according to the liturgy of the Anglican church should be accommodated in the Congregational meeting-house. The governor then notified Pastor Moody that he and a couple of his friends would partake of the communion after the Anglican fashion on the following Sunday. Mr. Moody denied the right of the governor to dictate the forms of church worship and refused to administer the communion in any other than the usual Congregational form. Whereupon the high-handed governor, knowing that he had a like-minded king back of him, threw the minister into prison at



New Castle, where he languished for thirteen weeks. A letter of Mr. Moody's, written from his jail to a fellow minister at Rowley, Mass., exhibits about as sweet, unselfish and Christian spirit as we shall find anywhere.

"Oh, consider that my poor flock have fasted about four days and must now be an hungred. Have pity upon them, have pity upon them, oh, thou my friend, and when you have taken y'r turn we shall hope for some other. Let this good work for the house of God be done, that you may be blest of God for good. You will thereby not only visit me in prison, but feed a great multitude of the hungry and thirsty little ones in Christ, which will be accounted for in that day."

It was in preparation for this man's ministry that the Portsmouth town meeting "ordered a cage to be made to punish those who slept or took tobacco on the Lord's day during public worship!" The Portsmouth church has also been greatly honored by a long line of learned and eminent pastors.

Another one of the older churches in the state is the First Church at Nashua. Its history runs back to the seventeenth century, to the church in Dunstable, Mass. It was from this parish that Lovell led his redoubtable band of pioneers to that memorable fight against the Pequaket Indians on the shores of Lovell's Pond.

The parent Congregational churches of the state in every section date back to the incorporation and organization of the towns. The tides of migration moved more slowly in those days than now. The settlement of the Merrimack valley came almost a hundred years later than the Atlantic coast settlements. The churches in the Merrimack valley are much younger, therefore, than those in the eastern part of the state. The First Church in Concord was organized in 1730, nearly a hundred years after the meeting-house was built at Dover Neck. The first step toward building a meeting-house at Tyngstown, within the present territory of the City of Manchester, was taken in

1738, exactly a hundred years after the organization of the churches at Dover, Exeter and Hampton. The records of Tyngstown contain an interesting account of the expenses accompanying the raising of the meeting-house. Here are the first two items:

To Joseph Blanchard for Rum & Provisions	2—15— 3
To the Rev'd M'r Thomas Parker	2— 0— 0

This is a stunning blow to our respect for the piety of our fathers. When it came to "Rum and Provisions," preaching seems to have taken second place. Another item in this account bears lasting testimony to the fishing skill of John Stark's father—

To Archebald Stark for a Salmon	0— 9— 0
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The Tyngstown colony was abortive and was displaced by the Scotch-Irish colony of Derryfield out of which grew the First Congregational Church and its flourishing daughters in Manchester. In many of the towns the Congregational churches were a part of the corporate life of the town until far into the early part of the last century. Even in the town of Manchester, where in the early days the church influence was weak, the town meeting did not cast off the support of the church by taxation till 1814. For the March town meeting of that year the fourth article in the warrant was, "to see how much money the Town will raise for preaching the present year and employ Mr. Smith as minister."

There were two parties in the town—the town church party and the disestablishment party. Up to this time the former had been generally strong enough to carry their purposes. This meeting was to record their permanent defeat. Mr. Smith was on hand at the meeting and the church party scored the first point by carrying a vote that "Henery T. Smith make a short prayer." But the dissenters were deaf to eloquence, whether of prayer or plain speech, and when the fourth article was reached "motion was made to dismiss the forth article in the warrant, but

did not carry at that time." Then the contestants took a breathing spell, apparently for electioneering purposes. We can only guess what was said and done. The old town clerks, silent now, were also very laconic in their minutes. We only read:

"Afterwards motion was again made to dismiss the fourth article, and was voted to dismiss the same."

The church party could not reconcile themselves to that awful action. It seemed like an abandonment of God. The boisterousness subsided and we can imagine that the discussion became serious, solemn, prophetic. We read all this between the lines, for there is no minute to aid us except these tragic words:

"Voted that the two last votes be arrased out and begun annew on the forth article."

This seems to be a victory for the church party, but it is not. It is only the willingness of the disestablishment party to give their opponents another chance, for the minute goes right on to say, "and on motion being made to dismiss the fouth article it was voted to dismiss the same."

Disestablishment was a blessing to the Congregational churches of the state. It marked the beginning of an era of missionary ardor such as the churches had never known. The New Hampshire Missionary Society, now our New Hampshire Home Missionary Society, organized at the threshold of the last century, has throughout its whole history ranked as one of the most efficient organizations of its kind in the country. The story of the founding and growth of Dartmouth College would fall within the scope of an account of New Hampshire Congregationalism. But if I undertake to write a complete history of my church in the Granite State I would be undertaking more than these pages or my own powers admit. We have simply taken a glimpse at the beginnings of things.

1907

By L. DIREXA STEARNS

The New Year stands before us,
Its pages all unread,
Its days all clean and spotless,
Its sorrows all unsaid.

We must read it day by day,
Page by page, and line by line.
Here a dash and there a pause,
We shall learn it all in time.

Not a chapter may we skip,—
God has fashioned all with care.
Rain or shine, or cold or gray,
His eternal love is there.

We can fill the days with sunshine,
We can keep them clean and bright.
We can look beyond the shadows,
To where gleams a ray of light.

For our Father turns the pages,
While the shadows rise and fall.
We must read them calmly,—bravely,
For His love is over all.



A Boy of '76

The Story of the Youngest Soldier of the Army of the Revolution

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR

THE War for American Independence called forth some of the most notable examples of heroism that history records. The colonists were battling for a just cause, and not less for their homes, so it is little wonder every man might be termed a patriot. Not only were the men imbued with the spirit of patriotism, but the women and boys and girls were as brave and earnest as they. It was this undaunted will that enabled the shattered troops of Bunker Hill to rally again, that kept up the drooping spirits of the ragged veterans of Valley Forge; ay, that would not permit the army, north or south, to falter until the glorious victory of Yorktown had been gained.

Among the youngest to espouse the cause of liberty was little Richard Jones. He was but a month and a few days over nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was given to the world, and he soon afterwards enlisted to Hartford, Conn., for a term of three years, becoming the youngest soldier on the pay-roll of the entire army. In order to make my record as complete as possible I wish to add that he was a native of Colchester of that state, and that he joined Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regiment.

Considering him too young to carry a musket, Richard or Dick, as he was familiarly called, was instructed to play the fife, which he did with much satisfaction to all.

No regiment in those times escaped its share of hard work, you may be assured, and the Third left as good a

record as any. But the bravest sometimes meet with misfortunes and, while on a detail to prevent some lumber from falling into the hands of the enemy, Captain Watson and half a dozen others were surprised and captured by the English. Among the prisoners was our young hero, who, nothing daunted by his ill-fortune, proved much the coolest of the entire party, which was at once taken to the British headquarters at Newport.

Upon their arrival there no time was lost in taking the captives before the commander for examination. Naturally the captain was ordered forward first, when Dick, anxious to learn what fate had in store for them, followed his leader.

"So you have come here to be taught a lesson in good discipline, have you, you rebel dog?" demanded the pompous commander of Captain Watson, as the latter stood before him. But ere he could reply the British officer, catching sight of Dick, demanded with increased fury:

"Who is this little stripling? Who are you, boy, and what are you doing here?"

Proudly straightening his diminutive figure, Dick replied before the officer who had brought him there could speak:

"I am one of King Hancock's men and I am fighting for him."

"The deuce you are! I should like to see a specimen of your fighting."

"You can, sir," replied Dick, still undaunted.

"Dare you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply."

"But what do you think you could do with him, such a little rat as you? Why, we have *men* in our ranks," putting a strong emphasis on the word men.

"All men are boys first, sir."

The officer showed that he was interested, if not pleased, at the boldness of the young patriot and, looking over the group gathered about the place, he pointed to the

boatswain's boy, who was several years older and considerably larger, saying:

"Have you the courage to fight him for your King Hancock?"

Giving the young Britisher a hasty survey, Dick replied:

"Yes, sir; and if I don't whip him it will be because he is bigger than I am."

"Do you hear that, Peavey?" asked the officer, turning to the young Briton. "Strip and battle for your king. Get ready, both of you."

Very little time was lost in preparation. As soon as the English lad had divested himself of all superfluous clothing Dick was in readiness for him, and the youthful twain sprang at once to "rough and tumble" work. It was soon evident that, owing to his advantage in years, the British boy was stronger than the doughty little rebel, but this was offset by the other's quicker motions, so they soon showed that they were pretty evenly matched.

At the first onset Dick was dashed back against the wall. It looked as though he was going to be worsted at the beginning, and high and clear rang the cry:

"King George to the front! Hurrah for King George!"

But the echoes of this shout had not died away before the little rebel had escaped the other's clutch and, flinging him aside, stood free from him. Then again they rushed at each other, and Dick came so near flooring his antagonist that Captain Watson and his companions could not refrain from exclaiming:

"Hurrah for King Hancock!"

The next moment Dick's foot slipped, and he was hurled headlong to the floor. Again the shouts for King George filled the building. But if down Dick was not overpowered, and before his rival could reach him he was on his feet again, ready to renew the struggle.

On the alert against a repetition of his blunder, Dick

was not to be caught off his guard again, though twice did the British boy, who was showing himself to be made of good stuff, barely missed dashing him to the floor.

All this was evened by Dick, who as many times almost threw his enemy. So it began to look as if neither side was going to win and the spectators, forgetting their hostility, watched the conflict with the liveliest interest imaginable, each side cheering on its favorite until the old building rang with enthusiasm.

Now little Dick was fired by a determination never to give up so long as he could stand alone, while his adversary was beginning to feel the effects of the protracted struggle. The young rebel realized that his antagonist was weakening and, watching his opportunity, he suddenly brought his foot around behind his knees with so much force that Peavey was tumbled over upon the floor.

"Quick! don't let the rebel pin you down!" cried his friends, but Dick was already lying prone across him, and the young Briton found himself unable to rise.

"Do you give up?" demanded Dick between his clenched teeth. "I shall press harder if—"

"Let go! I give up!" gasped the other.

Amid an intense silence Dick arose to his feet, meeting the gaze of the English commander as calmly as if he had done nothing unusual.

"You are a plucky one," declared the officer at last. "Your victory has won for you your release. Begone! But remember, if you fall into my hands again you will not fare so well."

Bowing respectfully, Dick went away, wishing he might do something to save his friends. Fortunately he afterwards assisted them in effecting their escape. I do not know the full history of Dick's following adventures, but it is certain he did not fail to do his duty wherever his lot fell.



The Penacook's Farewell to Lake Sunapee

By MARTHA H. ABBOTT

Dr. John D. Quackenbos thinks that Sunapee is derived from Indian words signifying "Wild Goose Water," and implying that it was a hunting resort for the Penacook Indians, when the wild fowl, journeying southward in the autumn, rested upon its bosom. After the French and Indian War the Penacooks left the region, leaving no history in Sunapee.—*Author.*

The great chief of the Penacooks
 Stood his young braves beside;
His eagle eye and stalwart frame
 His long, long life belied.
The blue hills and the valleys fair,
 The lakes and streamlets bright
Were all his own, and none were there,
 To doubt the red man's right.

He said, "By signs that fail me not,
 By wax and wane of moon,
I know the wild fowls, summering north,
 Come flying backward soon.
Now go we to our northern lake,
 To Wild Goose Water go;
The fatted birds by scores shall fall,
 Before our bended bow."

So, at his word, the Penacooks
 Took their unerring way;
They rowed through streams their light canoes,
 They scaled the ledges gray,

They trailed where Autumn's conquering king
His crimson banners flung,
In forest depths, where never yet
The woodman's axe had rung

At last the lovely, sun-kissed lake,
The "Wild Goose Water," bright,
Girt round with blue hills, forest-crowned,
Burst on their joyous sight.
Upon its shores their wigwams rose,
They came unto their own;
The startled wild things fled away,
And left them, lords alone.

And when the wild fowls, coming from
Their Arctic summering,
By thousands lit upon the lake,
To rest the weary wing,
Its waters, far around, were red,
With more than sunset's hue,
And many a bright bird rose no more,
The red man's aim was true.

Wild were the revels of the tribe,
But once the chief, at night,
In woodland depths, lit only by
The pale moon's spectral light,
Met face to face a stranger foe;
No gaudy plumes he wore,
No scalp locks told of prowess great,
No tomahawk he bore;

But there was something in his face
Which, as the chieftain gazed,
In wonder stayed the murderous hand,
Above his head upraised.
In one brief look the old chief saw
Beyond the human sight,
And the long vista of the years
Stretched out before him bright.

He saw the great trees he had loved
 Sway by the woodman's blows,
 The barren wilderness grow fair,
 And blossom as the rose,
 The wheels of busy factories,
 Within his rivers plied,
 He saw the great life-freighted ships
 Upon his waters ride.

He looked on gilded capitols,
 And churches tall and grand,
 And iron horses, everywhere,
 Went rushing o'er his land;
 And ever the hand at helm and brake,
 The hand that curbed with might,—
 That swayed with a resistless strength—
 He saw that hand was white!

The old chief's sinewy frame relaxed,
 Gone was his former pride,
 The arm that poised the tomahawk,
 Fell nerveless at his side,
 With face wrapt in his blanket folds,
 And, bent with bitter woe,
 He glided silently away,—
 Unharm'd his paleface foe.

No sound disturbed the midnight calm,
 But when the morning broke,
 In all that region roundabout
 There curled no wigwam smoke,
 And on its silver-crested wave,
 And on its pebbly shore,
 The lovely "Wild Goose Water" knew
 The Penacooks no more.

Oldtime Sketches

Winter Cheer

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS

AMONG the oldtime pictures that rise on the wall of memory I think of none brighter or more lasting than that which brings before the mind's eye some familiar winter scene. Summer has its charm—had them in the days gone by. They outnumber the other two to one, ay, it may be, ten to one, but their frequency makes them common and common things lose their attraction. A friend who had lived several years on the Hawaiian Islands was wont to complain of the lack of change in the climate. Every day was fair, and its forecast was assured in the yesterday that preceded it. Six days of storm are forgotten in the sunlight of one bright day. Seven days of sunshine become gloomy because of their monotony.

Winter usually opened its guns at Thanksgiving time, and thus its very coming was hailed with rejoicing and feasting. This was a happy omen, and what comes under such pleasant auspices cannot other than afford its happy, as well as its trying, hours. There is no day in June fraught with greater delight than a sunny day in winter.

While the farmer found enough to occupy his time during the short days of the white season, with caring for his stock, drawing his annual supply of firewood, and, it might be, in getting to the mill a sufficient number of logs to do his repairing upon the buildings, he was not obliged to fret nor make long days out of doors. In nearly all cases the moving power was the ox team, and to me there is no more picturesque sight than three or four pairs of cattle yoked together and patiently wending their way along some snow trodden

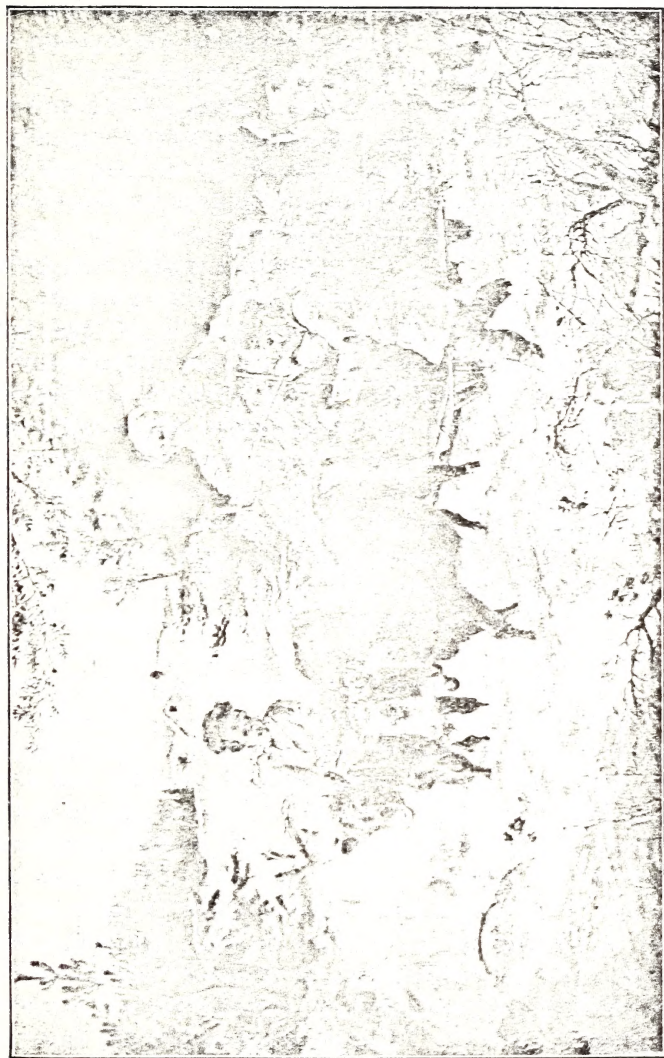
path silently over hill and through valley, the clinking of a loosened chain the only sound to break the silence of the advance.

I have a warm place in my heart for the ox. No nobler example of fidelity and loyalty to duty was to be found in the days of our sturdy ancestors than the sturdy oxen, tugging in the logging lot at their huge load until the yoke creaked and groaned under the pressure, and it might be until the strong iron chain snapped with a report like a gun, the pieces of the flawy link flying rods away, while they stopped with innocent unconcern, ready to start again when the break should have been repaired, showing no signs of balking or of vexation. Always chewing their cud's complacently, if allowed a brief respite, in the heat of the summer sun running their great red tongues out for a breath of fresh air as they panted under their burden, or bravely trudging along in the cold weather of winter, with long icicles hanging from their hairy lips, they were ever the same patient, reliable servants.

The work in the clearing allowing a day's respite, this faithful twain would be selected to become the slow but safe steeds with which to move commodities from one settlement to another. It was no uncommon sight to see one of them wending his way toward some distant mill, loaded with the husbandman's grain, or, more gaily bedecked, as fitted the auspicious occasion, the proud bearer of the fair and chosen one of some bridal party. The noble ox went with the hardy pioneer into the wilderness, a fit companion, and with him he silently faded away, until now only an occasional kindred of his remains to remind us of his usefulness. Long live the memory of the pioneer's ox!*

Among the pleasant scenes that come back to the searching mind is that boyish undertaking of bringing in

*The first cattle were introduced into the Plymouth colony in 1624, though a hundred head had already been imported by the Massachusetts Bay Company. The first cattle in the province of New Hampshire were imported by John Mason and his associates in 1631. From that time the cow, for the food she supplied the families, and the ox, for his work, became important factors in pioneer life.—*Author.*



From a drawing by HENRY W. HERRICK

WINTER SCENE

the Christmas green. Suitable decorations must be obtained for the big, old-fashioned kitchen, which had been set apart for this happy occasion and the boys sent into the woods to procure the needed evergreen. Without loss of time the half-tamed steers were yoked and hitched to the small sled made for them. Then off to the forest half a mile away went boys and steers and sled, following, it might be, the log path to the "further woods," or plowing through the deep snow upon an independent course. Be that as it might, the green powdered with white usually came in. What merry times followed!

Another scene even more vivid in the recollection than that was the homely, exciting task, half work, half play, of breaking the roads following a heavy snow storm. With the passing of the ox this has become a memory as far as the oldtime picturesque aspect is concerned. Was there more snow then than now? I have seen the roads filled to the tops of the fences, while at places the snow would be piled into wind trodden drifts, from ten to fifteen feet high, solid enough to hold the weight of a heavy man.

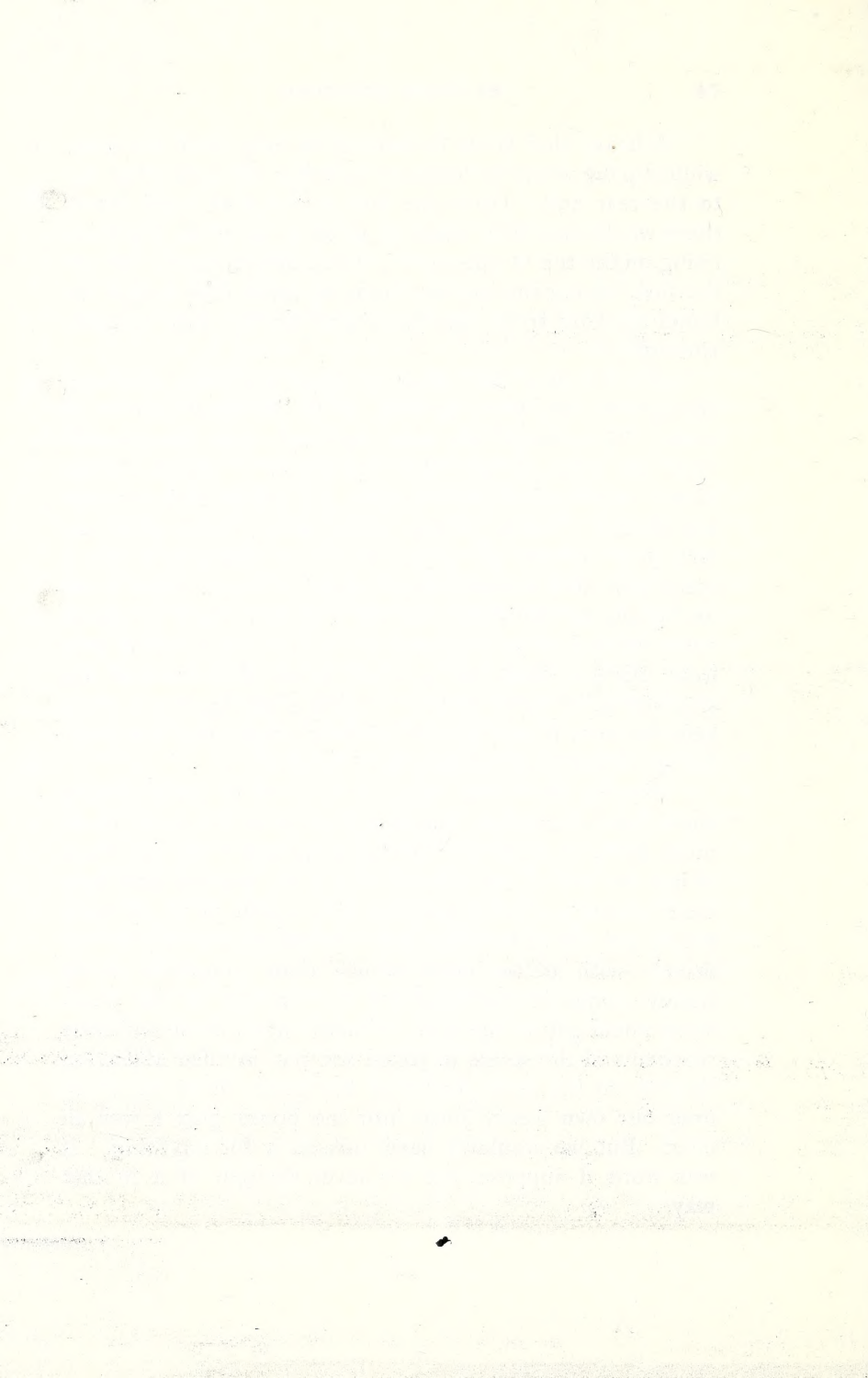
As soon as the storm had cleared away the farmers would begin to yoke up their cattle and, as it was the general custom for whole districts to unite, I have known as many as thirty pairs of oxen and steers in one team. Then was the time the boys would yoke the young cattle they delighted to call theirs and put them in the long procession with the others. Perhaps these steers had never been yoked before, when there would be an exciting time to get them into their places, but once in the team they could not get away. Ah, that was a proud moment to the boyish owner when he was allowed to take a goad stick and help guide the long line of animals, which seemed to catch something of the spirit of the occasion as they plunged furiously forward through the deep snow until only the long horns of the leaders could be seen! Or anon coming out of the deeper drifts they would look like a long chain with huge white links being drawn over the snowy surface!



A heavy sled would be selected to help make the path, while a plow would be fastened to either side and a big log to the rear end. Upon the last as many as could stand there would take their position, so as to keep the log from rising on the top of the snow. Then others would ride on the sled, having the shovels handy in case a drift should be found too hard from the recent blow for the oxen to wade through.

All the time the voices of noisy teamsters, our boys among the rest, were keeping up an incessant uproar of cries. "Gee, Buck! get your leg back over the chain!!" "Get up there, Bright, you lazy-bones!" "Haw, Duke, Haw! Look out there Runnells! you are getting out into the ditch." "Easy, Breck, easy. Don't crowd them too fast, Joe. Ketch me to put a pair of beef cattle into a team with them harum-scarum steers. There, Potter's off ox has cut his dew-claw half off! A man ought to know better than to put sharp-shod—" "Give 'em a leetle cold iron, Perry! That off steer of yours ain't touched his shoulder to the yoke since—" "Brace 'em up, boys! Now keep 'em movin' all together when we come inter thet drift. Ye-up, Brindle and White! here we go!"

Bearing all these exciting and often unreasonable shouts and commands with great patience, the oxen would move along at about the same gait through it all, and when at last the end of the district had been reached and they were turned toward home, how they would prick up their heads and quicken their pace. Perhaps a few of the boy drivers with better perseverance than judgment would wallow alongside the team, but the majority of the teamsters would get on the sled. Finally, when home had been reached and the steers unyoked and put in their stalls, too tired to eat the extra portion of hay given them, we would drag our own weary limbs into the house, glad it was all over. But we wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was work, I suppose, but we never thought of it in that way.



The chief source of pleasure, as well as of comfort, during the long winter evenings, was the huge, old-fashioned fireplace, in the kitchen, sitting-room, and workroom, the three combined in one, where the family gathered at nightfall to recount the incidents of the day and compare notes. When bedtime came the boys and girls were sent off to their respective quarters without the coddling that children get these days. The frost may have laid in deep coats upon the small window panes for forty days without so much as allowing a peep-hole through their fantastic figures, and the snow may have sifted in through the crevices of the shingles upon the roof so their bed in the attic chamber would be crossed with snow banks in the morning, but such trifles were not heeded. It made them tough, and men and women who grew up under such environments were certain to become strong and brave of heart.

Twilight

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

The hermit's smoke wreath now has spectral grown,
The bold green hills are all in shadow thrown,
And swan-like looks the maiden tall and fair,
In white, full sleeves, and silver-jeweled hair,
Soft rowing o'er the smooth stream's pallid sheen;
All tremulous above her aspen leans!

The poppies droop that gild the aftermath,
Late asters close along the river path.
The rumbling bridge sounds dreamy in its tone,
Weird whispers through the dark pines now are blown,
Borne from haunted, far-away lagoon,
Where all the still night hangs the blood-red moon.

And, hark! the bittern's sudden, lonely cry
Floats like a mocking, dying echo, by.
The day is done,—from distant village spire
Fades the last spark of sunset's ling'ring fire!

The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER XII

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE following morning it was found that Deacon Goodwill had concluded his rheumatism would allow him to attend the meeting of the selectmen, and early after dinner our twain were pleased to see him start for the village in his riding wagon hitched to old Bet. No sooner had he departed than they called to Abe, and persuaded him to go to town and obtain for them the best team to be found.

"Squire Newbegin has got the best rig in Sunset," declared Abe. "He'll let me have it too—his Sunday top-carriage and road hoss."

"Just what we want. Tell the squire you will settle for it, and we will pay you. I shall have to ask you to go as quickly as you can."

Glad to do his friends a favor, Abe fairly flew down the road, actually getting to the village as soon as his father, though he did not think it good policy to let his father see him. Squire Newbegin had already gone to the selectmen's room, but fortunately for the young messenger Miss Natalie Newbegin answered his request, and unhesitatingly ordered that the horse and carriage be gotten in readiness for him.

"Going to take Meg to a ride this afternoon?" asked Miss Newbegin, with a laugh. "I wish you and Meg a pleasant drive, Abe," she added, as he, blushing like a school girl remained silent. "Be back before dark I suppose?" Nodding in reply, and glad to escape this series of questions, Abe climbed into the vehicle and drove away. Upon reaching home he was dumfounded to see two highly dressed gentlemen leave the house and come forward to meet him. At first he did not recognize them, but he managed to stammer finally:

"By gosh! I had no idee yaou had such fine rigouts. Make yaou look like lords. Won't the folks stick aout their eyes? Guess the rig of the squire's ain't any too good for yaou. Glad I got it instead of Uncle Cale Wheat's that I had in mind in case the squire's was not to be got."

The plotters were started on their way in a few minutes, while Mrs. Goodwill and her family watched them out of sight with wondering gaze.

"This is something like," declared Free Newbegin to his companion. "I like to go as a gentleman when I do go. This ought to create an impression that shall redound to our benefit." His friend was really too overawed by his situation to reply and, his mind filled with thoughts of conflicting emotions, he became silent. His companion soon followed his example, thus the journey was being made in unbroken tranquility when they suddenly became aware of some great commotion taking place just ahead. Heard above the other sounds of confusion were the bellowings

of some maddened brute that portended peril to some one, for mingled faintly in the uproar were human voices. Enoch whipped up the horse and before long the little party came abreast of the scene of excitement. At that moment, the bellowing of the brute having temporarily ceased, they heard a drawling voice pitched at a high key crying:

"Deah Mistah Lawd, save—aw—save me! Deah Mistah Bull, let me—ah—aw—go away an' 'pon me honah, I will nevah, nevah step foot or hand on youah land wonce moah. Boo—hoo! w'at possessed me to come heah—to come heah?"

This appeal was quickly followed by a womanly voice, saying in a spirit of command:

"Hold your foolish tongue, John Reed, and I'll drive the vicious brute away."

"I cawn't, Miss Beginnew, I cawn't. Oh, if them trousers—"

A roar from the enraged creature, which was pawing up the ground a short distance away, drowned the balance of the piteous supplication, and the tread of heavy feet rushing furiously forward succeeded. The newcomers had already discovered a most startling, and at the same time grotesque, tableau being enacted by the roadside. At the foot of a broken-topped tree a young woman had taken a bold stand as, armed only with a short club of wood, she defiantly faced the four-footed enemy that was offering such angry and noisy demonstrations of vengeance. Over her head, dangling from a broken branch of the maple by the seat of his pantaloons, his limbs swinging frantically in the air, was the author of the appeal for help. No doubt the threatening movement and outcries of the bull were due largely to his foolish outbursts. At this moment, lowering his shaggy head close to the ground, the animal bounded furiously toward the brave girl at bay. She proved equal to her situation, for before Free Newbegin could reach her side she had dealt the brute a blow over



his nose which caused him to retreat with a bellow of pain. Before the creature could rally to make a second attack he was routed by the newcomers, and as he retreated across the pasture the young lady under the tree watched her rescuers with unfeigned surprise, as she had not dreamed of their presence until this moment.

"I trust we were in season to save you from any harm," said Free Newbegin, doffing his hat gallantly, as he returned from the chase.

"I have not suffered any harm, sir, though I thank you none the less for your timely arrival. I had broken my club by that last blow, and I hardly know how I should have come out in another attack. As it is I think Mr. Reed has fared the worse," pointing toward the young man swinging to and fro over her head. The newcomers fancied a smile lurked about the corners of her mouth, for which there was ample cause in the figure of the discomfited youth overhead.

"How in the world came you in such a plight?"

"Well, you see, mistah, me an' Miss Newbegin was out walking, an' I see a very pretty fern, so she an' me thought to pick it togethah. Just then that awful bwute started foah us like a waging lion. Miss Newbegin was fortunate enough to find—aw—a club, don'ch you know. Not having—aw—any stick to defend myself, I climbed this tree. I—aw—my foot must have slipped, donc'h you know, for I took a tumble. But very fortunately I caught on this limb, but I'm awfraid I cawn't get down. It was most fortunate Miss Natalie' was not hurt by that waging monstah."

"Without any thanks to you," said Free Newbegin, as he reached up and freed the terrified youth from his peculiar situation, allowing him to fall to the ground in a heap.

"I guess if she had—aw—got caught as I did she wouldn't have done any bettah," muttered the crestfallen youth as he picked himself up, while he eyed the new-

comers suspiciously.

"I judge you are Miss Newbegin," said the prodigal, bowing for the second time, and removing his hat.

"I am," she replied politely. "You have the advantage of me."

"For which I owe you my apology. I am Justin Bidwell, recently arrived in town, and this friend of mine is Mr. Robert Bidwell, a cousin."

"I am sure that I am glad to meet you both. If you are going toward the village I shall be pleased to have your company, as I was out for only a stroll with Mr. Reed. Mr. Reed, I trust you will get home all right," and leaving him in his bewildered state of mind, she started toward the road with her new-found companions. Upon discovering the team with which they were approaching the village, she exclaimed:

"So it was for you Abe Goodwill wanted father's horse and wagon?"

"Certainly, Miss Newbegin. My cousin and I, who by the way are stopping for a few days with Deacon Goodwill, have occasion to visit the village on a little business matter. Won't you please ride with us?"

"With pleasure," she replied, assisted into the carriage by Quiver.

"Abe said there were two strangers stopping at his house when he came after the team. I am sorry father is not at liberty this afternoon, but he is meeting with the other selectmen. Were you ever in Sunset before?"

"Never," replied Quiver, who was quick witted enough enough to save his companion from answering the question. "It seems like a very quiet town."

"So it is; or, rather, it has been, but now it is quite overturned by the gold craze. Strangers coming into town and the news of the discovery of gold have set the people wild. Why, a small farm just out of the village actually sold for five thousand dollars the other day. I must say I think this hue and cry is only some wild hoax. What do

you think, Mr. Bidwell?"

"I am not quite prepared to answer, Miss Newbegin," replied Freeland, to whom the question had been addressed, "but on general principles I should agree with you. I think it is generally believed there is not gold enough in New England to pay for the mining. Bubbles that are inflated easily are short-lived. I am afraid it will not bring any substantial good to the staid old town."

"So am I. Father says it is a humbug, but he is so practical he does not give one much chance for dreams. I like to build air castles myself. But he has lost heart over the prospect of Sunset, though I can remember the time when he was all enthusiasm, and worked hard to get the people out of their old ruts. Somehow he couldn't quite do it. Coming as an uninterested party, what do you think of the prospect for the town? Shall we ever wake up so as to become a part of the moving world?"

She was surprised to find how easily she had been drawn into this conversation with this handsome couple who a short time before had been unknown to her, while they were pleased with the natural innocence of discussion that she had unconsciously entered. The older lost no time in replying in that free and easy manner that gave such a pleasant impression.

"I trust the awakening will not be sudden, in which case I should be distrustful of the result. The situation reminds me of a little incident I witnessed a few years since in the mountain regions of Europe. While crossing the Alps I fell in with a small party of Swiss mountaineers who were accompanied by an English woman. Judging by her looks she must have been at least seventy years of age, though she kept up with her companions with a buoyancy that a younger sister might have envied. Wondering why she should be there without any companion of her own people, I inquired of the guides the reason, when I was told that she was going to find the body of her husband, who had perished under an avalanche nearly fifty years



before, while he and she were on their bridal tour. It was certain the body had remained under the ice all these years, but that now, according to the regular law of glacial change, it was expected that the form of the loved one might at last be recovered. She had been stopping at a hostelry for several months waiting impatiently for the torrent to break loose and lift his form to the surface. On this morning it had been announced that the long looked for hour had come, and she was then on her way to greet the image of her heart. I felt sufficient interest to accompany the party.

"We arrived at the place just as the glad news was brought us that the body had appeared and would soon be rescued. The widow and myself pushed forward close upon the heels of our guides, and soon we gazed on the features of him hidden from the gaze of her who had loved him for nearly half a century. They were fair and handsome, retaining the full freshness and vitality of early manhood, for the crystal casket had preserved its treasure with all its natural beauty. The long, weary years of the world's toil and strife had not ruffled the smooth brow, nor had Time's withering touch laid an imprint on the shapely countenance. To me it was a beautiful sight, but I quickly saw that the woman beside me was strangely affected, and she would have fallen had I not placed an arm about her trembling form. Then I realized that it was anguish and not joy which stirred her bosom. Somehow she had forgotten the gulf the years had placed between them in their appearance, and in mute anguish she felt and knew that her own countenance presented such a vivid change, wrinkled and emaciated and care-worn, that she turned away, with a heart bleeding from a new wound which neither the memory of the past nor the dream of the future could heal."

"I never heard of such an application made of the change of the years," she said. "But to which do you apply the theory of retained youth? I am afraid I am very

stupid."

"It was my stupid way of stating it. I intended the old woman should typify your town, with its slow, aging steps. The world the body in the crystal casket. Bustle and progress is a natural condition. As long as the plant continues to grow it is always young."

"I like that idea," she replied frankly. "By that I can see that the world holds the charm of perpetual youth. It is refreshing to have such views, and I shall always remember them. You are right, too, for we here in our sloth and indolence are certainly growing gray faster than our years should warrant."

"I am glad you think as I do. Old age is not a matter of years. Some are older at twenty than others are at seventy, for the heart is the thermometer of time and not the countenance. I remember some years ago of meeting a white-haired man, venerable with Father Time's fourscore degrees, climbing one of the precipitous mountains of Old Japan, and I was struck by the fact that he was performing a feat that few young men would care to undertake. I asked him why he was attempting to do at his age such a task. Looking upon me with eyes that certainly had lost little of their youthful lustre, he replied:

"'Sir, I am searching for the fountain of youth!'

"'Ha!' I thought, 'here is a modern Ponce de Leon deluded by the illusions of his years,' and I could not refrain from asking him if he expected to find such a fount on that cheerless mound of volcanic debris.

"'I do,' he replied quickly. 'I shall find it in the exertions it will cost me to climb to its summit; I shall find it in the invigorating breeze of its lofty pinnacle; I shall find it in the very atmosphere of that sky that never grows gray.' Then, doubtless reading in my face my wonder at his words, he hastened to add: 'Young man, you may think me a deluded fool, but that is because you do not understand the philosophy of life. You see trees age and die, believing that you must follow in the same way, forgetting



that the divine spark of human life is immortal. At fifty men called me old, and I felt the weight of threescore years and ten already on my shoulders. But as I looked around me I saw others standing erect in the vigor and beauty of manhood at its best, though they were older, as we measure life, than I. I tried to solve this problem, but I came to no satisfactory explanation until one night, as I lay on my couch after a hard day's work, I dreamed that I had been called before the Supreme Judge to render an account of my services on earth. When asked what I had done I replied vain-gloriously that I had ever done my duty toward my fellow-men. "Your record is brief for one who shows the wages of so many years," he said. "You have grown old before your time. You have not stopped to look around you long enough to recover your wasted energies. The seasons come and go, and as each autumn is succeeded by gray winter so is each winter followed by young spring, when Nature begins over again. It is so with man when he stops long enough to gather fresh impetus from his youthful environments. Each morn is the old day made over."

"I awoke but the dream remained with me. Now at fourscore and ten years I devote the winter of each year in looking on fresh scenes in a clime that is perennial to meet each succeeding spring of the seasons with renewed vitality and youth.'

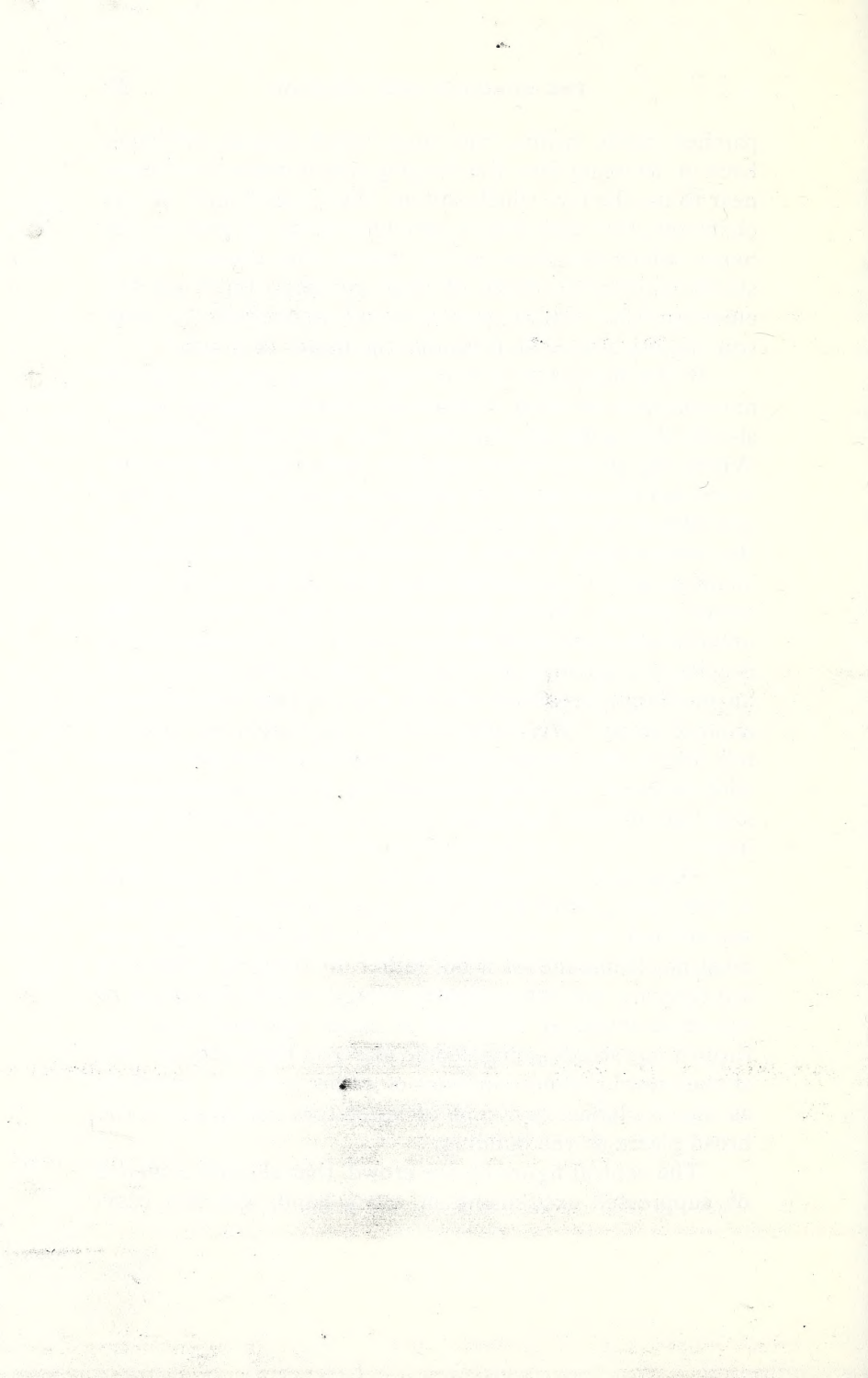
"I became a convert to this aged dreamer's theory, who I doubt not is at this moment turning his longing gaze toward some southern Alps that he may recover the wasted energies of the summer of life, though it was several years ago that I parted with him. Life is not measured by a span of years; there is no boundary line fixed for the soul. The memory of yesterday is as much a part of our being as the realities of to-day, and the anticipations of to-morrow as real as the ambitions now urging us on. The fountain of mirth welling up in our hearts to lighten the cares of labor, the tears which sanctify our sorrows and freshen the

parched fields within, the song which brings childhood back on trooping feet, the longing which draws the future near to us, the love which softens the rugged lines of our character, the faith which ennobles those around us, the hopes which brighten every doubt, the dreams which startle us with the depth of their mystery—these are the elements that elevate manhood and womanhood to their true dignity and make perennial the flower of youth.”

If the eloquence of this easy talking stranger for the moment overcame her with a logic she but vaguely understood, she quickly recovered her mental equilibrium. While she possessed an inherent knowledge beyond her years and the scope of her experience, she could not otherwise than look with a mingling of awe and admiration upon the newcomers in their fine clothes, with their polished manners and a certain freeness and confidence in themselves gained only by long contact with the world. This unknown brother, with his keen insight into human nature, despite the peculiar philosophy of life he had acquired in his wanderings, realized that she was not a maid of ordinary mold of mind. His companion, younger and less cynical, felt that he had never met her equal. So, each one stirred with different emotions, this meeting and brief companionship was destined to form lasting impressions on their lives.

“You talk very beautifully, Mr. Bidwell,” she said after a short pause, “and if I cannot quite comprehend all you say and fail to agree fully with what I do understand, you must not blame me for it but rather my training. Here we are entering our little country village, and if you want to see an example of the state of mind this gold craze has thrown our steady-going people into you have only to look at the crowd gathered in front of father’s store,” pointing, as she concluded, to a knot of spectators collected on the broad piazza of the building.

The central figure of the crowd, that showed evidence of suppressed excitement on every hand, was that easy-



talking, good-natured optimist, Life Story, who was bending over a large sheet of paper, drawn with many lines and dots, each one of which became in its turn the object of his pointing finger as he kept up his flow of speech.

“This line here,” he said, “shows the brook running through the Lovejoy farm, where gold has been found in such paying quantity as to bring men here from Californy to work th’ lead. Now you will observe how clusly this line runs along Yaller Brook, across th’ South road, keepin’ on down th’ valley, ’crost th’ back road, and still follerin’ the brook winds in and out back of th’ Old Chief’s Mirror, goin’ mighty clus to Ken Fok’sle’s place and meanderin’ down through the Harbor. Off here on the left you see a little thread running up toward the Narrers, hittin’ my little farm plumb in th’ centre, so there ain’t many of us slighted. I tell you the good things are pretty well shaken round. In this situation it behooves us as patriotic citizens of a patriotic town to lay our plans carefully for the future. We don’t want to make no mistake at the outset. Fact an’ quoth he, sir, what is is an’ it can’t be argified.

“Naturally, when this great conbination gets combined, the folks get over starin’ and settle down to bizness, th’ more substantial work will speak for itself. You’ll see this road all torn to strings, an’ a wide boulevard runnin’ straight to Boston will take its place. There’ll be broad plank walks around the town, sweepers at every corner to brush the dust from the ladies’ feet, and decorated umbrellers hung out at th’ sunny places in warm days. Right here where we set will be the startin’ p’int of all this mighty stream of industry. The squire will haul down his store, as good as it is, an’ in its place will be built a granite post-office building of four stories. Here, too, besides runnin’ th’ bizness of Uncle Sam’s post-office he will keep the biggest retail an’ wholesale store in th’ county. I hev got a picture of it up to th’ house I drewed last evenin’. Right below here where Codman’s house stands will be th’ new town house, an’ just below that a new church, with a

schoolhouse clus by, all arranged as they should be within handy reach. I've got a map of all these up to th' house, showin' you just how the row will look, exceptin' that I've been thinkin it over since last night and I have concluded that a rooster don't look well on a town house when there's a post-office so clus by, an' that it oughter be on the government buildin'. However, I ain't set on the idee, an' I may move it over on the church at noon, 'cos when you come to the importance of the situation the church is about as important as the post-office, because that consarns all time, while the other is simply temporal. Then there is the schoolhouse, as you will remember clus by, an' that is a proper place for a big crower. So I must say I'm a little undecided about th' rooster, but—"

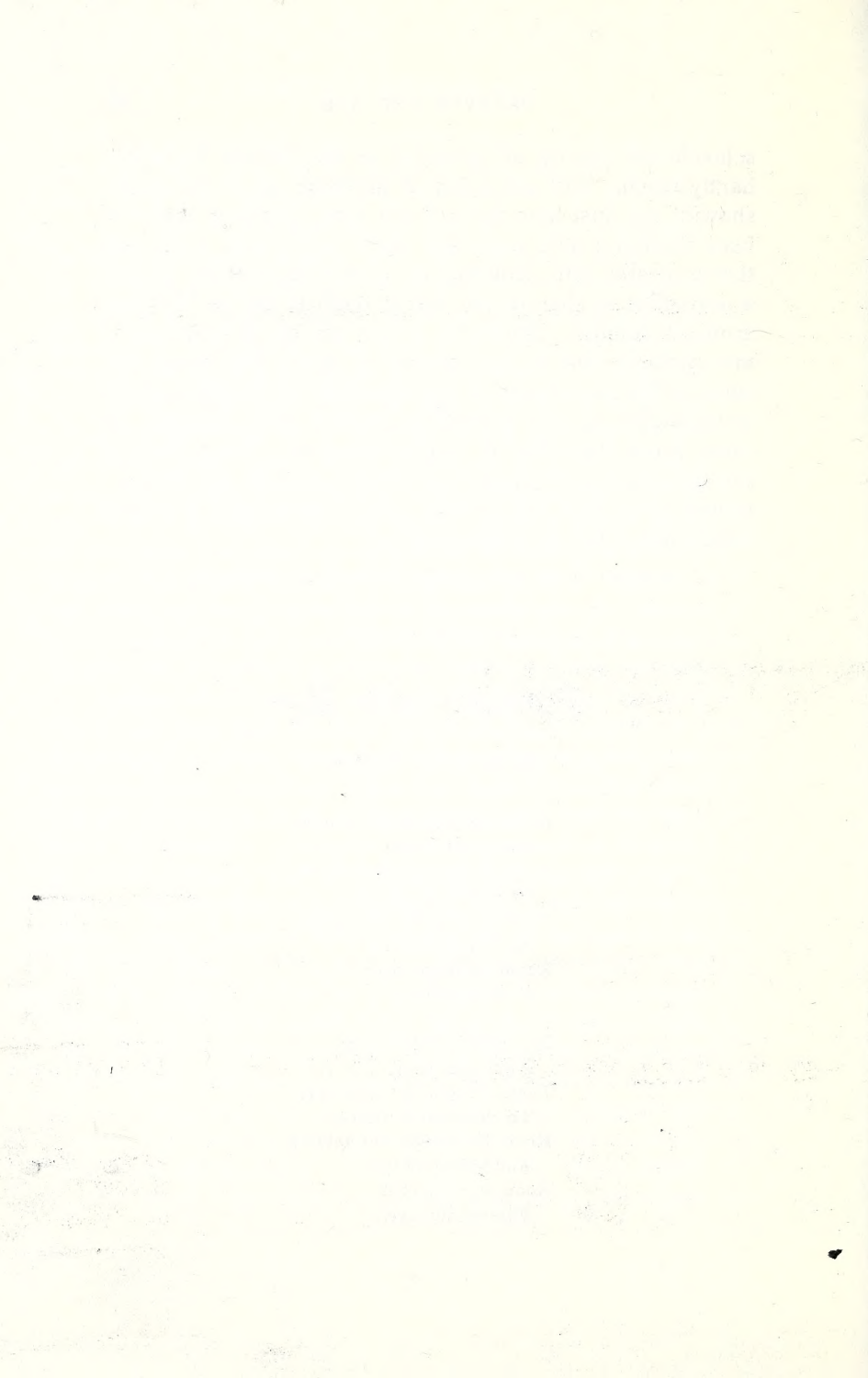
(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)

Foreber and Aye

By EMILY A. BRADDOCK

In the great world of spaces,
Away and away,
In its chasms and its caverns,
In its pits of decay,
There is room for forgettug
And slipping away:
Room for forgetting
Forever and aye.

In a heart's little corner,
Away and away,
There is room to remember,
To cling and to stay,—
Room for having and holding
And hiding away:
Room to remember
Forever and aye.



Pleasant Pond

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Amid New Hampshire's granite hills,
In all her wealth of sparkling rills,
And lakelets fair, from mount to sea,
I know of none more fair than thee.

O'er strand as pure and white as snow
Thy crystal wavelets ebb and flow ;
While surging gently 'long thy side,
Sweet music chimes thy rippling tide.

Anon when tossed by autumn storm,
Thy beauty takes a grander form ;
Or swollen by the floods of spring,
Thy song is fraught with wilder ring.

Thy splendor sought 'neath summer sky,
To thee the merry boatmen hie ;
Or bound by winter's icy chain
The skaters skim thy frozen plain.

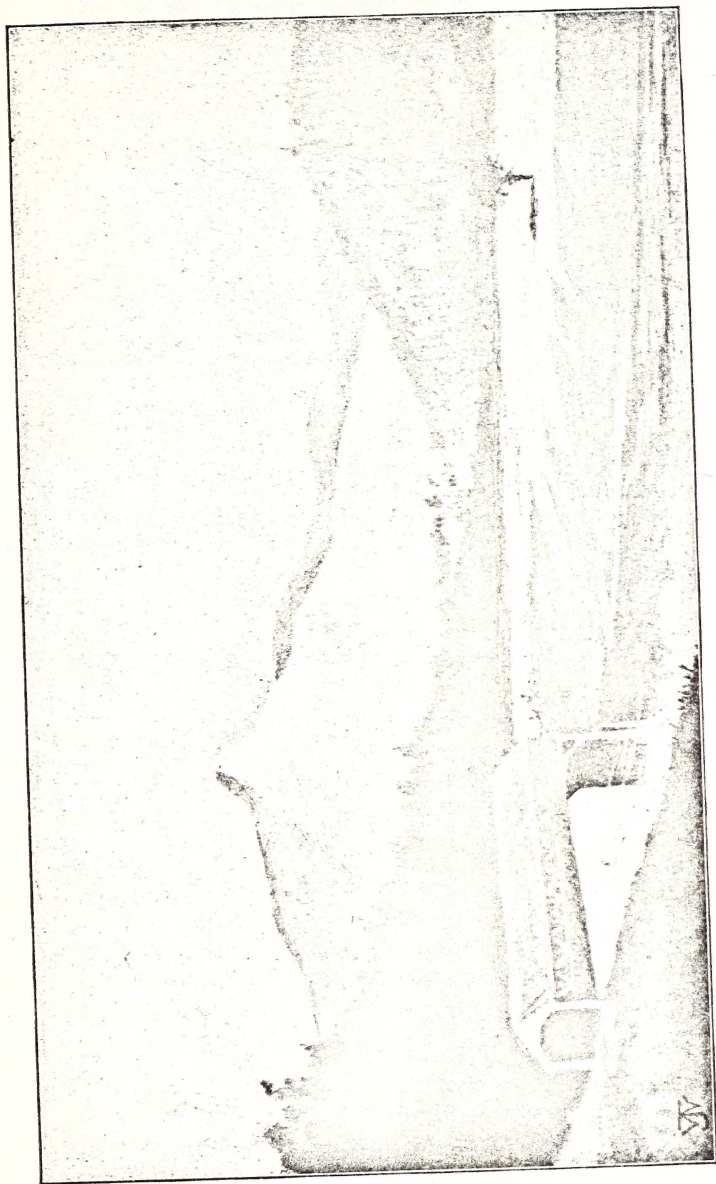
But once in time now long since o'er,
The wildwood met around thy shore,
The lone duck 'long thy surface flew,
Or red man sped his light canoe.

And yet in primal gloom, unknown,
Amid the shadows round thee thrown,
Thy lustre shone in fairest sheen,
As now adorned by hillsides green.

So thus when we have passed away,
And others cross thy sparkling spray,
Though warrior bold or lover true,
'Neath autumn's gray or summer's blue,

Unchanged, wilt thou remain the same,
To hear again thy oft-told fame,
And in to-day's sweet strain respond—
Thou ever charming Pleasant Pond.

A beautiful sheet of water lying in Deerfield, N. H.



Drawn for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by J. Warren Thyng

WHITTIER'S FAVORITE VIEW OF MOUNT CHOCORUA

Granite State Magazine

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No. 3.

Reminiscences of Whittier

PART I

The Poet's Summers by Bearcamp Water

By J. WARREN THYNG

Illustrations by the AUTHOR and CLINTON H. CHENEY

IN THE pleasant district of the mountain region of New Hampshire through which the Bearcamp river flows, there stood for many years, near the banks of that picturesque stream at West Ossipee, a tavern destined to gather around it associations of more than ordinary interest.

It was here at this wayside inn that Whittier passed the summers of several years.

The hotel, known as the Bearcamp River House at the time of the poet's residence there, was situated perhaps a bowshot distant from the railroad station, and on that side faced a wide and sandy road that under a hot August sun shimmered with dusty heat. When the train is passing West Ossipee the traveler sees from the car window little that is sufficiently interesting to fix his attention; indeed, the scenery in either direction from the station is not, as a summer resort, particularly inviting; and apart from a glimpse of the green and wooded shoulder of a nearby mountain, and a bit of meadow with now and then a noble elm, the landscape is tame and uninteresting.

The prospect towards the north and west, from where the knoll slopes to the fields and river, however, is a scene of considerable attractiveness.

The old tavern of pleasant memory has long been gone—burned sill and rafter more than a quarter of a

century ago; and now only the weeds of neglect cumber the earth where the buildings stood. Last summer, when visiting this shrine to which I make occasional pilgrimages, goldenrod was growing in wild profusion all about, while a vine bearing flame-red flowers trailed its leafy token of nature's charity over the half-sunken door stone. This strange exotic, perhaps brought by some summer guest many years ago, had kept the tenure of its lonely



Drawn by J. WARREN THYNG

MEMORY OF TURKEY STREET

life and, like Alice's posies that grew in the moss on the roof of the "House of Seven Gables," bloomed perennially in alien soil.

Here at the turn of the road, on the sandy knoll, a tavern has stood from time out of mind. Here, long before the railroad was built, the yellow thoroughbraced stage, on its way from Center Harbor to the great Notch mountains, was accustomed to pull up, change horses and allow passengers, who felt the oppression of the muggy weather, to alight and seek such temporary refreshment as circumstances justified, for the long and hilly road leading up from the lake country was dusty on those sultry dog-day afternoons of long ago.

Fairly comfortable, and well enough kept, Ames' Tavern, as the house was called in those times, was a landmark, known through all the country round about; by night its piazza lantern was a beacon of joy to the belated traveler faring along the dark road that tunnelled the mountain shadow. And so the uneventful years went by and time went on, until Ames' Tavern became Banks' Hotel and many a distinguished guest sat at the table in the long, unpainted dining room. Among them was Starr King who, with pen more graphic than Irving's, wrote the only permanent literature of our mountains, lakes and rivers; the painter Inness who, like Turner, though greater than Turner, saw nature's colors as they are, hated conventionalism and scorned such as paint platters of boiled ham and empty Schnapps bottles in the name of art; George L. Brown, called the American Claude because of the atmosphere of his painted skies; Champney of Conway who, in his simple way, painted things as they look to one of healthful mind; and it may be that genial Tom Hill, he whose "Golden Gate" was the admiration of the world, came over from Chocorua Lake



Drawn by CLINTON H. CHENEY

THE TAVERN STOOD NEAR

to see the mountain of romance and tragedy from Whittier's favorite viewpoint.

These great men, unfettered by the delusions of the plaster-cast copying school—that refuge of the shiftless, that false light that lures the unwarned art student,—these great men have stayed for a time by Bearcamp Water. I fancy, too, that Lady Blanche, the disowned daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough of Exton Hall, living in her little cottage under Humphrey's Ledge by the Saco, came in the brilliant autumn weather to see Chocorua across pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Thus was the old hostelry glorified. There were giants in those days.

In early stage-coach times in New Hampshire country taverns were built after two different architectural models, both characteristic. One type was tall and thin, like the houses in a toy Noah's Ark; while the other, less tall but much wider, had a square-pitch roof and a long, rambling ell. Something after this last-named fashion was the Bearcamp River House.

A walk of a few rods westward from the station, to where a group of tall trees cast their morning shadow over the wild tangle of weeds and bloom that fringe the half-filled cellar of the burned hotel, brings into view a scene of rural quiet and diversified beauty. At the foot of the slope, and beneath the overhanging branches of maples and water willows flows the Bearcamp, the river of the poet's theme. Close by, and almost on the banks of the stream, the road runs and by its side are the few houses of the little hamlet; nearest among them is the schoolhouse where Whittier sometimes went and talked to the children. He was fond of children. I have seen him walking hand in hand with a little child, her arms filled with great bunches of goldenrod they had gathered by the side of the road. A picture for a Millais to paint. To the right of the street are fields and meadows where glimpses of the river may be seen winding its sinuous way down from Sandwich Notch;

far beyond, over wooded foothills, half circling the view, is a mountain range.

Whittier never went far away from the hotel. The river interested him and, if the distance did not seem too great, he would go to see some particularly graceful sweep of the stream where it flowed beneath the shade of leaning trees. I well remember a path leading to a bend in the river where a group of maples sheltered the path and flung their shadows far out over the water. He was quick to see the finer aspects of nature, but would remain silent for some time contemplating the scene before speaking of what he saw. Was it not Walpole who would sit by the hour with some friend without saying a word, calling it "Sociable Silence"? On one occasion, when I had accompanied him to this spot by the river side, he silently watched the play of sunlight through the foliage as it wove fantastic figures upon the grass and the water, and then asked if the shadow on the still pool did not look like fingers of a hand. The reader will call to mind the lines in "Sunset on the Bearcamp":

"The drowsy maple shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips."

The morning was oppressively warm and he wore a long linen duster, and had the pockets full of peaches of which he gave me a large share.

There are noble elms on the intervale; a particularly fine one stands near the road leading to the Knox farm. In the shade of this tree Whittier sometimes sat alone, thoughtfully listening to a vireo singing high overhead in the thick foliage. When he sat alone under his tree no one presumed to intrude upon him. Indeed, if one desired to retain his friendship, it was well to keep away when he chose to be by himself, and sometimes it was best to be a better listener than talker.

While the Sandwich range may be seen advantageously from the vicinity of the Bearcamp, it is the view of Cho-

corua that Whittier admired most of all the peaks. The view pictured in the accompanying illustration was sketched from the hill road, on the south side of the river, and is the one considered best by both Whittier and Lucy Larcom. Although the lake cannot be seen, the Bearcamp river flowing through the foreground admirably takes its place as an element in the landscape.

Some time after making the sketch I received a letter from the poet in which he said:

I sympathize with thee in thy love of the New Hampshire hills, and Chocorua is the most beautiful and striking of all.

Another time he wrote concerning the view of Chocorua from The Weirs, which he had not seen:

AMESBURY, 10th Month.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank thee heartily for thy picture from The Weirs. It is the most beautiful view of the lake I have seen. I shall frame it and hang it in my study, for it is a picture one cannot tire of. I have never been at Sanborn's, but if my life is spared I hope some day to look from his piazza.

Again thanking thee, I am very truly thy friend.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Among the Hills" was written while at the Bearcamp House. The incident upon which the sentiment of the poem depends was slender. The poet and some friends accompanied the landlord's daughter, when she went one afternoon to a farmhouse on the Tamworth road to buy butter. This road was known locally as "Turkey Street." The sunset deepened into twilight and twilight into night as they drove homeward; the changing scene ever appealing to his artistic perception as

"Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plummets."

"Voyage of the Jettie" had a special interest to the author as the verses were written to amuse an invalid friend. The poem describes a real incident. A gentleman had brought a dory from the city to place on the Bearcamp

river. This little boat he named "Jettie," in honor of Jettie Morrill, a beautiful young girl, one of the poet's friends. A number of distinguished people were present at the launching, and no great ship was ever floated more auspiciously.

No one more enjoyed seeing others happy than did Whittier, though he was annoyed if strangers sought him out of mere curiosity; at such times he would get away if he could. His innate humor would, however, come to his rescue when hopelessly caught. Once a man from somewhere out West called to see him. "He extravagantly praised my work," said the poet, "and all the time called me Whittaker."

It is doubtful if any except those intimately acquainted with him even suspected how keenly he appreciated the humorous, and how quickly he saw the amusing side of things. He liked a good story and a good joke, as I more than once had opportunity to know.

One morning, returning late from a walk, breakfast was nearly over when I entered the dining-room; Whittier and many of the guests were there; upon seeing me he arose and said, with anxiety in his voice, "I am very glad to see thee this morning."

All looked up, wondering why the distinguished man thus addressed a stranger.

"Why this morning?"

"Because," he replied, "the sheriff came down from Conway last night and took a man, and I was afraid it was thee."

While the Indian left a small budget of sweet-sounding names, and traces of a faith wiser than science, the traditions he cherished are dim as the tints of a fading daguerreotype, and are fast becoming lost to the literature of our hills. The views Whittier held were so little pessimistic that he cheerfully accepted the destiny manifested by the passing time.

"Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills.

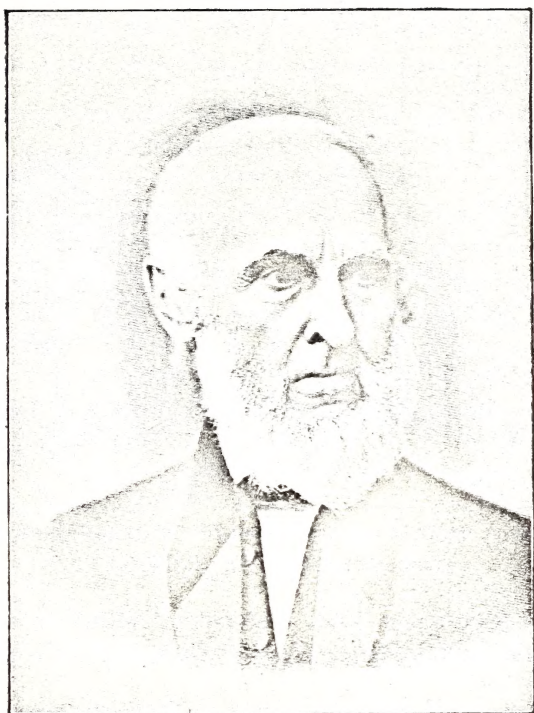
"The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree."

One day, while speaking of the slender record of primitive romance that is left, he said: "Have you been at Melvin?" Upon being answered in the negative he remained silent, and I thoughtlessly asked if there really was a great Indian mound at Melvin by the lake. His answer was deserved. "Thee should not inquire too curiously." Melvin is the small village at the foot of Ossipee mountain, where the gigantic Indian skeleton is said to have been found that furnished the motive for his poem, "The Grave by the Lakeside." Some one said the verses were inaccurately located. The fact that he had never been at Melvin affords no license to that sort of criticism that fails to distinguish between the privileges of poetical expression and the compilation of a directory.

By nature Whittier was firm, very firm; by instinct a dignified gentleman; by habit well dressed, scrupulously neat and tidy in appearance. He had no sympathy for the hermit who turned his unwashed face away from the sunlight, the blue sky and the eyes of his fellow men. He did not like Thoreau's habits of living; he did not believe that willful disregard of personal appearance was a mark or prerogative of talent.

It was a merry group that, in those radiant summer days, sat around the old-fashioned tables in the square dining-room in the tavern by the flowery banks of the Bearcamp; and now to us who are drifting down the stream of time, on whose shores the poppies of oblivion grow, the bloom by that mountain river is bright to the eye of memory.

It has been said that he was color-blind. This statement seems remarkable, inasmuch as in his work there is constant evidence of sympathetic estimation not only of



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

positive color but of hues of color. Repeatedly has he directed my attention to the most delicate tints in a landscape. These lines occur in "Sunset on the Bearcamp."

"The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose."

Among Whittier's most highly esteemed friends at the Bearcamp was Lucy Larcom, who assisted in compiling



Drawn for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by Clinton H. Cheney

BEARCAMP RIVER HOUSE

"Songs of Three Centuries." She was a most estimable woman, whose presence brought sunshine into the grayest day.

Charles W. Palfrey said to me that Webster was the only great man he knew who was not at first sight disappointing. This is the best description I can give of John G. Whittier. If you knew him you had found your Sir Galahad. I have never seen a really satisfactory likeness of him, either photographed or engraved. They all lack the repose—the inherent nobility of his nature.

As the years pass and people study nature more, and ostentatious pedantry less, and as the perfection of beauty



is realized by the true use of the faculties of seeing, thinking and reflecting, the poet Whittier becomes one of the noblest translators of the grandeur, goodness and beauty of the Creator's work. No state, no spot on earth, has been more honored than has New Hampshire by that triumvirate, as it were, of genius, Whittier, Inness and Starr King.

* * * * *

It is summer by the Bearcamp. Years and years are gone. The stream appears less wide; the trees are larger, their shadows upon the water deeper.

I mark the low flight of the swallows and hear the cry of a bittern far away on the meadow. The sentinel pines on the hill are stirred to solemn sound by the wind. My spaniel barks at a rain crow in the hedge—it will rain to-morrow.

Over the river and beyond the meadow and the wooded hills rises Chocorua, the mountain of the Indian's malediction—the mountain whose shadow is as the shadow of tragedy. The mountain of hateful memory—yet the most beautiful of the White Hills.

I sit by my friendship fire while the day fades. It is sunset on the Bearcamp.

Veritas

By HAROLD D. CAREW

Of the truth of God that we ordain,
 No child of earth could e'er coerce
 A revelation, or explain
 The mysteries of the universe.

Granite State Rooftrees

VI

Gen. James Miller and His Temple Home

By CHARLES B. HEALD

"Such is the patriot's boast, wher'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home."

— *Goldsmith.*



NE balmy Indian Summer afternoon, some few years more than a century ago, there might have been seen gathered about the village store in the town of Peterborough, this state, a goodly number of the male population of the place, from the county "squire" to the tavern loafer, it was the usual characteristic gathering of the Yankee clan, such as one finds any time, even to-day, assembled about a country store, ever New England's forum for a full and free discussion of the weighty questions of the hour; however, on this particular occasion, politics and the weather were being sadly neglected for a more spirited argument over the contest as to who could at one time carry across the street the largest number of sacks of corn. One after another of the local strong men had vied with another, and all seemed destined to be outdone by the village smithy, who was about to reach the goal with the heaviest load yet attempted when, much to the merriment of the crowd, he was seen to go down sacks and all in the dusty road, which in the rays of the western sun was like a line of silver as it extended up over the hill and was lost to sight in the Monadnock land of mountain forest and lake beyond.

Just then a stalwart lad of fifteen enters the contest, a lad whose well-molded figure and strong, honest, ruddy

face showed determination blended with a genial good nature, and told of the rich, red blood of Scotch-Irish manhood that flowed through his veins.

"Why, Jimmy," remarks a bystander, "you can't lift all those sacks."

"I will try, sir," is the youth's ready response, as he with quick, easy grace is seen to kneel and request that the bags of corn be piled on his back until he had shouldered the same number attempted by the previous contestant and then, much to the amazement of the spectators, off he trots on all fours to easily gain the other side of the street. Wit had helped muscle to win the wager.

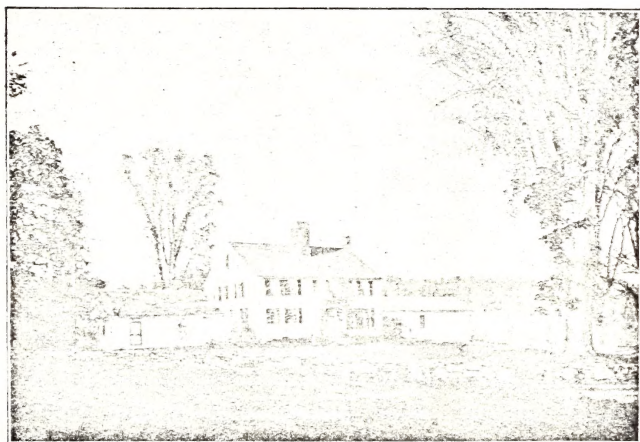
Years afterward, when this lad became a man, he was again heard to say: "I will try, sir," and a sterner victory was won, that of saving his country when defeat would have meant perhaps the death blow to the life of a young nation, grown now to be the greatest of the land,—our own nation, that of the American people.

The boy "Jimmy" was now to be known as Gen. James Miller, the hero of the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

James Miller was born in Peterborough, April 25, 1776, and like many other of our county's noblest men, his boyhood days were those of a farmer lad until ambition for greater things lead him to seek some sort of an education. Although a few weeks at an academy in the neighboring town of Amherst, and a later slight college course was all the preparation he was able to get, Miller was admitted to the bar, and in 1803 became a practising lawyer at Greenfield, this state. But a more vigorous life was to be his, for a strenuous nature that always was doing something could not long stand the curb of a law office, and the title "esquire" was changed to that of "major" of the American Army,—at that time the highest commissioned officer in New Hampshire. From now on until retirement Miller was wholly identified with military life, and was stationed at what was then the frontier, although no farther west than Pittsburg. While here he wrote home to his wife,

the much "beloved Ruth," many letters, and from them we gather an insight into the warm, loving nature of the man who could also be a stern warrior when the rigor of camp discipline or battle demanded, for, although a strong attachment for home and fireside made him always considerate towards others, never was he known to order his men where he himself could not lead. In one of the letters to his wife, the major writes thus:

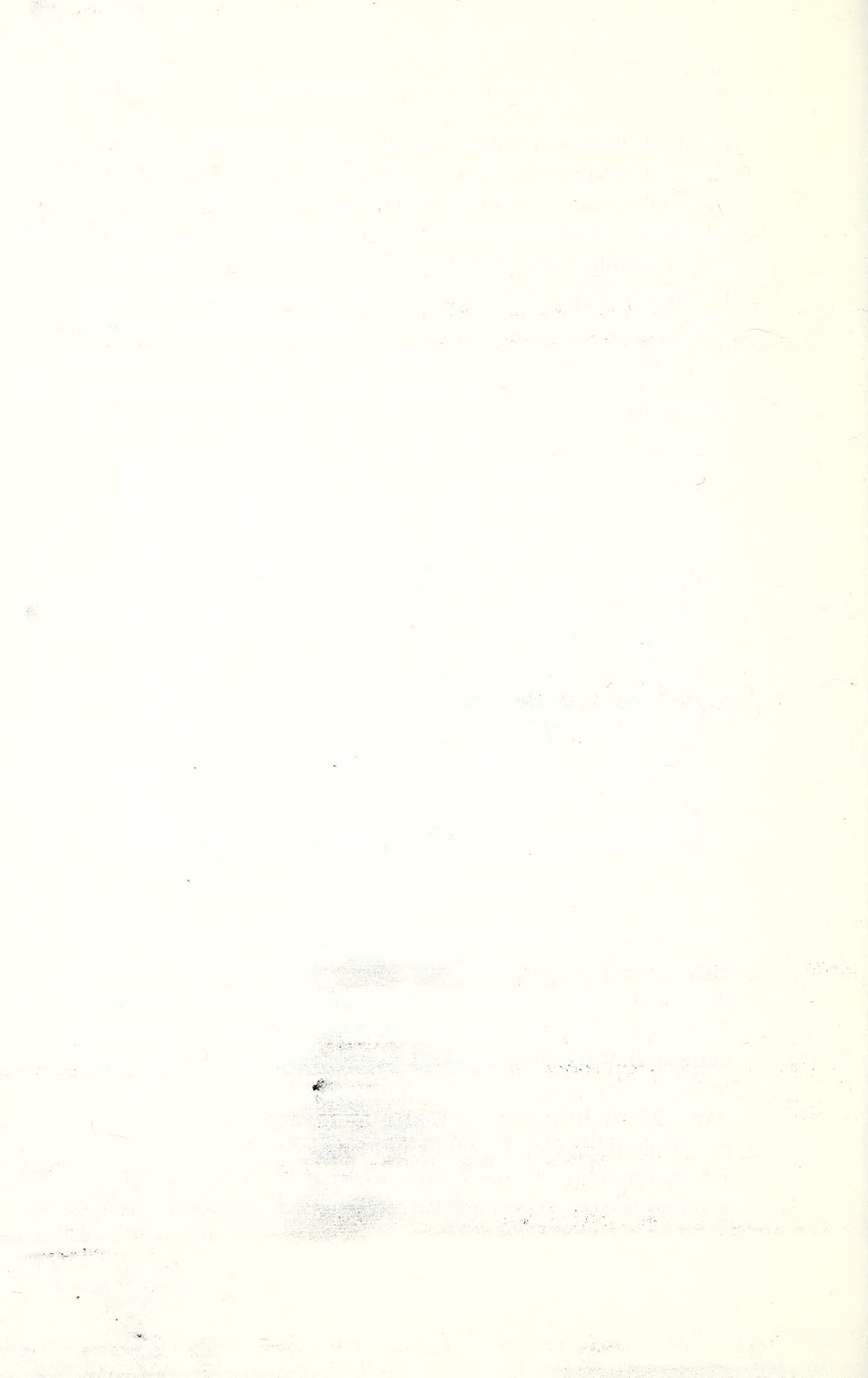
I do not intend it shall ever be said of you, "there goes the wife or widow of a coward!"



GEN. MILLER HOMESTEAD, TEMPLE, N. H.

Of a social nature, the fellowship of his brother man meant much to James Miller, more particularly as he had thrice seen Masonic light: first in old Benevolent Lodge at Milford, in the Souhegan valley, but at the time he entered convened at Amherst, and, as he traveled towards the west, in Pittsburg Lodge in 1811, and he later became affiliated with St. Andrew's Mark Lodge of Boston.

Colonel Miller's famous fight and capture of the British stronghold at the Battle of Niagara, July 25, 1814, is familiar history and needs no retelling. Undoubtedly it was

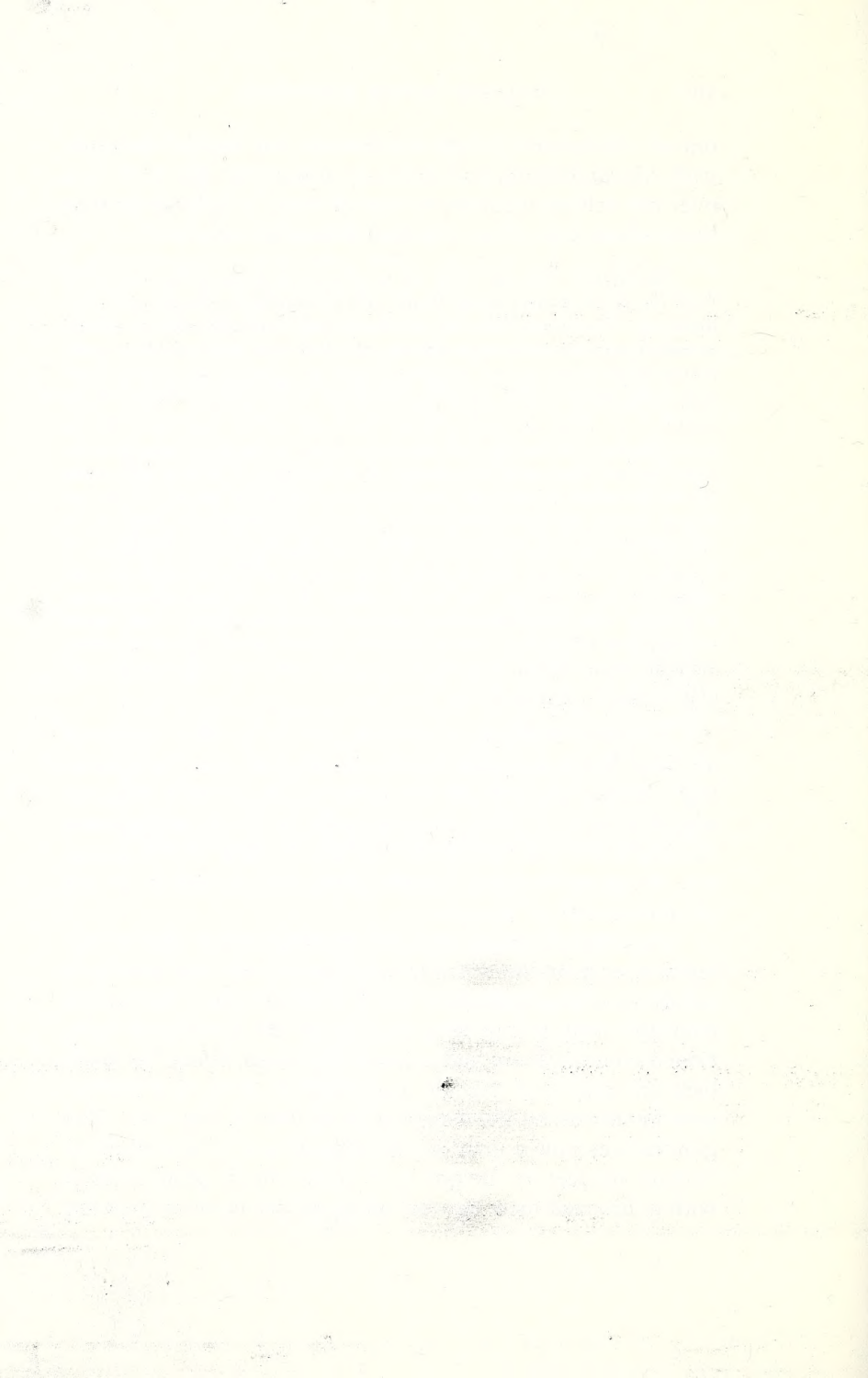


one of the hardest fought conflicts of our second struggle with Great Britain, and even as modest as the hero was over the achievement he termed it such in a letter written home three days after. In part it read as follows:

The moment they got to the centre they opened the most destructive flank fire on us, killed a great many, and attempted to charge with their bayonets. We returned the fire so warmly they were compelled to stand; we fought hand to hand for some time, so close that the blaze of our guns crossed each other; but we compelled them to abandon their whole artillery, ammunition wagons and all, amounting to seven pieces of elegant brass cannon. . . . After Generals Brown, Scott and others were wounded, we were ordered to return back to our camp, about three miles, and preparations had not been made for taking off the cannon, as it was impossible for me to defend it and make preparation for that too, and it was left on the ground except one beautiful brass six-pounder, which was presented to my regiment in testimony of their distinguished gallantry. The officers of the army all say, who saw it, that it was one of the most desperate and gallant acts ever known; the British officers whom we have prisoners, say it was the most desperate thing they ever saw or heard of. Gen. Brown told me, that I had immortalized myself; "but," said he, "my dear fellow, my heart ached for you when I gave you the order, but I knew it was the only thing that would save us!"

In acknowledgment of such service as this, the state of New York presented the brave colonel, now henceforth to be known as general, a handsome sword, and congress awarded him a gold medal, both bearing appropriate inscriptions. These are now in the keeping of his grandson, the present Gen. James Miller, the occupant of the old homestead at Temple.

However dashing in battle the elder Gen. James Miller was, at heart he was a man of peace, and the bonds of family were stronger than the fetters of war. He retired from the army and in 1815 purchased the homestead mentioned above. Here, surrounded by those whom he loved best and a host of friends ever dear to him, this soldier-gentleman passed the happiest moments of his life. The general was now a man of about forty, and is described as "about six feet in height and handsomely proportioned, with a bronzed face lighted up by hazel eyes of piercing



brilliancy. His hair was jet black, his features pleasing, and the whole countenance expressive of ardor, energy, generosity and blunt good humor."



OLD WILLOW NEAR TRAINING FIELD

He was courteous to all, but never careless of his friendship, and for this reason those who won it were all the more appreciative of the general's companionship. A born entertainer, his hearthstone was always surrounded by a host of guests, and to be invited to the Miller mansion was indeed considered an honor by the townspeople, who were proud of their soldier citizen. His warm devotion to his own children made him a favorite with those of others. This was strengthened by his affection for animals. In one of his letters he writes :

I have sent little Ephraim's fawns; their names are Fanny and Dick; their food is bread and milk, sweet apples, clover, &c. You may let them out to play, they will not run away, they will follow you anywhere.

And again,

Kiss little Kate and Ephraim, with all the love of a father and mother, for you and for me.

Upon his return from Arkansas, where as governor of that territory he was sent in 1819, he brought back for the little ones two young buffalo, which were the wonder and admiration of the country folk for miles around, while they were able to withstand the inclemency of the New England climate. In 1824 the General was elected to congress to a seat in the house, but being now in poor health he decided rather to accept the office of collector of customs at Salem, Mass., which was tendered him at the same time. For twenty-four years he retained this position to leave it only when paralysis compelled a return to the much-loved Temple Farm, where the remaining two years of his eventful life were peacefully passed until the end, July 7, 1851.

General Miller was twice married. His first wife was Martha Ferguson of Peterborough, who died two years after her marriage in 1805. Miss Ruth Flint he married four years later. She was adored Ruth whom he addressed so affectionately while absent on his campaigns, and she rests beside the brave fighter and home-loving patriot in Harmony Grove cemetery at Salem.

The General's oldest son, James Ferguson Miller, was a commodore in the navy. He died in 1858. A son of his, now the retired Brigadier-General James Miller, living at Temple on the old homestead, is the last to survive of this line of Yankee-sagas of four generations, for he too had a military son, also of the army, a young man whose untimely demise while on a return voyage from the Philippines was a sad blow to the father who had planned much for his homecoming.

This namesake of his distinguished grandsire has done a great deal towards the preservation of the place so dear to him, which has always remained in the keeping of one or another of the family, and where for their lifetime lived the two unmarried daughters of the first General.

Although improvements have been made, the only change from the original estate is in the alteration of the

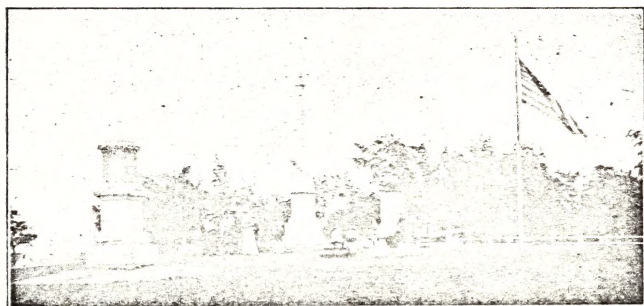


GEN. JAMES MILLER



roadway fronting the house, that it might have a more retired effect, and the rebuilding of the portion of the east wing destroyed by fire a few years ago.

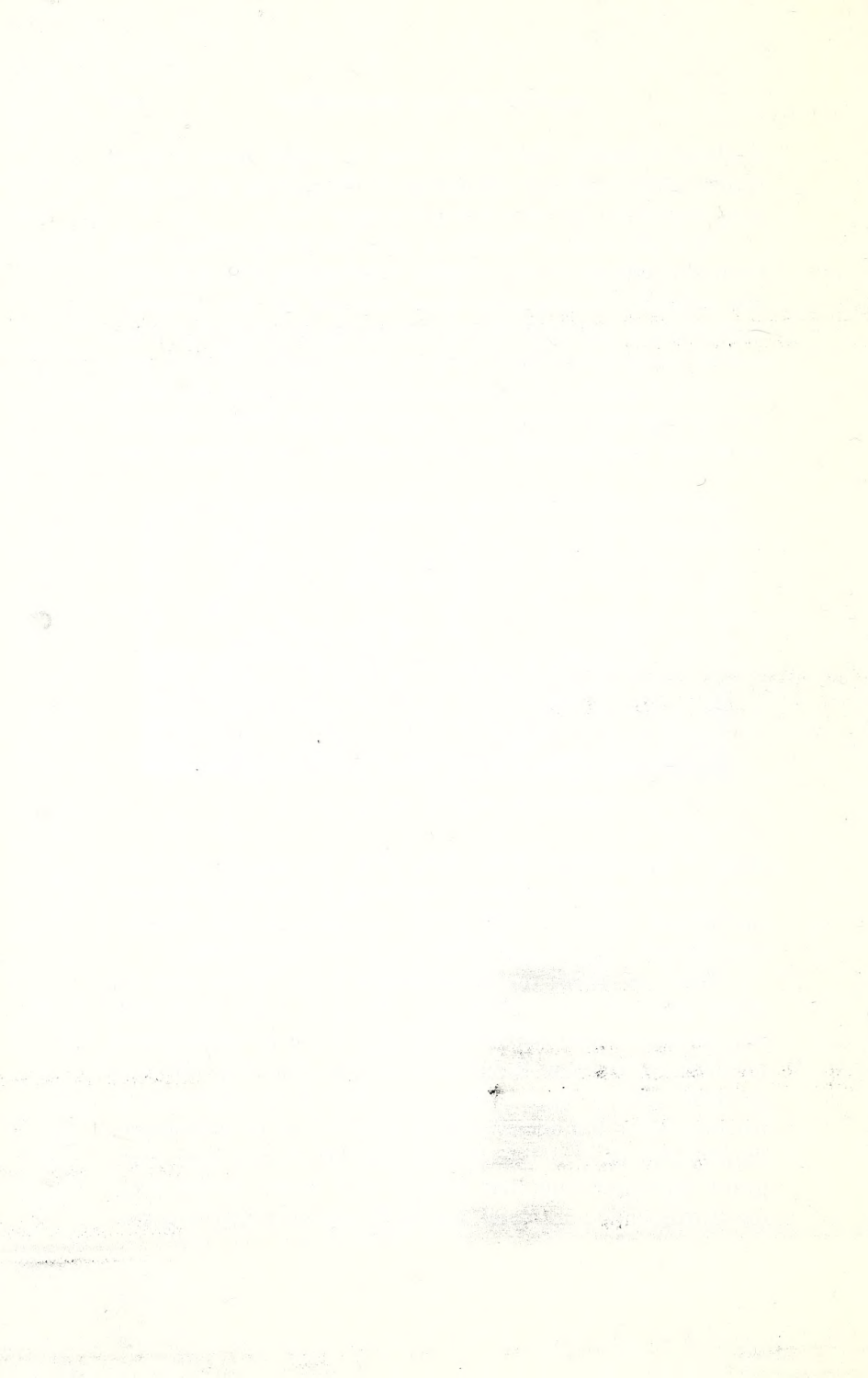
It is situated at Temple, a mile down the Wilton road from the village street, where, overlooking hill and dale, the patriotic townspeople have erected on the "Green" memorials to the soldier dead of the three American Wars and to the distinguished hero of this sketch. For a century and a quarter the old mansion has withstood the bleak storms that have come to its back from the cold northland, or in turn been bathed in the warmth of the southern sun-



TEMPLE GREEN MEMORIALS

shine. Approached from Greenville we see, as we near our journey's end, a vista of overhanging trees, and beyond the historic manse in the golden sunlight, like an illuminated portrait standing out of a frame of dark verdure.

Built in 1786, the house itself is much the same as when the first owner, Ebenezer Edwards, came to it with his young; a type of the hospitable style of architecture fashionable after the Revolution, two stories high with L's at either end, a huge chimney, and its little vine-covered balcony over a big center door give the place an aristocratic dignity that is attractive even in its solitude and age. Fragrant hawthorn and lilac bushes still bloom in the open dooryard, while a graceful elm bends protectingly over the



weather-beaten roof that oft sheltered so long ago the warrior-statesmen that came from afar to greet their fellow-patriot and his lovable wife in their New Hampshire home.

Generals Jackson and Boyd, Commodore Bainbridge, and the master story teller, Hawthorne, all men who valued friendship beyond that of a moment's passing, have at one time or another been welcome guests at the fireside of this colonial manor at the meeting of the highways.

Fair women have added beauty and grace to the chivalry of the brilliant assemblies that once here gathered around the festive board or lightly tripped the stately minuet to the soft note of a spinet.

In mind we see again the gay throng that long years ago filled the old manor-house with joyous laughter or made the old wainscoted hall resound with stirring speeches as many voices were raised in the cause of freedom and right.

On a "muster day" one might have seen the handsome General and his guests, the honored spectators at the "training field," a few rods west of the estate, up a shady roadway of white birch trees, a vast cathedral-like arch of leafy light and shadow that makes as pretty a woodland picture as can be often found.

It was a goodly company that greeted the distinguished visitors that mellow, ripening October day, for drawn up in perfect line by Captain Holt was the county militia, every man spick and span in a bright new uniform and a big bearskin chapeau. The fair sex were also there to admire and be admired, and the country folk for miles around, man and maiden, husband and wife with a troop of little ones, all bent on having a gala time of it, for was not this the red-letter day of the year,— a sort of a beginning of the county fair.

Booths were scattered here and there about the parade ground. One was being largely patronized by a lot of youngsters, wholly intent on seeing who could devour the largest amount of gingerbread; at another a less hungry

but more thirsty crowd of men were doing their best to reduce the generous supply of "mix'd liquors" Goodman Adams had provided for refreshment, while in other corners of the field all sorts of sports of rather a wild, woolly west nature were in progress. From farther away, down by a gamboling brook, under a gnarled willow, came the sound of a merry peal of girlish glee that told of a happy group of lasses and their laddies that,

"Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade."

The echo of the merriment of that scene has long since died away, and across the way rest many who helped on the gaiety of that hour. One by one the General's guests departed, never to return, he too to follow,—all have had a passing. Only is there left the old homestead, silent and sombre were it not that every springtime brings to it new warmth and bloom, flowers once again blossom in the grassy dooryard, graceful elms bend over it in benediction, while nimble squirrels play about the massive trunks and in the shadowing branches birds build nests in the selfsame places where long ago the kind-hearted father and his fond children so often watched for their coming. Nature in all the fullness of life, that he loved so well, has wrapped a mantle of beauty around the hallowed spot as if to shield away the ruthless touch of decay, and forever keep green the memory of the grand old veteran whose loyalty to friends and country was as steadfast as the granite hills that encircled his cherished Temple home.

The Soldier of Castile

By JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS

It was afternoon in Madrid, during Isabella's reign,
When Ristori was playing in the capital of Spain,
That Nicholas Chapado, a Castilian soldier, lay
Within a dungeon doomed to die, at breaking of the day,
A beardless boy and beautiful, with gentle voice and eye,
For some offense of discipline, a felon's death must die;



No pleading sister's upturned face—no mother's fond appeal,
No sweetheart's eloquence could save the soldier of Castile:
And so a black-robed bellman, as the custom was, went down
Collecting alms in all the streets and by-ways of the town,
Collecting alms to pay the priest to lift his voice on high,
In supplication for the soul of him who had to die.

The great Italian actress, standing at her window high,
Saw the ghostly bellman ringing, and she turned and questioned "why"?
And when a Spanish cavalier responded with the tale,
The listening woman shuddered, and her cheek grew chill and pale,
Then, turning from the casement, where the sunlight softly fell,
She saw no more the bellman, and she heard no more the bell;
She only saw in fancy from a dungeon bare and gray—
A lad led forth to slaughter, at the breaking of the day—
A brave boy rudely ushered from a prison's rime and rot,
To the sunshine of the city, for an instant, to be shot;
And her great heart sank within her, and her soul in sobs escaped,
As she thought—the mimic empress—of the tragedies she aped.

And now 'twas night in Madrid, and the Zarzuela shone
With oriental opulence, and splendor all its own;
The bended balconies above blazed like a triple chain,
That belted in the beauty and the chivalry of Spain;
Proud Isabella from her box looked out with haughty grace,
While the passions of a race of kings were pulsing in her face;
Anon, amidst a clash of bells, and 'midst the crowd's acclaim,
The pale Italian sorceress before the footlights came;
A glory fell about her, as her tragic spirit played
On the passions of the Spaniards, in their royal pomp arrayed;
She tranced them with her tenderness—she touched them as with steel—
She broke a pathway to the coldest heart in old Castile.

'Twas midnight, and the play was done, the closing curtain fell,
And Ristori was kneeling at the feet of Isabelle—
Lo! the mimic queen was pleading with an eloquence unknown
For Nicholas Chapado, to the Queen upon the throne;
All motionless and silent stood the swarthy cavaliers,
Their bosoms wrung with pity, as they leaned upon their spears;
'Twas the picture of a Passion—'twas a priestess of her art,
At the feet of Mercy kneeling, with her pleading lips apart;
'Twas a woman's heart appealing—'twas resistless as the seas,
Or the rushing North that hurtles down the snowy Pyrenees;
The haughty Queen was conquered—and that night the links of steel
Fell, broken at her bidding, from the soldier of Castile.

Pioneers of "Popular Literature"

New Hampshire Authors Among Them

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

(Concluded.)

Another promising young man to assist in the new venture was Maturin M. Ballou, like the first the son of a divine, and who afterwards became the unsuccessful successor of Mr. Gleason in his illustrated paper, who later gave his name to a magazine, and has since written several books of merit, notably "Due South" and "Gems of Verse." Other contributors were the graceful poet, novelist and historian, Francis A. Durivage, who died in New York a few years since; A. J. H. Duganne, poet and romancer, and George P. Burnham, "Major Fred Hunter," who afterwards abandoned literature for the hen business, and then set the world cackling with laughter with his book on "The Hen Fever," one of the most ridiculously funny books I ever read.

Shut up in a country home among strangers at one time, and finding nothing else in the reading line to while away the time, I caught "The Hen Fever," and read until I was tired, laughed until I was exhausted, yawned, smoothed out my countenance, took up the book again, read, laughed, laid it down, only to take it up again, and so on until I had finished the last stages of this felicitous disease.

Justin Jones was another who, under his pseudonym of "Harry Hazel," added to the attractions of the new publications until Messrs. Street & Smith started their *New York Weekly* to rival Bonner's *Ledger*. As Bonner had come to Boston for his star writer, so they came here for

their editor, paying Mr. Jones two thousand dollars a year. He remained two years, when he reappeared in Boston to start Harry Hazel's *Yankee Blade*. This venture did not prove a financial success under his management, and while his subscription list and sales slowly descended in the scales of profit and loss, he ascended with his office until at the time I knew him he was occupying a small, dingy room overlooking Liberty Square, reached by climbing four flights of dark, winding stairs. Here he whittled away, figuratively speaking, with his *Blade* for a score of years,



J. FENIMORE COOPER



FREDERIC GLEASON

beating out by the click of the type his "Drumhead Sermons" in the negro dialect, by "J. Cesar Pompey Squash," which were household words wherever his paper was read. He usually composed them as he stood at the case, stick in hand. When asked why he did not remain longer in New York, his position having been at his command, he replied that "there was not work enough for him to do to keep from getting uneasy." He certainly had enough of it here. He wrote several books, among them "Virginia Dare," which was very popular in its time. Mr. Jones was of medium height, had a nervous temperament, rather crusty in his manner, but with a generous heart. He, too, finally

gave up the fitful battle of trying to earn a living from a business in which there was no money for him, and went to a home for unfortunate old men, where he died a few years since.

Among the most thrilling of this Boston set of writers was Charles E. Averill, who early in his teens was writing stories that for depth of mystery and magic of plot could not be surpassed by any of his associates. But the fires of his precocious genius burned out ere he was twenty. Then there was Dr. John B. Williams, who I believe was a



COL. E. Z. C. JUDSON

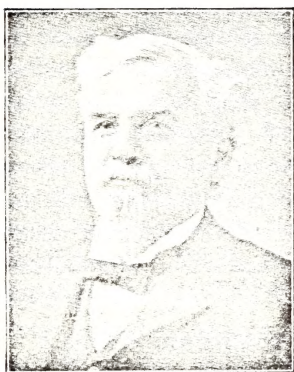


ERASTUS F. BEADLE

Vermont, and who followed with the literary tide as it set Yorkward. Later he became an exclusive on *The Saturday Night*. He wrote with considerable earnestness and always in the same vein. Another was Mrs. C. F. Gerry, who wrote a strong narrative with a historical setting. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens found here a market for her first literary offering. Another graceful writer with a decided feminine touch was "M. T. Caldor," whose name or identity I have never been able to learn.

Here also came with his offerings that genial, talented Ben: Perley Poore, whose fine Revolutionary stories became favorites with a wide circle of readers. Notably

his "Loyalist" and "The Scout" gave promise of his future success. He became in truth a veteran of the pen, though he did less of story writing as he added to his duties that of a printer, a member of the diplomatic service, a soldier during a portion of the Civil War, a public servant, an historian, a student of law, and exponent of agriculture. Loved and respected by a widening circle of acquaintances, an indefatigable worker, crowding into his life effort and result enough to have satisfied almost any half dozen persons, gifted, industrious, generous-hearted, Ben: Perley



EDWARD S. ELLIS



BEN: PERLEY POORE

Poore came as near an ideal American, perhaps, as can well be found.

While others might be mentioned, this list would not seem complete without including that fluent story teller, Col. E. Z. C. Judson, known as "Edward Minturn," and of more extended notoriety as "Ned Buntline." His first story was printed in *The Flag of Our Union* when he was fifteen. He was one of the most prolific and rapid writers of his day. Something of his popularity may be judged from the fact that he received as high as \$60,000 a year for his work, and his regular income was \$20,000. Once,

under particular pressure, he is said to have earned \$12,500 in six weeks. The rapidity of which he was capable in turning out his work is shown by writing a book of over six hundred pages in sixty-two hours, scarcely sleeping or eating during the time. Besides his literary ventures he found opportunity to mingle in many stirring scenes at home and abroad, and he probably carried as many wounds on his body as any other American, but finally died of heart disease at the age of sixty-four. He was short of stature, thick set, had a face strong and deeply furrowed, wore military clothing, showed a marked martial bearing, as well he should, having been both an army and naval veteran. At one time, after having been unwittingly drawn into a discussion of literary work, and listening to a stinging denunciation of fiction from the venerable Dr. Prime, he was called upon to reply. Prefacing his remarks with an apology for having done so much evil in the world, he declared that the saddest fact he had to recall was that his first bound book for which he had received pay was a Sunday-school work. When he had concluded the doctor apologized for what he had said.

I cannot conscientiously turn this page without naming Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, another New Hampshire author, unless I am mistaken, though I have been able to learn very little of her. Yet another was John Neal, a son of the Pine Tree State, who was received in the literary circles of Great Britain as one of the foremost of American novelists of his generation.

Already, as has been hinted, the literary tide had set Yorkward and with the foremost of these authors who had made them such successes gone over to their rivals the Boston novelettes and periodicals lost their hold on the public. It is true spasmodic attempts were made to revivify them, but without permanent profit. The papers outlived the books, but to-day only one remains as a ghost of the past. Still it was glory enough for them, perhaps, that

they led the way in the establishment of a new line of reading matter.

In 1859 Mr. Irwin P. Beadle published in New York the first dime novel, entitled, "Maelaska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephen, who, it will be remembered, had received her training in the Boston school of popular authors. This was received with such hearty support that others followed, and the founder's brother, Mr. Erastus F. Beadle, entering into the business with him Beadle's dime novels soon became widely known. New contributors were called into the new field of labor, among the first being the New Jersey schoolmaster, Mr. Edward S. Ellis, whose stories of frontier life soon won for him a host of followers in the very same path that Cooper had blazed a generation before him. As rich in woodlore as the other, Mr. Ellis found friends where his predecessor had failed to retain his readers by details that the common mind is too indolent or too dull to appreciate. Others were N. C. Irons, whose facile pen delineated with such fidelity to truth stories of the American Revolution; W. J. Thomas, who never failed to please; John W. Watson, author of "Beautiful Snow," whose earnings melted away as swiftly as the white shroud he pictured about his dead, so he passed his last days in want. Bartley Campbell, who afterwards became famous as the author of "The Galley Slave," "My Partner," etc., but who died in the madhouse, learned his style of crisp and telling dialogue from writing Dimes, which was as necessary with them as in the drama. Captain Mayne Reid, the soldier, traveler, naturalist, boy's hero, and everybody's favorite, wrote some of his best work for this series while slowly sinking into his grave from the effects of that wound he received in fighting for our flag at the storming of Chapultepec, though not a citizen of this country. It is a singular fact that he could not sell for a living price elsewhere.

There is no need to multiply names in this direction. From the specimens quoted it will be seen that after all the

work could not have been inferior to that we are reading by the wholesale to-day. The point I wish to show is that it was these very agents who encouraged the taste for reading, and step by step have led their followers onward and upward. As a rule these novelettes, whether emanating from Boston or New York, were written with painstaking care by authors many of whom later in life established for themselves reputations that not only became national but reflected credit upon our literature. They proved that romantic literature is always the most popular reading, and its most acceptable form is in the historical novel, which accounts for the wonderful success of that kind of work. In the great over-supply to-day it may lose for a time something of its holding power, but it cannot be thrust out of sight. We shall continue to read such books as emanated from the fertile brains of Scott, Cooper, Simms and Mayne Reid. Boys even more than men are fascinated by the stirring page, and it is safe to say the youth of the coming generation will be charmed by them. This is the wonderland of history, where the juvenile mind feasts with pleasure. The true novel is supposed a narration of purely imaginary events, but the really successful one portrays faithfully some trait of human character, some pastel of natural description, some sidelight of history, or some sincere delineation of biography.

The novelette was put up in cheap form to meet a public demand for reading matter which could not be afforded by the great mass of readers in more expensive style. In this guise it fell into ill-repute, no matter what its merit. It was classed among the lowly, and read behind the doors of respectable society. The same literature bound in cloth or calf, illustrated with half-tones and embellished with gold ornaments, becomes the resident of the home library or an honored guest on the parlor table. The youth who was found astray with a dime novel in his possession was looked upon with compassion as the victim of pernicious reading, but no matter in what company he

might be found with a bound book in his hand no one connected his downfall with this volume that had been raised above public censure simply by its dress.

It will do no harm to realize that public sentiment calls for such literature as comes from the pens of these busy workers, the authors of those books following in the line of the original ten-cent novelette, which we are so apt to condemn. Reform and regeneration must come along this lower plane, and it will be well to see that they are encouraged to give their best rather than their worst work.

After all, the greater evil lies not in the flood of books being put upon the market, but from the manner in which these fruits of the brain are being devoured by the gourmands of literature and by those who deceive themselves into the belief that they have cultivated the art of good literature by posting themselves on the "popular books" of the day. Here is a chance for the crusaders against evil and pernicious results from the output of promiscuous books. A large percentage of reading is done without any purpose in view other than to "kill time." Not only does this habit accomplish this object, but it just as effectually kills the intellect of the reader. It is not only a wanton waste of time, but it destroys mental energy. It has much the same effect that the opium habit has upon the frequenter of the joint. The brain becomes enervated; it loses its power to discriminate and to retain what is really good. Passively receiving that which we force upon it, a deep-rooted aversion sets in against that which is really of a benefit. It is not that we are reading so much that is vicious, but that we are reading in a vicious manner so much that might be of advantage to us did we stop within the bounds of reason; did we not carry more grist to the mill than it is capable of grinding and refining. But after all, if you please, the most mistaken people are those who do not read at all.

American Veterans

By OTIS G. HAMMOND

THE following document is copied from the original now in the possession of Mrs. Martha A. Lewis of Bowling Green, Missouri, a descendant of one of the signers, Samuel Marsh, Jr. It seems to be the only surviving evidence of a patriotic movement in Plainfield, N. H., and vicinity at the beginning of the War of 1812. No proof has been found that the signers completed their organization and equipped themselves for service, and it is practically certain that they were not, as a body, called upon to defend the state. The restrictions which they put upon their service, more particularly the limitation of their sphere of action to one hundred miles from home, would have kept them at a safe distance from any of the conflicts of the war.

This is, however, a notable document, relic of a praiseworthy movement. The only motive of the signers was a love of their country, and a careful reading gives us reason to believe that they offered all they had. They say they were exempt by law from military service. This probably means that they were more than forty years of age, beyond which at that time no man could be called upon to bear arms. Then they styled themselves the "American Veterans." If they were veterans of any war service, it must have been at the time of the Revolution, and that war had ended nearly thirty years before this paper was signed. By the ordinary manner of reckoning then these men were nearer fifty years old than forty, if we assume that they were veterans of the Revolution. In view of this consideration their desire for short terms of service and a field of action near home seems only natural. They offered their services, not for any campaign of aggression, but as a defense of

their homes and the state against invasion, and as a safeguard against internal disorders, signs of which they had seen to verge upon actual treason:

Whereas the united States of america (after Every Consiliatory Measure has failed of Securing a just an Honourable peace, have been Driven by the multiplied wrongs and Continued insults of Great Brittain to Declare war against her & her Dependencies,—and under a full Conviction of the Justice of the Cause in which our Government have imbarked—and Since Every Citizen is protected in his life property and Character, by the Constitution or Constituted authorities of these united States, we believe it to be the Duty as well as interest of Every amarican Citizen to lend his aid at all times in Support of our General Government, and perticularly So in times like the present Crisis, when at war with a foreign nation whose atosity towards the united States Exceeds all national forbearance, wantonly Seizing our property on the ocean the Great Highway Destined by the God of nature as the free pasport of all nations, and inhumanly Seizing human bodies free born amaricans and Confining them in worse than african Slavery on board their floting prisons, and many other Species of fraud and Contempt Contrary to the long Established rules of law and usage of nations from time immemorial, Such as Sending Secret Spies among us in time of peace to foment Discord Striving for a Dismemberment of our happy union, and While we here from Some of our own Citizens (from whom we might hope for better things) treasonable propositions tending to Disunion, and while we See Secret political societies or Combinations formed and forming, which have proved Distructive to nations in all former ages, and which our benevolent Washington Cautioned to watch and Guard against, therefore we the undersigned Exemt by Law from military Duty Considering the Exigences of the times voluntarily tender our services to the public and Do hereby agree to form ourselves into a military Company or Companies by the name of the amarican veterans, under

Such rules and regulations as is herein after named which we most Solemnly pledge ourselves and our Sacred Honours at all times to respect and maintain namely

that we will furnish ourselves with arms and accoutrements of a good Quality Equal to those required by law of the Soldiers of the militia in this state (unless we Should be furnished by the State or Some other means) and we engage to yeald due obedience at all times to the officers which we Shall Select from among our numbers of Subscribers to this instrument (with Due Submission to officers of Higher Rank) and that we will Exert ourselves in Suppressing any invation or any usurpation of power or any attempts thereunto or any acts of violence against Government or their Constituted authorities, and in all Such measures as Shall Conduce to the preservation of peace and order among our fellow Citizens, in promoting Concord, in maintaining the authority and Efficacy of the laws and Supporting and invigorating which may be adopted by the Constituted authority of our government During the Contest with Great Brittain, for obtaining a Speedy, a Just, and an Honourable peace, provided we are not Called to march more than one Hundred Miles Contrary to the Consent of a majority of the Company, and provided we are not held in actual Service more than twenty days at any one time—

and we further agree that a majority of Said Company when met together Shall have a right to make alter or amend any of the by laws for the regular Governing of said Company provided they do not interfere with the main Design of the inrollment of Said Company or the Laws of the land—

To all the foregoing articles we Cherfully subscribe

John Harris
James Smith
David Read
Charles Scott

Ezra Buswell
Merril Colby
Obed Lamberton
Joseph Kimball

Edward Fifield	Timothy Cory
William Williams	Perly Roberts
John Leavitt	Stephen Gage
Reuben Moors	Oliver Dutton
Joseph Fifield	Nath ^l Leavitt
Dudley Leavitt	Phinehas Cows
Tho ^s Chellis	Nathen Andrews
Jesse Lamphear	Rufus Wheeler
Richard purmort 2 nd	John Gove
John underhill Ju ^r	Merrill Coburn
John Stevens	Alexander Kinyon
John Merril	Joseph Taylor Ju ^r
Sam ^l Marsh Ju ^r	John Dunbar Ju ^r
Azel Dunbar	Noah Cory
Sam ^l Bean	Francis Newton
Josiah Fifield	John Spalding
Snire Wilson	Enos Robarts
James Breck	Rufus Start
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Jonathan Wakefield	

[Endorsed] Copy of the inlistment of the amarican
veterans in plainfield &c

The Village Mystery

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



NE April morning in the early part of the present century, a very curious group of farmers might have been seen in an old blacksmith's shop near the village of Henniker, N. H., intent on discussing a remarkable event that had recently occurred in the neighborhood.

A common farm horse, of no especial note except that it was white, had walked in the night across the deep torrents of Contoocook River at a point where the bridge had been lately washed away by a freshet, carrying a young woman on his back. The river at the time was swollen, and from twelve to fifteen feet deep. The night was dark and cloudy, and had followed an early spring tempest, which the farmers had called the "breaking up of winter." The young woman was not aware that the bridge had been carried away until the day after this mysterious crossing of the swollen stream.

The event was regarded as well-nigh miraculous, and had caused great excitement in the usually quiet little village. The proof was positive that the horse had crossed the torrent, and people came daily to visit the old white animal in the stable, and the poor creature that had led an uneventful life of good and steady service among the roads, fields, and pastures of the Contoocook received the name of The Miraculous Horse.

How many people in Henniker many years ago were familiar with the story of The Enchanted Horse in the "Arabian Nights," or with the Magic Horse of Dan Chaucer's delightful fiction, we do not know. But many of them were proud that their town had produced a horse that could walk upon the water, even if he could not fly.



There were other people, in a very small minority, as is usual in such cases, or was at that time, who believed that some natural explanation could be found for the feat of the water-walking horse, and that time would bring to light some curious solution of the mystery.

Such was the state of the public mind on this blue April morning that found a gathering of rugged farmers at the old New Hampshire smithy.

The occasion of the extraordinary gathering was as follows :

Smith Smart, the honest blacksmith, had been told the day before, by Samuel Samson, the owner of the Miraculous Horse, that the latter would ride over to the smithy the next morning and have the white horse shod. The interesting animal had not been shod since he had walked upon the water on the cloudy night. Smith Smart therefore regarded the shoeing of the horse as a matter of no common concern, and he had told his friends to "come around" and see the shoes set on the miraculous roadster and further discuss the mystery.

"What time did Samson say that he would be here?" asked old Judge Campbell, stamping the snow from his feet and holding his great hands over the fire of the smithy.

"About nine, I guess," said the blacksmith, bearing down on the lever of the bellows, and so sending a red flame into the air which touched the Judge's coat sleeve.

"Cracky, don't you burn me," said the Judge. "I am not made of iron or steel, if I do sit upon the bench and administer justice. There he comes now, I do declare. I don't know how it may be with the rest of you, but I can't see anything peculiar about that old white horse. He is just a horse, a white horse to me, and I wouldn't have given twenty dollars for him before he walked across the Contoocook on the water."

Farmer Samson came riding up to the smithy. He had often done so before, as now, on horseback, and neither

he nor the horse had been objects of any special interest to anybody. But he came now gravely and silently, as though he were a prophet and the heavens were about to fall, and the old farmers gaped at the horse with open mouths and wide eyes. The farmer dismounted and left the horse standing in the April sun, that poured through the great doors of the smithy.

"Well," he said at last, "there he is. If you can shoe the air and the water, shoe him. These are solemn times, Judge, solemn times. Signs and wonders, wheels within wheels, like Ezekiel's vision; and I don't know what the world is a-comin' to. I sometimes think that the times of Cotton Mather and ghosts and flying women are about to return again to New England. It is a mystery why fate should set its sign on that old white horse, but so it is."

The horse stood there very quiet and demure. He did not look as though he had been the medium of any special revelation. He did not so much as wink. He was worn with hard work of many years; had an intelligent, reliable look; did not fear the forge and seemed to be glad that spring had come and to enjoy the sunshine. No one would have taken him for an oracle.

"Samson, did you ever notice anything peculiar about that horse before that awful night?" asked the Judge.

"No; only he is the most sure-footed animal I ever had. Whatever I set him to doin', he will do,—plow without a driver, furrow without lines, go home from mill all alone with a bag of meal on his back and leave the grist at the door. He never had no antics nor capers, nor nothin' of that kind; but he has had the strongest horse-sense of any animal I ever knew. Seems as though sometimes he had a soul. I always thought that I would hate to kill him when he became old, he might haunt me.

"He carried me to be married, and bore away two of my children to their graves; and Martha would have been dead, too, if he hadn't a-walked over the water like a spirit horse in the dead o' night, under the scudding clouds, and

brought the doctor just in the nick o' time. Poor old Jack! there are not many more weddings and funerals for you to go to in my family. I do think, Judge, that there ought to be some law to protect an old family horse,—a hospital, or somethin'."

Samson twined his fingers in the animal's mane.

"I always noticed that that animal had a kind of far-away look in his eye, as though he was sort of pryin' into futurity," said old Deacon Bonney. "It's a case like Balaam, you may depend. It ain't no use talkin'; your Martha is a good woman, and she was goin' to die without a doctor, and the powers above just let the good old white horse have his way; and he went over the river, waterfalls and all, dry shod, like the Israelites of old. He was uplifted."

"He never went over the Contoocook River dry shod, without there was somethin' under his feet," said the village schoolmaster, Ephraim Cole, who had come with the rest, as the day was Saturday and a holiday. "Even the Israelites had the wind to help them.

"There are no effects without causes, and that horse went across the river in some perfectly natural way, you may be sure. Wait and see. Time will tell the truth about all things."

"Samson," said the Judge, "I want you to tell us the true story of that night, while Smart sets the shoes on that marvelous animal."

Smith Smart plied the lever again. The forge began to blaze. Some new shoes were dropped into the fire, and the blacksmith began to pare down the horse's hoofs with his steel scraper. The horse was quite used to these things and did not move, except at the will of the smith.

"He is the patientest horse to be shod that ever I see," said Smart. "Always was. I noticed that years ago. I always thought that there was somethin' mysterious about him."

The men sat down on sooty benches and boxes, and Samson began his strange story.

"Well, this was how it was, this way, as I remember. It was early in March, of a Tuesday night. Wife began to feel sick in the evening; chills, and fever flashes. Then she began to have a difficulty of breathin' and I see that she was threatened with pneumonia, and says I to Minnie, my daughter, 'You bridle Jack and go for the doctor as quick as you can. 'Tis a dark night, but Jack knows the way. He's been after the doctor in the night before. Wrap up warm and don't mind the thunder. It will be cold when you cross the bridge, so wrap up warm.'

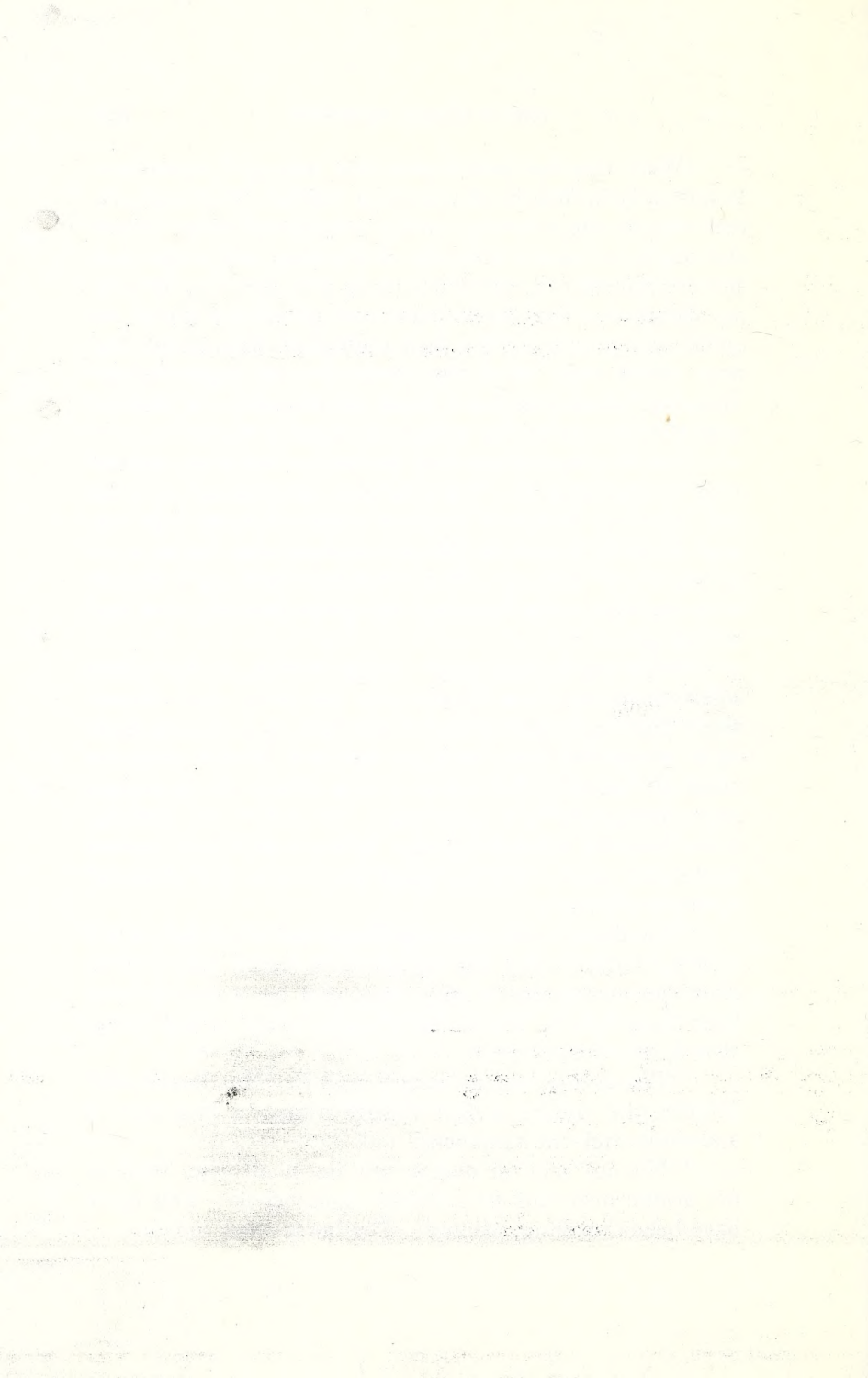
"I hadn't heard then that the bridge had been carried away by the freshet. Well, Minnie, she bridled up Jack and started. It was a troubled night; I could hear the wind in the branches of the trees and see the clouds scud across the half-moon. The wind was keen and Minnie drew the shawl over her head, and gave Jack the rein and let him go.

"Well, when they came to the bridge, or the place where the bridge was, Minnie drew the shawl more closely about her ears, and dropped the rein, and Jack walked right across the river, carefully like, and Minnie never so much as thought that there was no bridge there, except once during a flash o' lightning. The water was pouring down from the hill in torrents. There hadn't been such a freshet for years. Minnie called the doctor and returned in the same way.

"The doctor came late and found wife very sick, and I incline to think that 'his comin' just saved her. After givin' her medicines, he said to me, said he, 'I should have been here before, but for the bridge being washed away. It is a bad road round.'

"The bridge washed away?" said I. "No, doctor, said Minnie, 'the bridge is not washed away. I went over it and came back the same way.'

"No, no," said the doctor, said he, in surprise, "there is no bridge over this part of the Contoocook. You must have been dreaming, Minnie. The horse went round."



"No, doctor, I crossed the bridge direct. You would find it so by the horse's tracks. There was a minute or two that seemed to me kind o' strange. There came a flash of lightning and all around me looked like water."

"Wife was better in the morning and I had to go to the river. I followed the tracks of Jack, goin' and comin'. The horse certainly went to the river, and as Minnie was gone but half an hour, and it would have been an hour's hard riding to have gone and returned the other way, the horse surely crossed the river.

"But to make the matter clear beyond a doubt, Minnie's scarf blew off while crossing the river, and we saw it on the next day at the place that she crossed on a rock in the river. My hired man found the horse's tracks on the other side of the river.—No, sure as preachin', and the stars above us, that horse crossed the river with Minnie on his back. It was a supernatural event of some kind. The horse crossed the bridge and there was no bridge to cross."

There was another confirmation to this amazing story—a rheumatic old woman living near the river, who stood by her window that night, looking out on the breaking clouds. There came a flash of lightning and she saw a white horse with a black rider, walking on the water in the middle of the river. She said that she had seen her "death fetch."

A long silence followed the emphatic "there" of the blacksmith. It was broken by the mathematical schoolmaster.

"Will you let me ride the horse down to the river after he is shod? If Minnie could cross where there is no bridge, I can."

"You can?" exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Just follow me," he continued. "I think I can show you all how a horse can walk upon the water. What has been done can be done."

Mounting the horse, the schoolmaster rode to the edge of the swollen river, where the old bridge had been. But he did not stop there. Old Jack went on, not stepping far into the water, but seemingly walking upon it. Very carefully went the horse, but steadily, as though feeling his way. The men gazed in wonder.

"That stream is ten feet deep," said one.

"Was there ever such a sight before, a horse walking on the water?" said another.

When Jack reached the other side, the old schoolmaster turned his head and waved his hat. He then turned the horse's head and the two came back again, like a general and his war steed. It was noticed that before taking a step forward, Jack lifted high his right forefoot and very carefully felt for a place on which to rest it, as though there were hard and reliable places in the gliding water.

As soon as the schoolmaster returned, he clasped the horse around the neck and said:

"Jack, you are a good animal and know more than most other people do."

The farmers began to investigate. They walked into the river. They found that they, too, could walk upon the water. A line of posts covered by wide strips of board belonging to the old bridge had not been carried away, but remained about half a foot under the surface, the foaming current passing over them.

"Time tells the truth about all things," repeated the schoolmaster, "and there are no effects without causes."

"That was risky business," said the Judge.

It was a very thoughtful procession that followed the trustworthy old white horse back to the smithy. Then the old breadcart man came along with a jingle of bells, and the Judge bought five cakes of gingerbread and treated the company at the blacksmith's.

"Cracky," continued the Judge, philosophically, "Fingers are fingers and thumbs are thumbs. If we haven't a

miraculous horse, we have a miraculous schoolmaster. Let us be thankful, Deacon. What do you say?

And the Deacon said "Amen."

And the bluebirds sang, and the woodpeckers pecked, and flocks of robins chorused, "Cheer up, cheer up," in the gnarled old appletrees, and all the world went on happily as before.

The City in the Sea

By THOMAS C. HARBAUGH

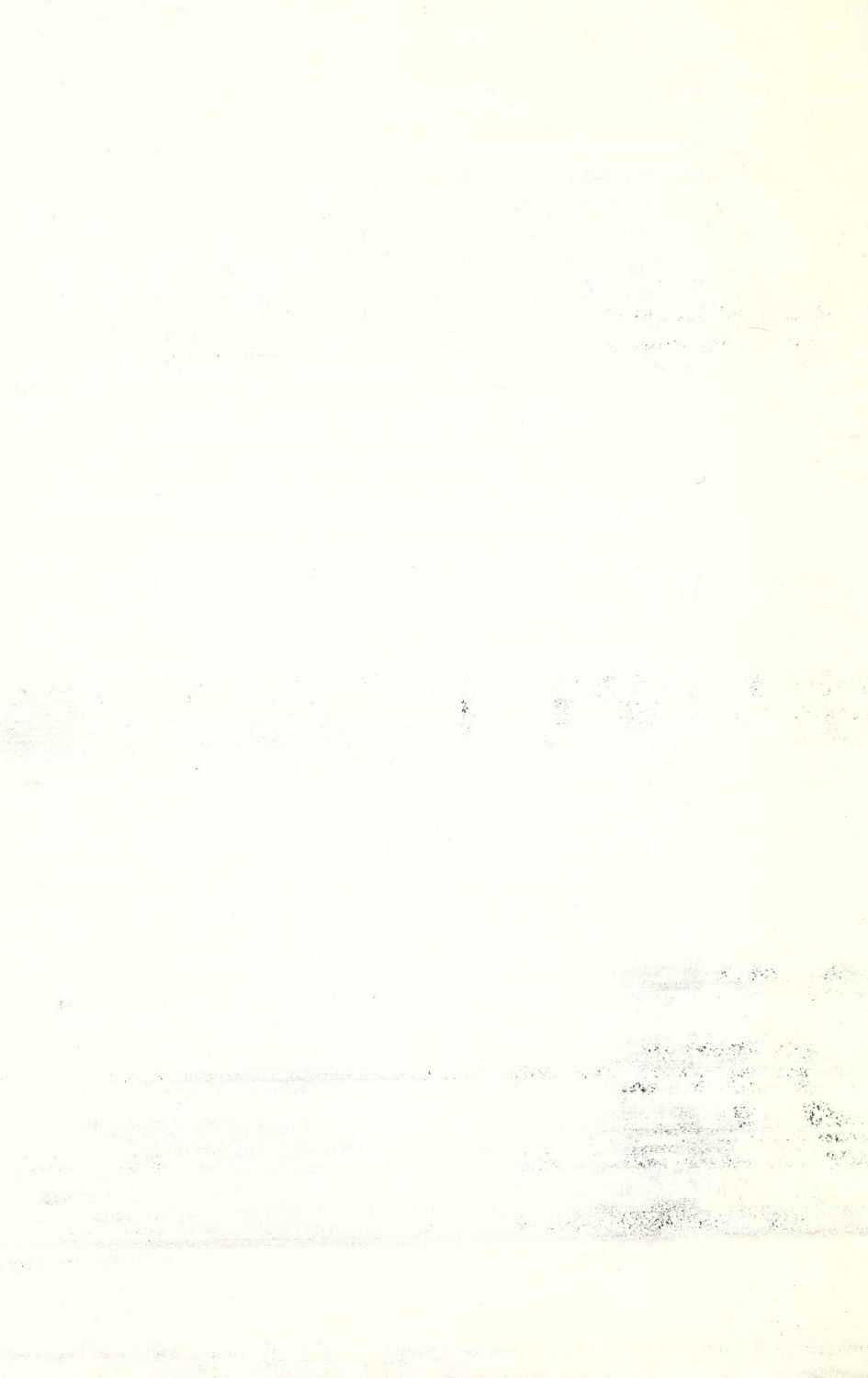
The city of Port Royal, Jamaica, engulfed by an earthquake in 1692, may still be seen from vessels sailing over it.—*Author.*

Where the Queen of the Bahamas in her wondrous beauty lies,
Impearled like some rare gem of old beneath the cloudless skies,
There's a strange and silent city 'neath the ever restless wave,
Whose streets are no more trodden by the lovely and the brave;
Not a sound of merry laughter echoes thro' its buried homes,
To those who sail above its site no strain of music comes;
Not a bud adorns its gardens, not a bird sings in a tree,
In the City of Port Royal, in the far-off Summer sea.

The cathedral bells are silent, rusting in their steeples old,
The pirate no more to it brings his stores of tainted gold,
In and out its beauteous arbors all day long the fishes swim,
And the fretted aisles and arches there forevermore are dim;
In its streets, forever silent, nevermore the children play,
Where shone the golden tropic sun are shadows long and gray;
The mother's heart no longer beats with happiness and glee,
In that silent, sunken city in the golden tropic sea.

No vessels seek its harbor with their silken flags unfurl'd,
No longer to it proudly sails the commerce of the world;
The morning of its glory like a vision fair hath fled,
And the City of Port Royal is the "City of the Dead";
The song of joy departed when the blow terrific fell,
The iron tongue grew silent in the old cathedral bell,
From the priest's hand dropped the miter, died the bondman and the free,
In that wondrous sunken city in the far-off Summer sea.

Time will never solve the secrets that lie buried in the tide,
Where the city of the tropics perished in its princely pride;
Years may vanish in the future, they will ne'er relight its fires,
And the winds will waft the navies of the world above its spires;
Nevermore its streets will echo to the tread of young and old,
No hand will ever dare to rob its altars of their gold,
For far beneath the billows and the Storm King in his glee,
Lies the silent, sunken city in the far-off Summer sea.



The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER XIII

THE BLUFF THAT DIDN'T WORK

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit down and wail their loss
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE appearance of the little party in the carriage brought a swift change over the scene. Those who had been intent listeners to Life Story's vivid speculations turned to look with curious gaze upon the new arrivals. Even the narrator forgot his golden vision, and stopped in the midst of his discourse to bite off a huge piece of tobacco, while he eyed them with close attention. Over on the further end of the platform a man who had been preoccupied with whittling a pine stick, without letting the dramatic explanations of the fluent Life disturb him, now checked his steady task and gazed with the others upon the new comers.

"My! ain't 'em fellers stunners!" exclaimed a voice with a boyish accent from the background. "Where did Miss Nat pick 'em up? Regular stunners, both on 'em, but I b'lieve that un with th' broad shoulders is th' stunniest."

Leonard Quiver, having sprung lightly to the ground, assisted Miss Newbegin to alight with a gallantry quite unknown among the swains of Sunset.

"It's the squire's team," said one of the bystanders under his breath

"They look like a couple of dukes I see in th' old country once," declared Life, as soon as he could get his tongue free enough to speak. "I remember I was in Liverpool, where we had put in to land two passengers, and I was footin' it round to see th' sights. I always improved such chances to see the world, for a man who goes round whistling, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes half shut to enj'y th' music doesn't get any funder than his chimney corner, I don't keer if he goes to Morroccer. Well, as I was sayin'," but having dropped a stitch in his fabric he found it no easy matter to pick it up. No one was paying any heed to his remarks, and Eliphalet Story was the last man to talk to an unappreciative audience.

Freeman Newbegin was now alighting from the carriage with greater dignity than had been shown by his companion, and one of the spectators overheard Miss Newbegin reply to a query of his:

"Oh, yes; they are meeting in the selectmen's room over the post-office. I will go up with you. Here, Sam, please hitch this horse. Do not take him out of the shafts, as he may be needed again."

Though the town claimant would have very much preferred to meet the selectmen without any third person being present, he graciously submitted to the will of this energetic country girl, who was the daughter of the man he most feared. A moment later he and his friend were following in silence up the dark, crooked stairway leading to the little dingy office.

The door had been left open, so the new-comers had only to step forward into the apartment where the three men seated at the table looked up with surprise at this entrance of strangers. A swift glance on the part of the

town claimant showed him the men whom he was obliged to meet in the great civil struggle ahead. More than at any time before was he impressed with the changes the score of years had imprinted upon this trio. Until this moment he had not noticed so vividly the waymarks Time had left upon the countenance of Deacon Goodwill, though he had been stopping under his roof for two days. Captain Reed showed the weight of his increasing years more than either of his companions; Squire Newbegin less than the others, though his features had lost something of the color and symmetry of their former years. The massive chin had grown heavier, the lines about the mouth deeper and firmer, the well-rounded cheeks a greater fullness, while the searching blue eyes looked sharply upon him from beneath beetling brows that had become gray since he had been away. He could not shake off the ominous feeling that in this stern, keen-sighted countryman he was to meet no mean adversary. But the thought only served to arouse all the latent energy in his active nature, and the affair which at first had appealed to him as a huge joke now became a settled, inflexible reality.

"I will win at any cost," he thought. This conclusion had barely flashed through his mind when their fair escort said:

"Father, these gentlemen wish to talk with you and Deacon Goodwill and Captain Reed. Mr. Justin Bidwell, gentlemen."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bidwell," said the squire, stepping forward without hesitation and clasping his hand in a firm grasp. "You are heartily welcome here, sir." The schemer returned the bluff, friendly greeting with a *sang froid* he was far from feeling, saying to himself, "He does not recognize me." "Happy to see you, sir," continued the selectman, turning to offer his hand to Leonard Quiver. "I think you came with Mr. Bidwell."

"He is my cousin, Robert Bidwell," said Freeman, rallying quickly.

"Exactly. In that case you must share my welcome with him. Now allow me to make you both acquainted with my colleagues, Captain Ebenezer Reed and Deacon Goodwill," indicating each in turn with a motion of his hand. He then sank back into his seat, saying: "Captain Reed is chairman of the board, and if it is on business you wish to see us he will listen to anything you have to say," beginning to busy himself with a long column of figures.

It would be difficult to describe the effect of the arrival of the very person whose name was still fresh on their minds as it was shown by Squire Newbegin's companions. With the deacon's surprise and dismay was mingled a feeling of curiosity and uncertainty, as he half realized but could not fully satisfy himself that these two men were the same who had been enjoying the hospitality of his own home. But their altered attire, to say nothing of the changed expression of their countenances, both awed and bewildered him. He rubbed his eyes, brushed his nose and looked closely upon them; then, repeating the actions which had become a sort of second nature with him, looked again, more in doubt than at first.

In regard to Captain Eb, he could not see them clearly for the glamor which these well-dressed gentlemen had thrown over him by their sudden and ominous presence. Had they come in ordinary, everyday garb, appearing like common men, as he knew men, he would have felt on easier terms with them. As it was, he bowed awkwardly, cleared his throat of dry air, looked appealingly toward the squire and the deacon, and fell back into his chair without uttering a word.

"I suppose you got my letter," said Frerman Newbegin in a firm but courteous tone.

"Ahem—ahem—ahem—ya'as, that is, seein', I wus cheerman o' th' board—ahem—'Lias, not knowin' if it be dead or livin', nacherally handed th' durned cur'us thing to me," replied the doughty captain, with a great effort though gaining confidence as he neared the end of his sentence.

Deacon Goodwill was still watching the new-comers, and trying to solve the most knotty mental problem of his life.

"I trust the lettter fully explained itself."

"Wa'al, ya'as—ahem—that is, it took it a durned long while tu git here."

"That was not my fault. Now that you have got it I wish to know what you are going to do about it."

"Ahem—I see—that is, what did we think tu du about that letter, squire?"

Squire Newbegin, thus directly appealed to, replied:

"We did not think it of sufficient importance to consider, Captain. Of course the young man is willing to give us as long a time in which to consider the matter as it has taken him to notify us. By that time he will feel like letting the matter drop. How is it about that Whittle affair, Deacon? Have you seen him and did you find out how long he had worked?"

"Wull, yes; I kinder see him. Lish wants pay fer goin' both ways, an' I told him that wus onnatural, and thet he wus s'posed to git there on his own time, an' come back arter he'd got his day's work done."

"Wanted pay for going and coming did he? Wonder if he got down there and back in season for dinner? I don't know as the town is liable for the time he loses. I'll fix it up with Lish when I see him. Guess if we pay him for three hours' work he will be satisfied," and the speaker returned to his figures. The captain sat vacantly looking at a hole in the plastering overhead, while the deacon began to fidget uneasily in his seat.

The town claimant found himself thus placed in an awkward situation. This cool contempt of the man who was certainly the one he had got to fight did more to disconcert him than any other course could have done. For a moment the man with "the concrete brain" and fertile resources was nonplussed. Choking back the bitter feeling which had arisen, he said in a low, firm tone:

"If you have nothing further to say to-day, we shall bid you good afternoon. But I wish to say that the matter is not going to rest, and that this is the only opportunity you will have to effect any compromise."

"Good day," said Squire Newbegin, without looking up from his work. His companions did not offer to speak, while the visitors walked sullenly out, Miss Newbegin having retired immediately after introducing them.

"What do you make of it?" asked Leonard Quiver, as he followed his companion down the stairs.

"Perhaps he thinks he can put us off in that way every time, but by the Prophet of the Temple of Silence he shall find that our next move is not to be ignored. I might have known he would have treated us in that manner, but I'll humble his pride before I am done."

Leonard Quiver made no reply to this, but in his heart he wished already he had not entered into the affair. This may have been due largely to the fact that he had been suddenly wounded at the very outset of the fray by the barbed arrow of Eros, and he was beginning to picture above the smoke of the battle which must follow the fair face of the squire's daughter and to wonder in what light he would be placed.

CHAPTER XIV

A CHANGE OF MIND

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To se oursels as ithers see us'

—Burns.

A FEW of the spectators remained outside the building. Squire Newbegin had entered his store, followed by Captain Reed and others, while Deacon Goodwill, anxious to get home before nightfall, climbed into his high wagon with some difficulty and started homeward, his mind still busy trying to solve the problem relative to the identity of the town claimants. If any doubts remained about their being his guests they were finally removed when he looked back to find that they were following him with the squire's team.

"Et's the cur'est thing I ever see," he muttered. "But ef I can git home before they do I'll set 'em goin'. Blame my pictur' ef I'm goin' to harbor two sich inimies.

"Dratted cur'us," soliloquized the deacon, "thet th' squire should let 'em hev his hoss an' kerridge." In a peculiar state of mind, which can be better imagined than described, he reached his home. Throwing the reins over Bet's back, from a custom of his, thus allowing the mare to feed about the yard at her will until some one should come to remove her harness, he hobbled into the house. If at first he had decided to send his guests away before they had alighted from the carriage, he had finally concluded to let them come into his house, when he would demand a settlement for what they were owing him, and then he would send them away.

Upon reaching the yard Free Newbegin and his friend alighted from the carriage, and the first, after a few words with Enoch in regard to putting off a settlement with the owner of the team, sent him back to the village. Then the

twain entered the house, Leonard Quiver whispering to his companion :

"I'll wager you we have got to take particular fits from the deacon."

Meanwhile their host had gained the sitting-room, coming with short, heavy steps which told the good housewife that something of uncommon importance was on the mind of her liege lord. The stout stick he carried for a cane struck the floor with resounding thwacks, while his labored breathing told that he was undergoing some great excitement.

"Why, Timothy, what has happened? I was afraid your rheumatism would return after rid—"

"Dor drat th' rheumatiz!" fairly roared the irate man, flourishing his cudgel so close to her head that she had to dodge to escape a blow. "Et ain't th' rheumatiz thet hez has returned. Et's 'em dod-dratted—"

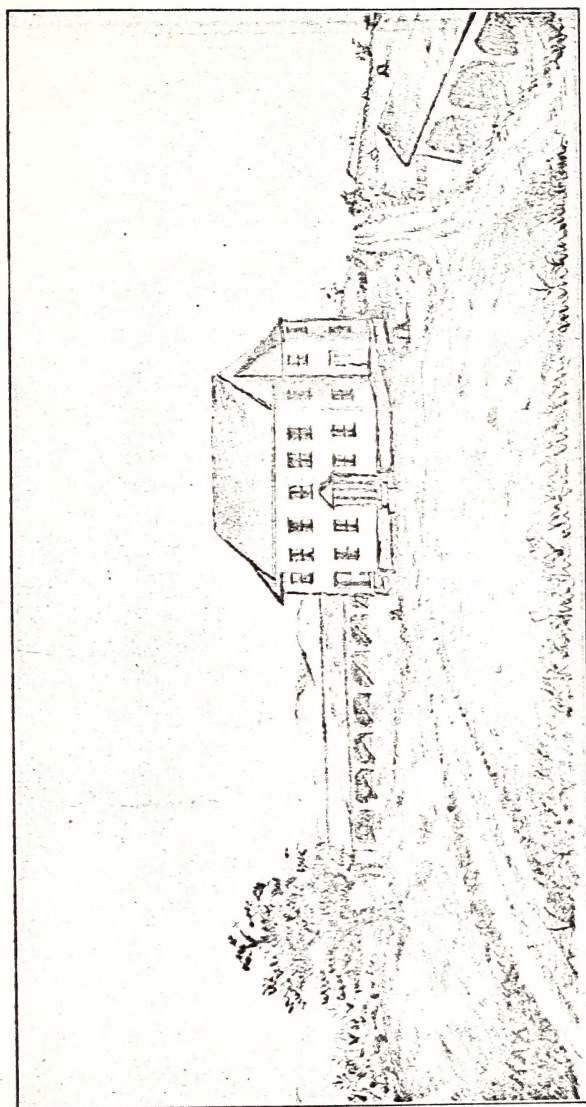
"Hush, hush Timothy! Remember the dignity of your position as a member of the church. If Parson Windom should—"

"I hain't talkin' fer the parson! I reckon he'd lay his religion on a shelf on a time like this. Et's 'em robbers I've been housin' an' feedin', 's fur 's I know fur nuthin', an' they comin' to steal my farm away from me! Oh, let me git my cane over their pesky backs, an' I'll fix em' so it'll never do 'em any good."

"For the land sake, Timothy, what do you mean? Who is going to steal your farm away from you?"

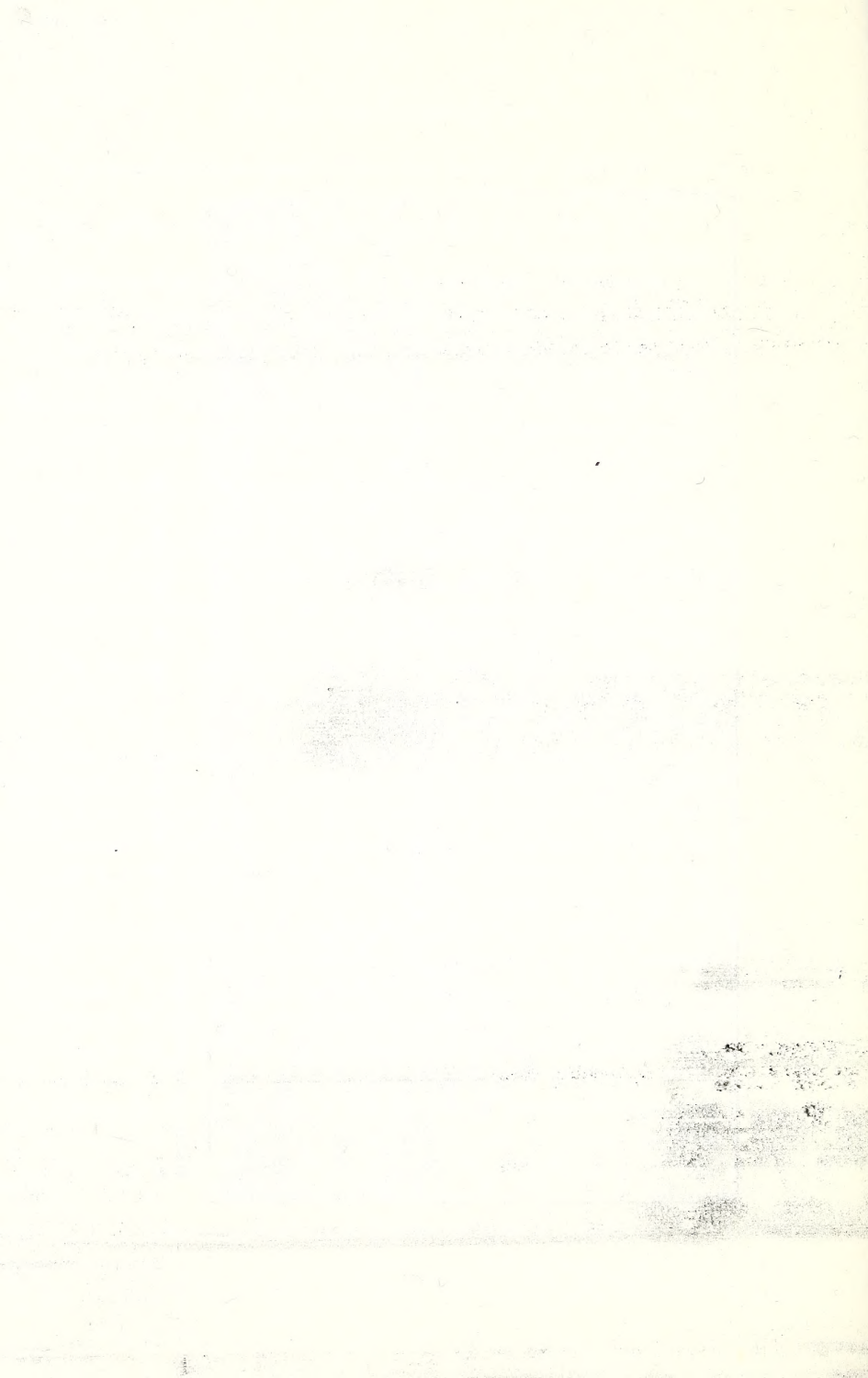
"Who's goin' to steal my farm away from me? As ef yeou didn't know—th' farin father worked hisself to death for, and which I've drubbed and scrubbed fer, till my rheumatiz overtook me—who, I say, but 'em ripsallions—oh, you needn't put on thet look, fer I reckon th' Lord would lose his temper at sich an outrage—an' I a-feedin' an' a-nus-sin' 'em, an' the Lord only knows when I shall git my pay."

(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)



From the History of ANTRIM

FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN ANTRIM, 1785



Granite State Magazine

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No. 4.

The Pioneers of Antrim

By REV. WILLIAM HURLIN

For the facts given in this article I am mainly indebted to the valuable "History of the Town of Antrim, New Hampshire," by Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., which was published in 1880, a few additional items having been obtained from Rev. Dr. Whiton's smaller history of Antrim, published many years before, perhaps in 1844.—*Author.*

IN 1741 two Scotchmen, born in Ireland, came from near Boston, Mass., and put up cabins near what is now Hillsborough Bridge, and in 1743 three or four others joined them. One of these was Philip Riley who, in 1744, made a clearing near them, supposing it was in Hillsborough, but later, when the town lines were adjusted, it was found to be in Antrim. At that time there was not a white person in any part of the region near them which is now occupied by the towns of Henniker, Antrim, Deering, Francestown, Greenfield, Hancock, Bennington and Stoddard. The Indians along and near the Contoocook River were then very troublesome, and in the early morning of April 22, 1746, they attacked the white settlement of Hopkinton, taking eight persons captive. The news of this attack soon spread, and Riley in Antrim and his few neighbors in Hillsborough hastily buried their tools with some of their furniture and, taking a few things with them and driving their cattle before them through the woods, sought a safer dwelling place. Thus ended the first settlement of Antrim and Hillsborough.

Philip Riley went to Sudbury, Mass., and staid there fifteen years; but in the spring of 1761 he came back to

find his cabin in the midst of a growth of young wood. This was the only building in the little settlement of which anything remained. He found his axe and other tools and began to prepare the way for bringing his family here. In 1762 Daniel McMurphy and a few others returned to Hillsborough and settled not far from Riley. For five years the members of his family were the only inhabitants of Antrim. In the summer of 1766, James Aiken and six others came to the east and south portions of Antrim, near the present village, and staid a few months, though only Aiken finally settled here in 1767. The Riley and Aiken families were the only inhabitants of Antrim, living some six or seven miles apart, the former at the northeast and the latter at the south end of the town.

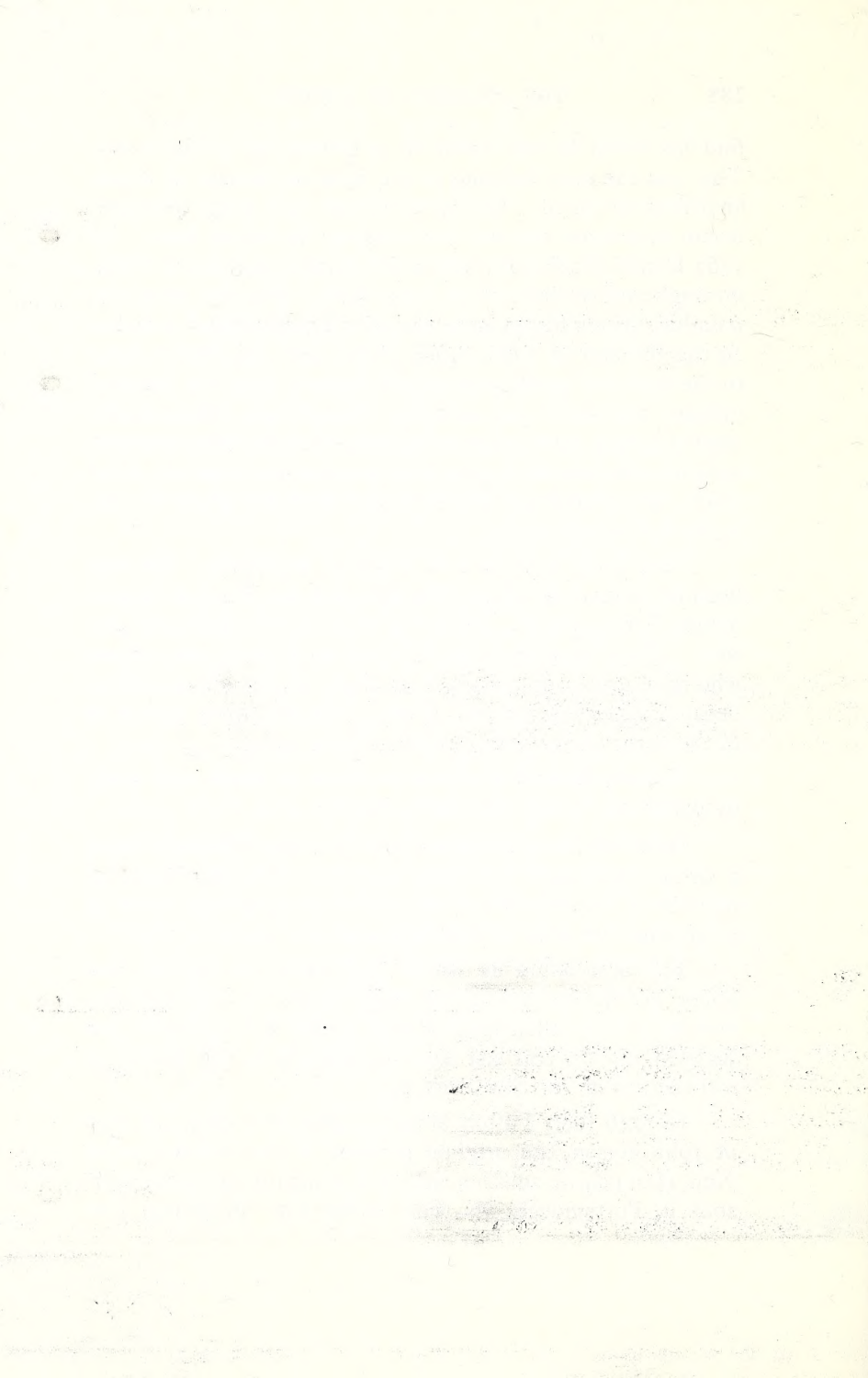
Very little is known of Riley or his family. He was born in Ireland in 1719. His wife was an English woman named Sarah Joiner. They had eight sons and four daughters. They brought some of these to Antrim, but others who were grown up remained behind. In his old age Riley became dependent on the town. The following record is in the town book under date of March, 1783 :

"Voted, Michael Cochlan be freed of Raits this year, by providing for old Mr. Realy for this year."

Dr. Cochrane also writes that after this "Raleigh being a simple, peaceable old man, and pioneer of the town, he was kindly boarded round (by public vote,) till the close of 1789, when he went to Sudbury and died there in 1791."

The first name by which this man was known was Riley, but in the various references to him in the town records he is also called Rely, Reley, Realy, Raley, Ralley and Raleigh, and by this last name he appears in the genealogical records of the town history.

In 1746 John Tufton Mason, a great-grandson and heir of John Mason, the original grantee of the district called New Hampshire, sold his title to a company of twelve persons in Portsmouth, who were called the "Masonian Pro-



prietors." Early in 1766 they sent out an advertisement calling attention to the beautiful and fertile lands near the Contoocook River, between Hillsborough and Peterborough. This included what is now Antrim, Bennington, Deering, Hancock, and the west portions of Francestown and Greenfield. At that time it was called "Cumberland," and afterwards "Company Land," and later "Society Land."

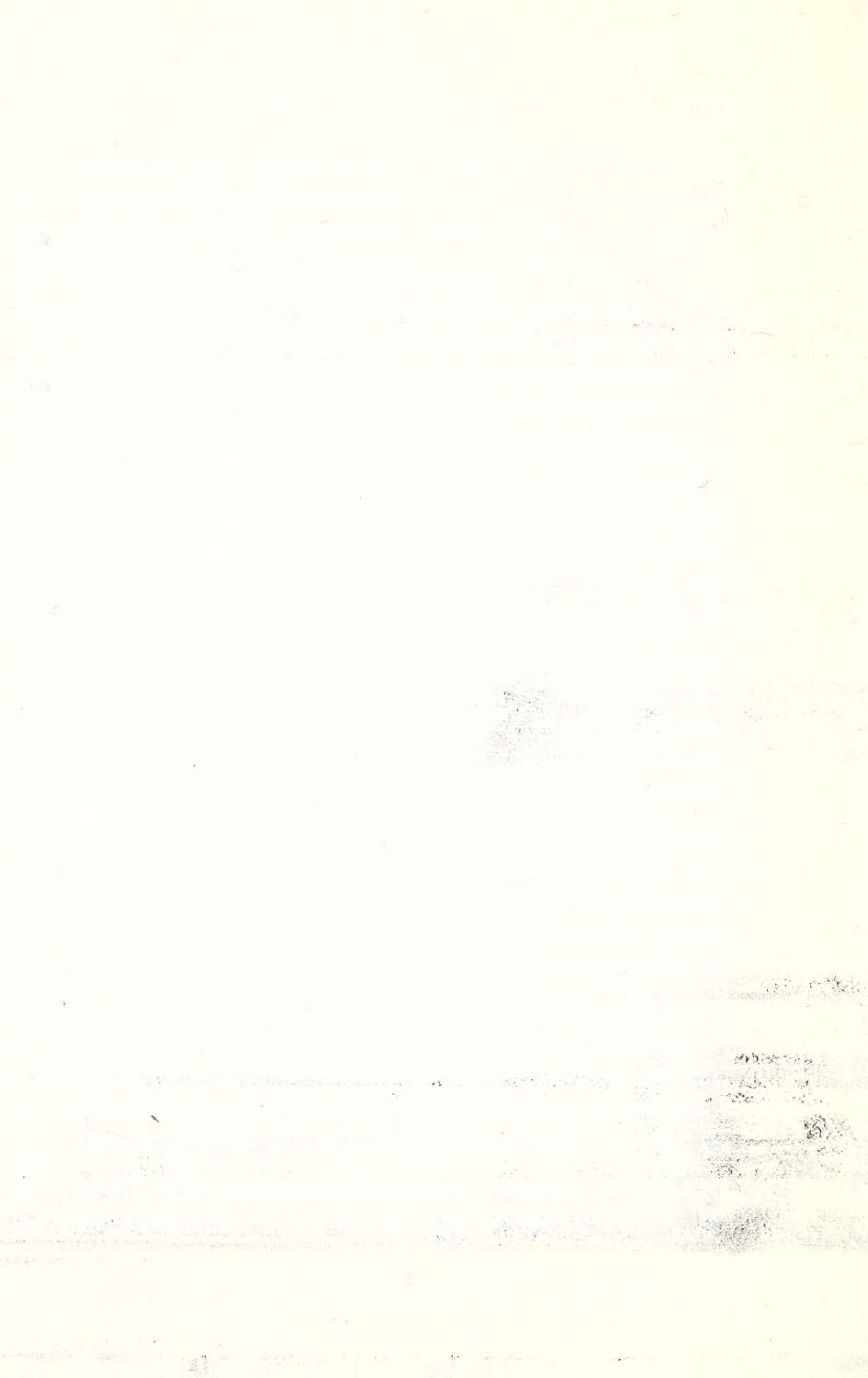
In response to this advertisement, James Aiken and some six others come from Londonderry to Antrim in the early summer of 1766, and each selected a farm in the southeastern part of Antrim, did some clearing, and in the autumn returned to Londonderry to spend the winter. They came to Antrim with the idea that the lands were free, and they intended to return in the spring of 1767 but, finding they were mistaken, all but Aiken threw up their claims and did not return. But Aiken held on and paid for his one hundred and sixty acres a little less than fifteen dollars, or about nine cents an acre. He came back to Antrim very early in the spring of 1767 and completed his cabin and prepared his land, and in the summer went to Londonderry for his wife and five children. They reached Antrim August 12, 1767. His cabin was very near what is now the business portion of Antrim village, and his land reached to the Contoocook River.

At that time bears and wolves were very common, and within ten weeks of Aiken's return to Antrim with his family his pigs running loose were killed by bears. He was able to raise very little that year, and provisions were scarce. There was no one near from whom more could be obtained. Philip Riley was his nearest neighbor, six or seven miles to the north. On the east in Deering were William McKeen and two others, some seven or eight miles off. About the same distance south, in Hancock, were John Grimes and another man, while on the west the nearest neighbor was at Walpole on the Connecticut River, some thirty miles distant. There were no roads, but dense woods all around.

In the fall of 1767, Thomas Nichols, a boy who had run away from the man to whom he was apprenticed in Newburyport, Mass., found his way to Aiken's cabin and staid there a number of years. The winter of 1767-68 was a hard one, and in February one of the children died and Aiken and his wife had no neighbors to help bury it. He split an ash log into rough boards and made a casket, and he and Thomas carried it through the deep snow to a hill a little north of the cabin and there buried it. In 1781 the body was removed to the new cemetery on Meeting House hill, some two miles off, in the center of the town. This was the first death in town, and about two months afterwards Mrs. Aiken gave birth to a daughter, the first white child born in Antrim. She married Ebenezer Kimball, and lived until December 14, 1862, being nearly ninety-five years old.

In the summer of 1768, Mr. Aiken went to New Boston for corn and was detained there four days on account of lameness, and then had to carry the corn on his back some sixteen miles through the woods. Soon after he left Antrim the cows were missing, and on Friday and Saturday they were searched for in vain, and as the family depended on the milk for food they were badly off. On Sunday morning a flock of pigeons alighted on a tree near the cabin, and because they were starving Mrs. Aiken allowed the boy to shoot at them. Only one was brought down, but that made into a broth helped the family, and in the afternoon the cows were found in the woods, some nine miles south.

The nearest grist-mill was in Hillsborough. One day in the fall of 1768 Mr. Aiken and the boy Nichols started through the woods with a bushel and a half of grain on their shoulders. On reaching Riley's cabin, some six miles off, they learned that the mill was undergoing repairs and would not grind for several days. Leaving the grain at Riley's they returned home that they might try at Peterborough, some twelve miles off. Mr. Aiken concluded that



the easiest way would be to go up the river, and when he had towed his load some nine or ten miles the canoe cap-sized, and the grain went to the bottom of the river and could not be recovered until it was spoiled. Aiken returned home very much disappointed, and the family had to get along for a time without bread of any kind. In the spring of 1769 Mr Aiken built a barn, which was the first frame building in Antrim. The timber was got out by hand near by, but the boards were sawed in Hillsborough and drawn home on the ice of the river. Later in the same year he built a new log house, which was a great improvement on the one he had built two years before. It was made of peeled logs, and the children called it their "new white house."

In the fall of 1769 John Gordon, a Scotchman who had served in the British Army, came to Aiken's and seems to have remained there a long time. In the spring of 1770, the Contoocook River overflowed its bounds, and shut off the Aiken's from the rest of the world during a large part of March, and the family were without bread of any kind for several weeks. While thus shut off, Mrs Aiken gave birth to her second Antrim daughter, Nancy, who died unmarried in 1814. As soon as he could wade the river, Mr. Aiken went to New Boston for a nurse and meal, leaving his wife and five small children in the care of John Gordon. In April of that year another wanderer, George Beman, found his way to the Aiken cabin and asked to be allowed to stay and work for his board, and he staid there several years. He was a good scholar and for a time was a teacher in the Aiken family. The first male child in Antrim was born in the spring of 1772, and he was named James (Aiken) after his father. In 1774 there were fifteen families in Antrim, making an aggregate population of about sixty-four persons.

As soon as the news from Concord and Lexington, Mass., reached Antrim, in April, 1775, all the men in the town met at Mr. Aiken's, and without returning home all

but two of them started for Massachusetts. The women sat up all night and prepared food and other necessities, with which one of the two followed the next day, and John Gordon, who was probably a deserter from the British army, was the only man left in Antrim. He enlisted soon afterwards. The company marched to Tyngsboro, Mass., and there met General Stark, who told them there were men enough near Boston for the present, and advised them to return home and plant their corn, and hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, which they did. Every man of them, seventeen in all, served for a longer or shorter time in the Revolutionary Army.

In September, 1775, the first sermon in Antrim was preached in Mr. Aiken's barn by Rev. William Davidson of Londonderry, and after this there was occasional preaching by different ministers. On one occasion, when Mr. Aiken was conveying Rev. John Morrison of Peterborough to preach in Antrim, the boat was overturned and both of them fell into the river, when Mr. Morrison barely escaped drowning. It was generally understood at that time that the Aiken family always "took care of the ministers." The town of Antrim was incorporated in 1777, and in 1779 James Aiken was chosen by the town as "the first Tayithing (Tithing) man in Antrim," and when, August 2, 1788, a Presbyterian church was organized, James Aiken was chosen the first of the three elders of the church.

James Aiken was born in Londonderry, N. H., of Scotch-Irish parentage, June 1, 1731. He was the second permanent settler in Antrim, and he died in Antrim July 27, 1817, aged eighty-six years. His wife was Molly McFarland, and she died December 3, 1814, aged seventy-eight years. They brought five children with them to Antrim and four others were born in Antrim. Although six of their children married, I do not know of any of their descendants now living in Antrim.



THE FORESTER

Our Fathers of Old

Song of the Saxon Foresters

By NONDESCRIPT

Awake to the bugle's call!
Awake from the sluggard's thrall!
The bonny deer bids to the chase—
So, 'way to the greenwood race!
Our fathers of old
Were foresters bold,
Who roamed the greenwood free,
Their home the great oaken tree;
And firm in their heart's reliance,
They flung to their foes defiance!

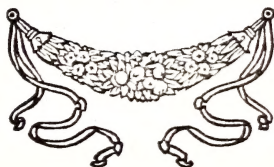
From over the waters came,
To wreak on our fathers shame,
With ruthless flame and sword,
The swaggering Norman horde.
Our fathers of old,
Those foresters bold,
Who hunted the bonny deer,
Knowing no dread nor fear,
Their kingdom the greenwood free,
Their castle the old oak tree!

The Red King, in arrogant scorn,
Our forefathers bade begone!
"No more is the greenwood thine!
The bonny brown deer is mine!"
Our fathers of old,
Those foresters bold,
As one, in their might uprose,
To battle their haughty foes,
Until of that lordly train
Was many a Norman slain.

They humbled the Norman pride,
Till gladly the Red King cried :
"While grows the stout oaken tree,
The foresters shall be free!"
Our fathers of old,
Those foresters bold,
Who won from the Norman band
The rights of their native land,
Lived under the great oak tree,
Their kingdom the greenwood free!

Our kingdom the greenwood free!
Our castle the strong oak tree!
Then blow ye, the bugle blow,
And bend the avenging bow!
Our fathers of old
Were foresters bold,
And e'en as our fathers fought,
When freedom and right were sought,
Should Normans forget their vow,
We'll fight for our freedom now!

Hurrah for the bugle's blast!
Hurrah for the greenwood vast!
The twang of the merry bow,
And chase of the bounding roe!
Our fathers of old
Were foresters bold,
Who won from the Norman band
The rights of our native land;
"While grows the stout oaken tree,
The foresters shall be free!"



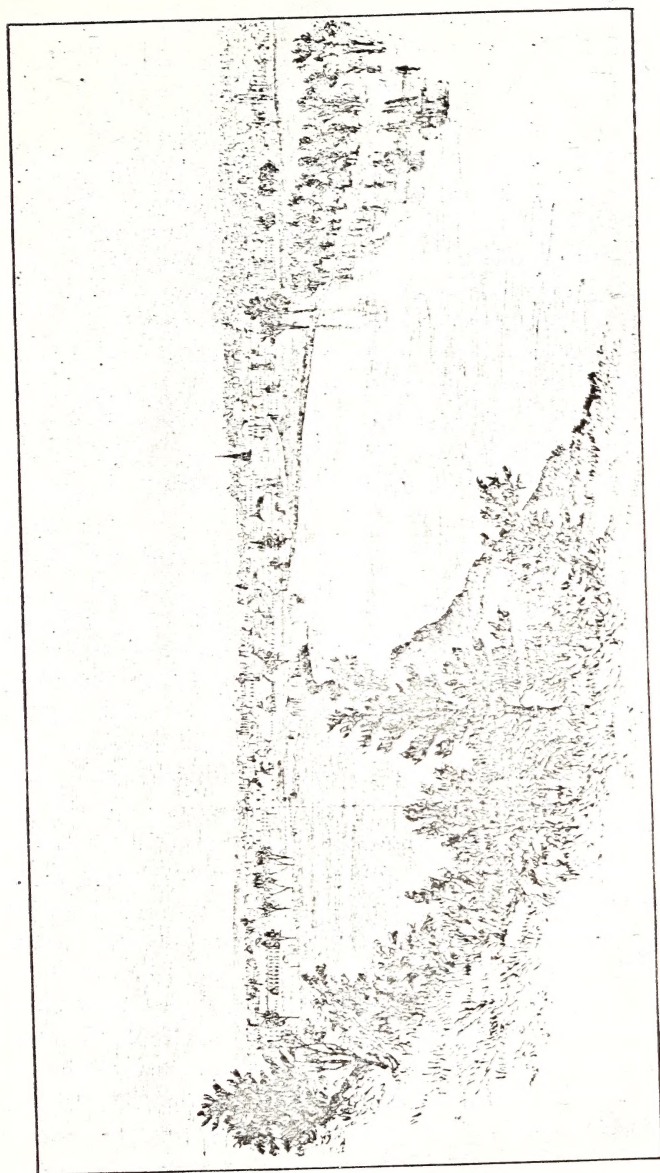
Early Views of Towns



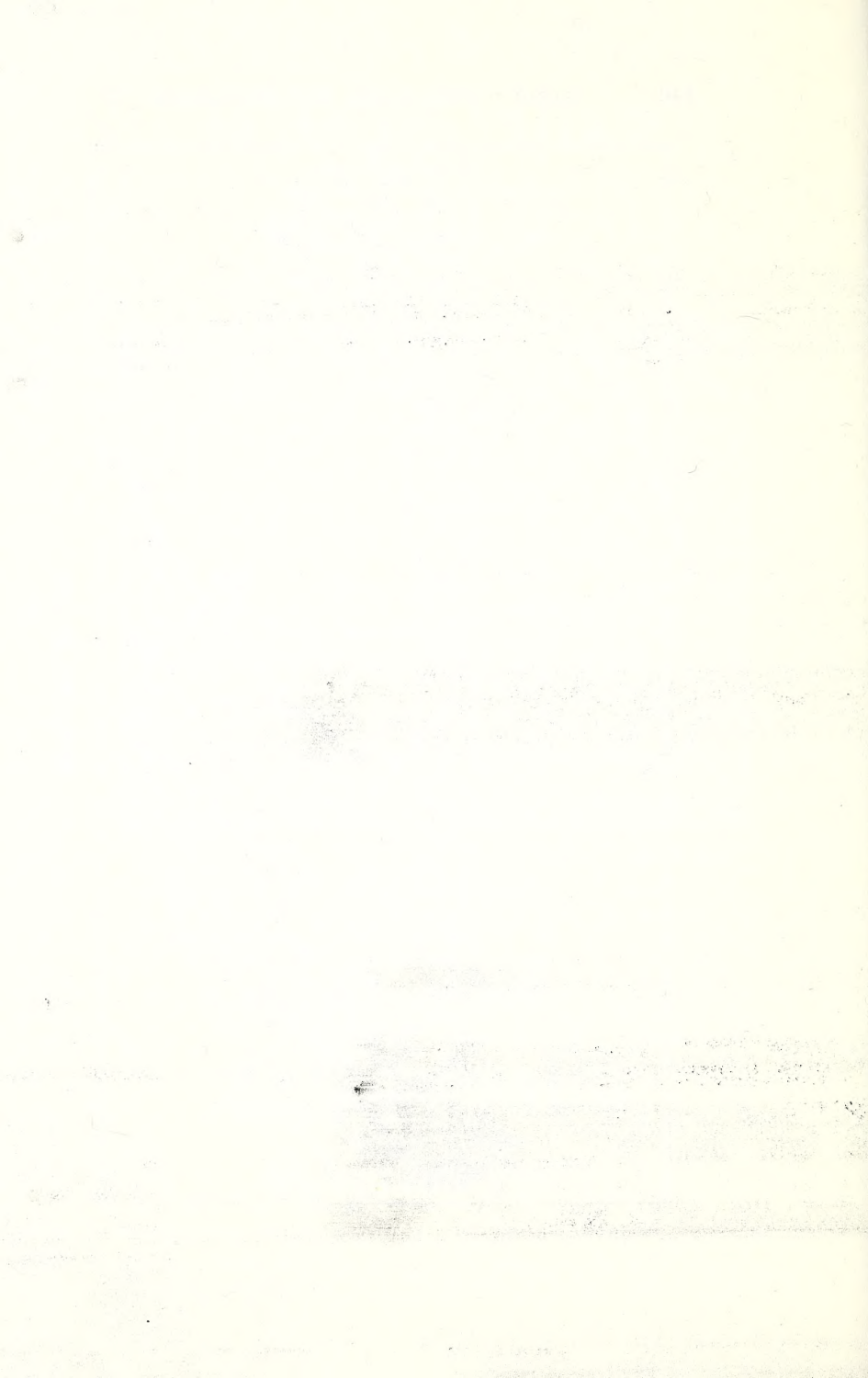
Photo by FRED K. HAZEN

AMOSKEAG FALLS

Along the
Merrimack
From Old Prints



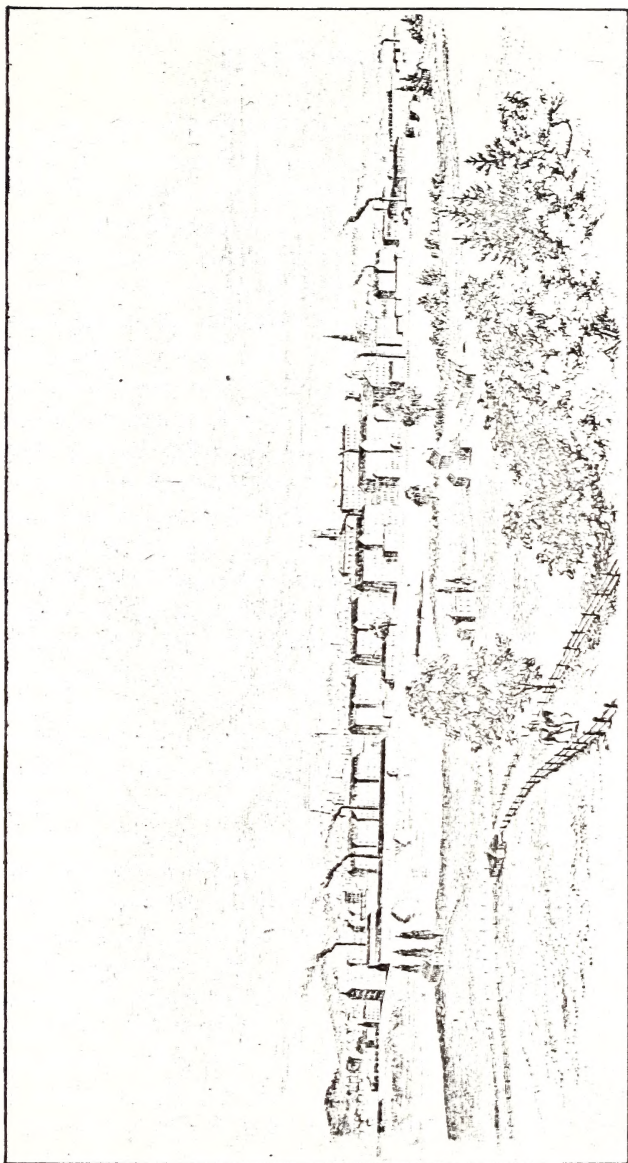
CONCORD, IN 1855



Concord

CONCORD is the oldest capital in New England. Here in the misty days of the primeval power of the Pennacooks, long before the historian rises to describe an empire wider and more far-reaching than the territory belonging to the state today, it was the seat of power. It seemed eminently fitting, therefore, that the conquerors of this race, which passed as the leaves of the forest, should look upon the spot as the site of their capital. Concord is most fortunately situated for the center of power in a state. It does not seek the distinction of its sister cities in the Merrimack Valley, and it is well that it does not.

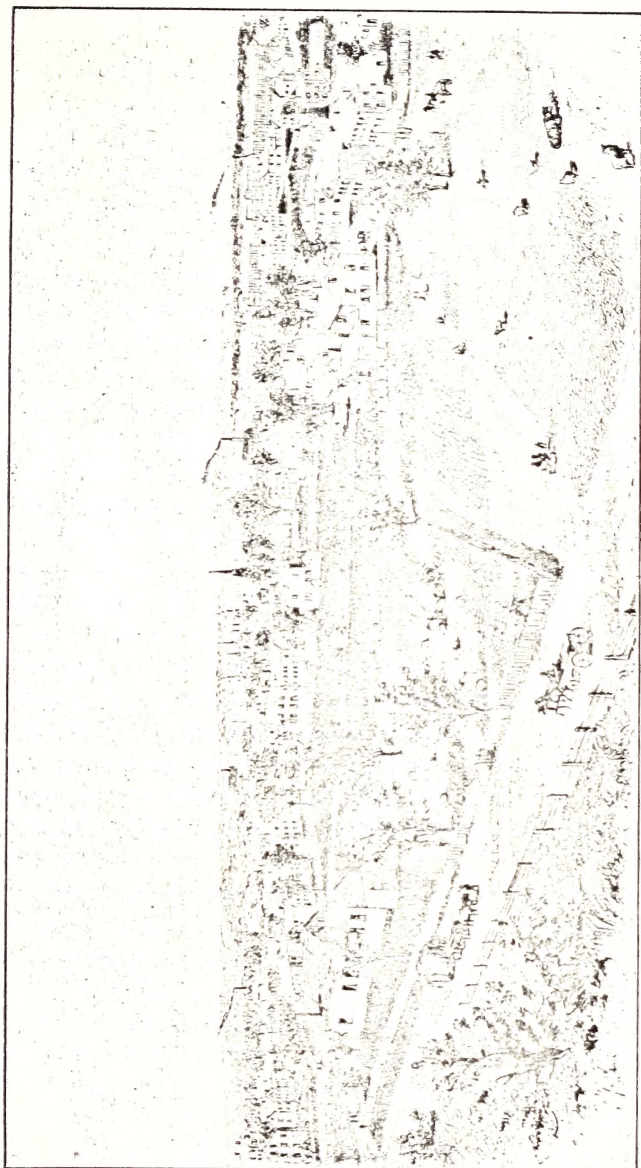
Tradition says that the first settler in what was then known as Pennacook was Capt. Ebenezer Eastman, who built a block-house here in 1727 and moved into it with his family. The territory was granted by Massachusetts January 17, 1725, to Benjamin Stevens and ninety-nine others, and it was laid out the following year seven miles square. Captain Eastman was one of these grantees. At first the Indians, who were Pennacooks, were friendly, but for nearly twenty years, from 1744 to 1762, almost constant alarm from the Indians kept the inhabitants awakened to a sense of their dangerous situation. In 1746 as many as seven garrisons were built to protect the homes of the families. Despite these precautionary movements an attack from the Indians took place August 11, 1746, when five men were killed and two carried off as captives. At the time of the Revolution Concord contained 1,052 inhabitants, and the town proved its faithfulness to the cause in no uncertain manner. The convention which framed the State Constitution in 1783 met here, and in 1805 it became the permanent seat of State Government.



MANCHESTER, 1855

Manchester

MANCHESTER was a noted place with the Indians long before the white settlers came, on account of the fisheries at Namaske Falls and around Lake Massabesic, "Place of Much Water." The first white man to build a cabin within what now comprises the territory was John McNiel, who was sent to the Falls to look after the interests of the Scotch-Irish people in Londonderry. This was probably in 1722. No permanent settlement was made, however, until the grant of Tyng Township in April, 1735. From that date a slow but certain growth followed until 1751, when upon September 3 a town was incorporated under the name of Derryfield. This name clung to it all through the long and sanguinary years of the French and Indian War, the Revolution, and the Reconstruction and Constitutional period following the struggle for Independence. In 1810 its name was changed to Manchester, so called after Manchester, England, upon the suggestion of Hon. Samuel Blodget, and its era of prosperity may be said to have dawned. Blodget's canal had been completed three years before, and for thirty-five years the Merrimack was the maritime highway of business enterprises. Up and down its rocky banks ran the canals along which was moved nearly all of the merchandise for the cities from Pawtucket Falls to Concord, and also for the interior towns of the state. In this stirring period Manchester exercised, as it always has, a leading part in the development of the Merrimack Valley. The first saw-mills, built before the opening of the century by Blodget and Stark, were succeeded by the first of the mills that were destined to inaugurate one of the greatest manufacturing industries in the world, which has been instrumental in the upbuilding of the metropolis of New Hampshire. The first car came up the valley in 1842.



NASHUA, IN 1855

Nashua

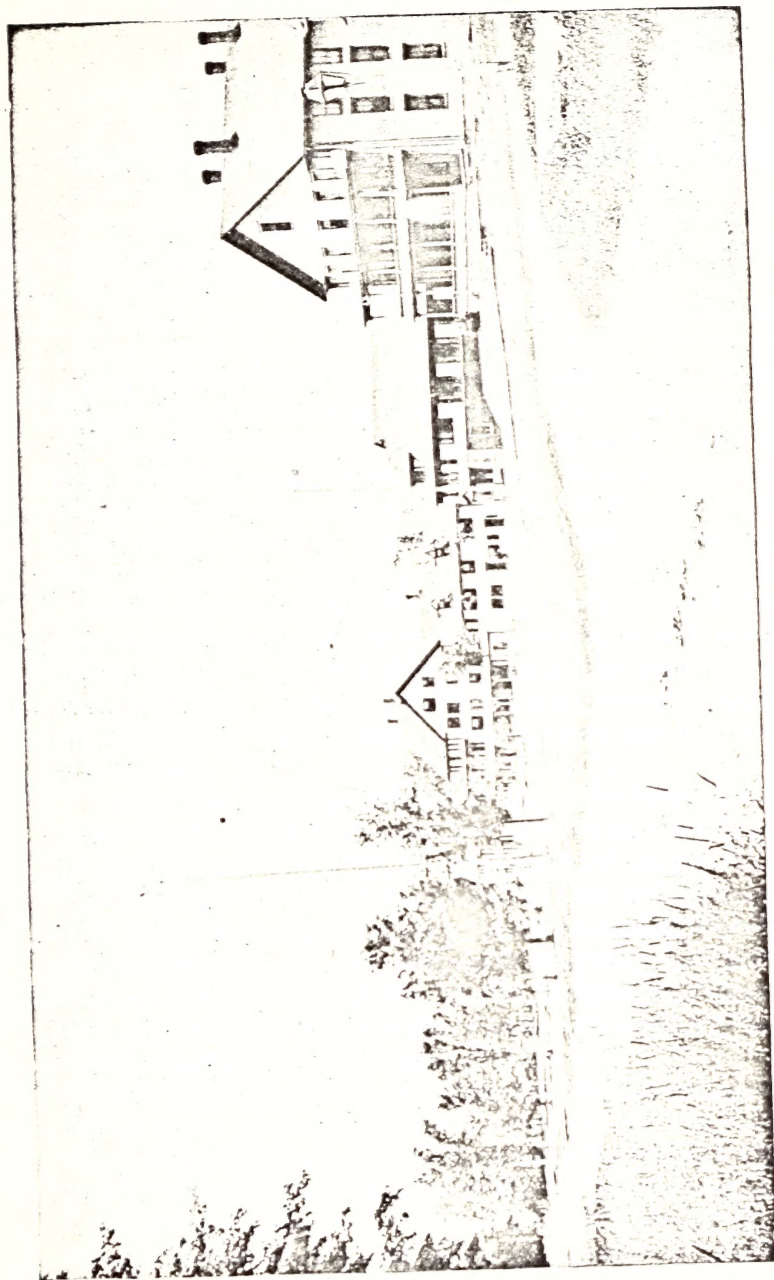
NASHUA was a part of the old township of Dunstable, and became a separate hamlet under the name it now bears in 1803. The date of its settlement is uncertain, but must have been as early as 1673, when it belonged to Dunstable. From 1675 to 1725 this territory was constantly threatened by the Indians, and it seems almost miraculous that it should have escaped as lightly as it did, while Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth were ravaged almost yearly. No doubt this fortunate outcome was due largely to the fact that Dunstable held some of the most noted Indian fighters of the day. It was not until the close of the French and Indian War in 1763 that the inhabitants at last breathed with a feeling of safety.

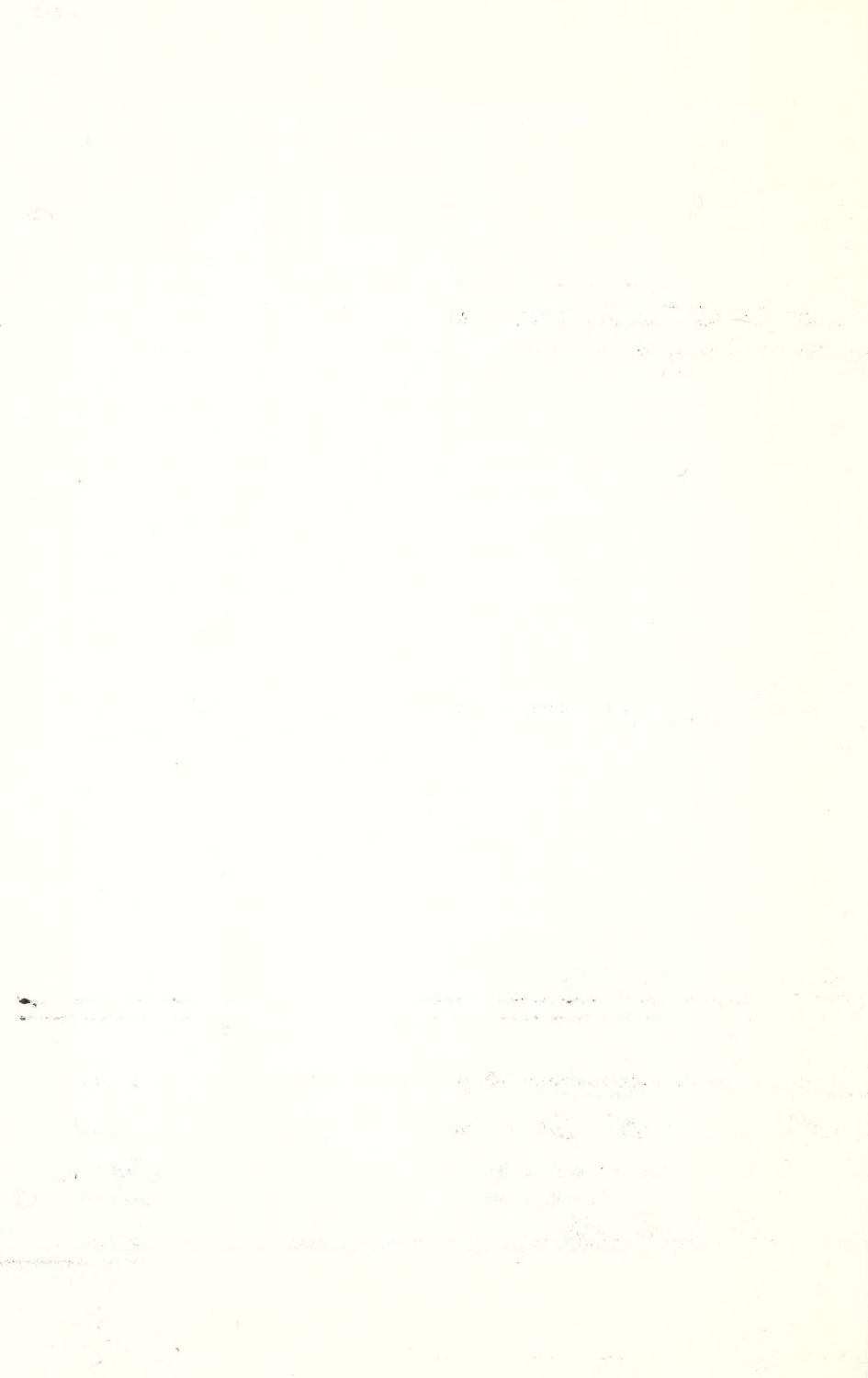
Growth developed slowly through the years that followed. During the Revolution the handful of people (there were 128 in Dunstable capable of bearing arms) was loyal to the cause of liberty. In 1795 there were no dwellings where now stands the city. July 4, 1803, the village, called until then Indian Head, was given the name of Nashua, and the natal day of the future city had dawned. In 1842 that part of the town north of Nashua River was set off by the name of Nashville, but in 1853 it was united with the village on the south, and Nashua obtained its city charter.

Its water power first attracted the attention of manufacturers in 1820, and from that time the development of its privileges led to a rapid and healthy growth of population. The Nashua Manufacturing Company received its charter in 1823, and from this beginning a large class of manufacturing interests succeeded. The number of its inhabitants was approximately ten thousand at the time our artist made the picture accompanying this article. The view was from the tower of Mount Pleasant school-house.




VIEW OF COLBY ACADEMY





Reminiscences of New London and Colby Academy

By MAURICE BALDWIN

NE Sunday afternoon, last autumn, with a few hours to spare before leaving Lake Sunapee on an evening train, I drove over the beautiful road that approaches New London from the east. After a few miles, rising above the hills that circle the Lake, New London Hill came into view—a long dominant mound against the sky.

With its appearance there was a gradual revival of far away recollections and impressions, which, twenty years before, had made their indelible and charming record upon my memory; for it was on this Hill and in its fine academy of Colby that I spent one of the happiest years of my my boyhood.

Since the day I had ridden to Potter Place in an old stage coach and taken a train for the world outside its guardian hills, I had never an opportunity to revisit New London; and so, on this sleepy Sabbath afternoon, warm with the autumnal sunlight and silent in its beauty of clear sky and coloring foliage, it was not strange that the memories of that untroubled year of the past, separated from the present by so many changes, should have seemed to me like the memory of some bright dream.

On the last stretch of road that brings one from Sunapee into the town of New London, it dips to a little valley, and the houses and the church and the school buildings lie ranged before the vision in almost their total array. It is a poem of pastoral calm and charm. The town, it may be said, consists of one long street lying north and south

over the entire length of the lozenge-shaped eminence; and along this wide road, flanked toward the Academy buildings by a plank walk, are the homes of the students; a grocery store, or what is here called a "General" store; a combination post office, drug store and soda fountain; and the homes of residents whose names, for the most part, are frequent in the history of the place.

As I drove from the "Four Corners," at which point the Sunapee road enters the village the scroll of my memories unrolled and I experienced the pleasure of looking upon landmarks and sights that, half-forgotten in the lapse of years, nevertheless brought back to me vividly the souvenirs of my life here. I followed the street to its end, stopping only once,—at a house where I had once roomed and the people there remembered me. There was not a human being in sight on the whole street. The languid sunlight gleamed on the tinted maple leaves and made golden squares of the windows of the houses; and I recalled how strange this Sabbath calm seemed to me when I first came to New London—the Puritan Sabbath of my ancestors, spent in the reading of the Bible, in silence, and in preparation for the devotional service of the evening.

It is good sometimes to find things unchanged. With one forceful absence—the fine brick building—the Academy Building—consumed by fire after I left New London, all was exactly the same: a solitary vine-clad chimney serves as monument for that large structure in which, originally, were the chapel, the dormitories for girls, and the chief class rooms of the school. I only had changed, it seemed; and I felt regret that no wise beneficent person had discovered this fine opportunity to give back to the Colby corporation a building adequate for the harboring of its noble ideal.

There is about New London the poetic grace of old things that have not passed away, and which one wishes might never disappear. One feels that there is yet to be found in these homes old mahogany tables and high-boys,

blue china and pewter tea sets. All the quaint beauty and simplicity of traditional New England life, its strength and its honesty, its candor and purpose, must still exist in the lives of the people of this region and are in the very aspect of the place in which they dwell.

For all my earliest recollections were of things and modes of living quite different from these. The first memories of my life are of the flat lands of Kentucky, where I was born, a pretty monotony of low country; of a little town whose streets were infested with negroes and pigs. (Fancy, pigs in the public square of a New England village!) At the close of the war these little southern towns were teeming with the hatred, the weakness, the boastful futility of the south. Life in the only school I ever attended in the town of my nativity was a perpetual conflict for a boy whose parentage was of the north. And the name of "Yankee," the commonest jeer that was flung at me in those days is still hateful, because it evokes from the store of primary memories nothing but a recollection of tears, blackened eyes and sore muscles—the only tribute which the childhood of that place could pay to the child of a victorious cause. In those days, less muscular than alert, I fought whatever had to be fought; and I learned the difference between a sense of danger, which I always feel, and physical fear, which I seldom feel; for fight, after all, *is* fight; and one of two must always be the victor.

Childhood is full of anticipations and of dreams. I lived in a country where the streams were yellow with mud; where the woods were haunted with insects, snakes, lizards, ticks and briars; where the negroes made every thing and every place impossible of enjoyment.

The most beautiful fairy tales of my childhood in that sordid country of Kentucky, were my mother's stories of her far-off birth-place—in a land of hills and snow-capped mountains, where there were brooks of clear water, splashing over granite boulders, and in which little fishes that

seemed to be covered with jewels, disported themselves. And there were no ticks and bugs; no snakes and lizards to prevent a boy from rolling in the grass of the meadows, as on a velvet carpet.



LAKE SUNAPEE

There were hillside fields in that country that were covered in the summertime with daisies, oceans of daisies; and along the woodland roads were wealths of golden-rod and asters; there were buttercups; and in the little ponds

and the still places of the streams the wonderful white pond-lilies, which were only to be seen in the south under glass coverings, imitation wax-flowers, of which there are still vague memories in the houses of old ladies.

Under the trees, beneath a carpet of dead leaves, were to be found in the spring time the star-like blossoms of the trailing arbutus, fragrant and of the tenderest pink and white; and a little later, about the huge rocks that covered the fields, and near the stone walls that enclosed them—instead of the ugly rail fences that I knew—there were blue-berries and wintergreen-berries; and the first were delicious in pies or cakes or cream; and the checkerberries tasted like tooth-powder—only better.

I thought of these things when I first came to New London, and besides, it was only a few miles from there that my mother had lived in her girlhood. To my boyish mind all this was full of romance; and it was like coming into my own to live in the midst of so much that meant realization to my childish imaginings.

This mid-region of New Hampshire has a peculiar charm and beauty for me. It lies, now delightfully neglected, between the more populous counties of the south; spoiled in their rural grace by so many manufacturing atrocities; and the austere grandeur of the White Mountains. It is an enchanted land untroubled by either machinery or fashion. Life here is still simple, and the seasons come and go each with its characteristic loveliness unmarred by the world's ambitions.

It is more than a hundred and fifty years since New London began its existence, and when one ponders on the rugged strength and courage of those first settlers in conquering these rude hills and planting upon them their little farms amid the forests, it does not seem incredible that dauntless character must still persist in their descendants, these people who still live on the farms of New Hampshire.

The foreign invasion of the state, the thought of which so saddens one, has only slightly touched its rural



life—these farmers and villagers are still American; still the conquerors of the soil and the forests; still the moral principle in our national life.

I remember very well my first entrance into the life of the Academy and how strange and even uncouth my classmates at first seemed. They were for the most part girls and boys from the farms and villages of New England. I was no doubt equally an object of curiosity to them; for I came among them with my ridiculous Southern dialect and the manners and ideas of a less sincere social condition. But we soon became good friends, and under the frank and kindly fraternalism of the school my negroid speech was gradually converted into English—as it is spoken in New England.

Almost as soon as the classes were settled, the boys began the organization of their sports; their gymnastic work. On the campus, I learned the zest of battering shins in the battle of football; and it was here that I broke a little finger in my first and last game of baseball. Not a robust confession surely. But there were no daily fights to vindicate my rights as a human being.

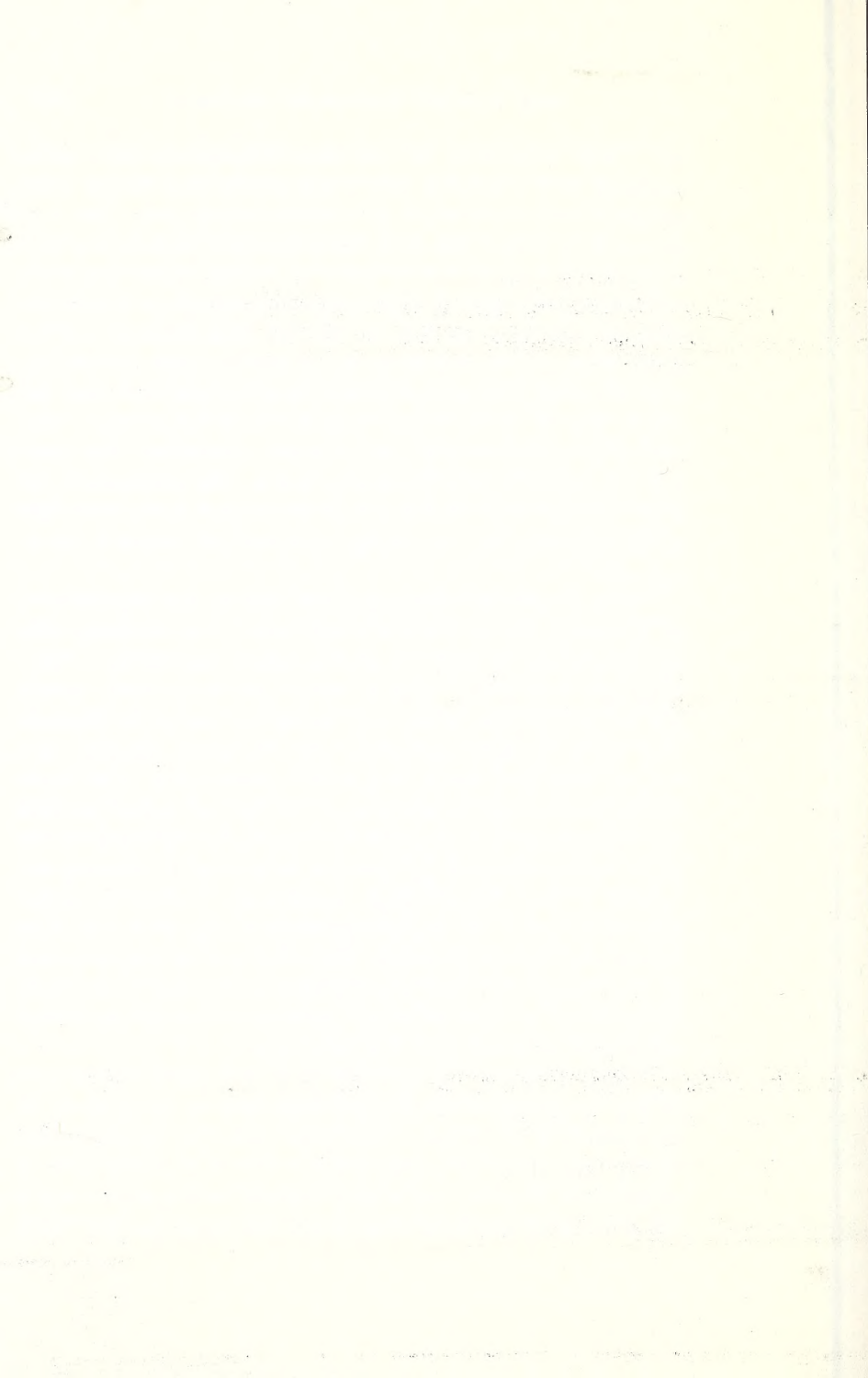
What can I say of the school itself—do I need to say anything? It was under the patronage of the Methodist church—or was it the Baptist? In the years that have passed all sects and all creeds have become alike to me. There were many religious gatherings, I remember, and this part of my life in New London is still quite tiresome. There were Sunday night 'experience meetings,' held in the chapel, at which emotionally excited students followed the lead of semi-professional 'revivers,' who began their harangues with tales of their sinful lives and closed with a plea that others in the audience similarly afflicted would be moved to tell the story of their salvation.

I cannot be sentimental about this part of my experience in New London, but keep in mind, if you condemn me, that even as a young boy I had attended negro camp-meetings out of curiosity—and the dialect only was differ-

ent. But otherwise, in the fine association with both teachers and students, there was about this simple and dignified institution all of that which twenty years has not changed my regard for—the sincerity and efficiency of its educational system. If I had a son—why have I no son?—I would send him to Colby Academy for three excellent reasons:—to learn to live the Simple Life without necessarily being half-witted to do so; to learn a plain and manly attitude toward his fellow beings; and to make sure that he could live in a northern latitude with impunity. The healthful moral, mental, and physical conditions that prevail not only in Colby Academy, but in the atmosphere of New London itself make such a school and town splendid forming-ground for the young manhood and womanhood of our state.

I have definite recollections of two of my instructors; of Professor Dixon and Miss Learned. I am writing with no knowledge of what time has done with them. Our Principal was a fine scholar and a fine instructor, which are not always identical; and he had a southern manner. The term is used advisedly, for southern manners are seldom what they seem to be, and his were real. He knew Greek better than I ever did, but he did not make me feel the difference, and every time I learned a conjugation he gave me the infantile but genuine happiness of making me believe I had taught him something. "You're right! That's correct!" he would say surprisedly, if I was ever either, and the satisfaction I felt outlives this moment, and I who cannot now translate the first paragraph of the *Anabasis*, except by sub-conscious memory or the use of a Bohn, am grateful to that good and kind man.

Miss Learned opened the door of English Literature to my benighted mind, and her hand was on the latch of all the Latin verse I know. She was a tall thin woman with a lovely face, in which there was no trace of beauty, as it is understood in story books and Sunday newspapers; and I am sure there are hundreds of her past students who think



of her as I do, with love and reverence: love for the exquisite patience with which she imparted to our unformed minds the treasures of her own, and reverence for the wisdom that could be so patient. She gave me the first praise



A BIT OF COUNTRY ROAD

I ever enjoyed for a literary production—a little essay on the enjoyment of nature, or something of that sort * * * She thought it was fine and I agreed with her. It was published on the first page of the Colby "Voice" and I read it several times after it was printed.

In New London the pageantry of New England seasons passed before me : The late autumn with its mists, its darkening woods, its naked trees. And then the snows, covering the hills with their white blankets, and bringing, when the skies were unclouded, nights full of stars and thrilling with the chill loveliness of the Aurora Borealis.

There were many enjoyments new to me; coasting was one of them. Our weekly receptions were events. Saturday evening, or sometimes Friday evening, Miss Smiley, the 'lady principal' gave a reception in the parlors of the Academy; and the boys and girls were allowed to be together for two hours—from seven to nine—think of that you people who begin your reception at ten and stop—O, much later!

Occasionally there were dances in near-by towns, for in New London nothing as secular was ever allowed. To these I went surreptitiously. The most enjoyable affairs of the village which the students were permitted to attend were 'Church Sociables' and at these many persons from other towns were wont to come.

There was a Girl in those days. She was not a student of the Academy, but lived in a town about a dozen miles away and at her home I was always a welcome guest. Belle—that was her name—was noted through the country side for her beauty and high spirits, and to her I burned the silent incense of my fancies. I remember a lilac muslin dress she wore—perhaps it was not muslin—anyway, she was very beautiful in that gown, and she wore lilac ribbons in her little shoes, and there was a fragrance of lilacs about her.

On the occasion of one of these church gatherings, at which there was usually served a good supper, followed by a "grand march" and games or recitations, a companion and I invited Belle and another young lady to be our guests. Gaining Professor Dixon's permission to do so, we brought the young women to New London in a carriage on the afternoon of the event. Well, we attended the event, ate

the supper, played the games, heard the recitations, and at ten o'clock our horse and carriage were ready for us. The afternoon drive had been delightful and we had not thought that the horse was slow, although all horses are more or less slow. But during the evening a heavy rain storm had come up and kept up. We had ample protection of robes and curtains from the wet, but the darkness of the night was intense and made driving a matter of faith in the homing instinct of the horse, which led him toward our destination—we had gone down on the morning stage and got the outfit at Belle's home. The instinct, it proved, was a true one but it brought us several accidents, fortunately none of them serious.

For the first few miles everything went well in spite of the obscurity of the road. Then we suddenly tipped over. We had run against a bank at the side of the road : luckily no one was hurt and the carriage was soon righted. We proceeded. A little farther on our horse stopped short at the door of a large farm house. Again we got into the road. A mile more we were at a stand-still at someone's stone hitching post. A few minutes afterward we were ditched and almost overturned near a spreading tree from a branch of which hung a swing. There was a light in a house that stood near and I borrowed a lantern from the kindly farmer. Its gleam hardly penetrated the darkness, but it helped some. And then on to the end that horse stopped at every house. It was unaccountable.

The next day I asked the liveryman why so strange an experience should be ours with a horse that in the afternoon had seemed so docile.

And this was what he said :

"Well, that's a good hoss you had for straight goin' ef you can see your way, but comin' on rain like it did last night and you not bein' able to keep him to his knittin' that hoss just done his regular work, which is deliverin' milk at them houses where you stopped."

I am reasonable and I thought the explanation was, also.

It is twenty years since then, and sweet Belle, alas, has these fifteen years lain in the little cemetery near her home, a sorrow for all who ever knew her radiant face. The memory of her is still a dear possession, and I who, for very bashfulness, never, as Verlaine says, "dared to kiss her little finger's littlest joint," waft a kiss to her across the years.

The Origin of the Arbutus

An Indian Legend

By FREDERIC ALLISON TUPPER

Many, many moons have faded,
Many, many moons have vanished,
Since an old man in his wigwam
Dwelt beside a frozen river,
Dwelt alone beside the river,
In a forest black and lonely.
Long and white his beard and locks were,
Choicest furs his heavy garments,
For the world was one long winter—
Snow and ice o'er all the landscape.
Winds went wildly through the forest,
Searching all the trees and bushes,
Searching for the birds to chill them,
Over hill and over valley,
Chasing evil sprites before them.
And the old man through the forest,
Through the snow-drifts deep and chilling,
Sought for wood to feed the fire
Dying in his lonely wigwam.
Homeward in despair he staggered,
Sat beside the dying embers,

Cried aloud in voice of terror :
"Mannaboosho, Mannaboosho,
"Save me, ere of cold I perish."
And the wild wind's breath of coldness
Blew aside the lodge door rudely,
And a maiden, winsome, lovely,
Entered from the gusty darkness.
Red her cheeks like sweet wild roses
Burning by the dusky forest ;
Large her eyes, with lustre glowing
Like a fawn's eyes in the darkness ;
Long her hair and black as raven,
Black as Kah-gah-gee, the raven,
And it swept the ground she walked on.
In her hands were buds of willow,
On her head a wreath of wild-flowers,
Ferns and grasses were her clothing,
And her moccasins were lilies,
Lilies white that love the meadows ;
When she breathed, the air around her,
All the air within the wigwam,
Passed from winter into summer.
And the old man said : "My daughter,
"I am very glad to see you ;
"Cold my lodge, indeed, and cheerless,
"But it shields you from the tempest.
"Tell me who you are, my daughter,
"How you dare to brave the tempest,
"In the clothing of the summer ?
"Sit you here, and tell your country,
"Name your victories in order,
"Then my great deeds I will tell you,
"I am Manito the Mighty."
Filled he then two pipes for smoking,
Filled he pipes with the tobacco,
So that they might smoke while talking.
When the smoke in curling eddies
Warmed the old man's breath; he uttered
Words of boasting, words of glory.
"I am Manito," he boasted,
"When I blow my breath, a stillness
"Falls upon the flowing waters."
And the maiden said in answer :
"Lo, I breathe, and all the landscape

"Blossoms with a thousand flowers."

And the old man said in answer :

"When I shake my long locks hoary,

"All the ground with snow is covered."

"I but shake my curls," she answered,

"And the warm rains fall from heaven."

"When I walk," the old man answered,

"From the trees the leaves come falling;

"Creatures wild in terror flee me,

"Hiding each in winter fastness;

"Wild birds leave the lake and river,

"Fly away to distant contries."

"When I walk," the maiden answered,

"Plants lift up their heads in beauty,

"Many leaves come on the branches,

"Birds come back from distant countries,

"Singing with delight to see me—

"All the world is full of music."

Thus they talked in emulation

Till the air within the wigwam

Warmer grew and ever warmer,

And the old man's head kept nodding

Till it lay upon his bosom,

Lay upon his breast in slumber.

Then the sun came back in splendor,

And the bluebird, the Owaissa,

On the wigwam's top alighting,

Called aloud with joyous singing;

"Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty!"

And the river cried in answer :

"I am free, come here and drink me?"

As the old man slept, the maiden

Passed her small, white hand above him;

Small he grew and ever smaller,

From his mouth came streams of water;

Small he grew and ever smaller

Till his form had almost vanished.

And his clothing turned to green leaves.

Then the maiden, lowly kneeling

On the ground before the green leaves,

From her bosom pure and lovely

Took white flowers most fair and precious,

Hid them there among the green leaves.

Then she breathed upon the blossoms,

Breathed upon the blossoms saying:
"All my virtues give I to you,
"All my sweetest breath I give you;
"All who pick you must be lowly,
"All on bended knees must pick you."
Through the woods and o'er the prairies
Passed away the lovely maiden;
All the birds sang love songs to her,
And where'er her footstep lingered,
Grows to-day the sweet-breathed May-flower.

The Weaker Sex

By NIXON WATERMAN

"The weaker sex," they call them, but a mortal couldn't make,
In speaking of womenfolks a more profound mistake.
Those precious parcels made of smiles, of ribbons, tears and lace,
Have clearly proved themselves to be the "Samsons" of the race.

Do you suppose that any MAN could keep me half the night
In some beshadowed hammock where mosquitoes fiercely bite,
And who, it mattered not how long he might prefer to stay,
Could press my hand so lightly I could never get away?

And where's the giant with the strength to make me walk and walk
About the park and babble forth the softest kind of talk,
And buy ice cream and lemonade and popcorn bars and such
And then declare I had enjoyed the evening very much?

I know a tender "clinging vine" who, by her winsome smiles,
Has made me, lazy as I am, walk several hundred miles.
I've stood outdoors on winter nights and waited for her when
I'd not have waited half so long for fifteen dozen men.

The women are the ones who rule this planet first and last;
They bind us in their mystic chains and hold us good and fast.
But, though we men are shackled slaves, we mutually agree
We'll never do a single thing to make them set us free.

The End of the World

By WINSOR BROWNELL

HE WAS a man of large frame, well-stocked limbs, a broad, unshaven cheek and massive chin, who in his better days, when he had no doubt aspired to the true dignity of manhood, been passably good looking even if the evidence of this now could not be called more than circumstantial. His name was the homely but expressive one of Peter Hanaford, and for several years he had lived quietly at the town's expense.

Whenever asked by any one more inquisitive than polite the explanation for such an able-bodied man as he to depend upon public support for his living, he invariably told the following story, and with such little variation as to show that he was either telling the truth or that he had "learned his lesson well." Like the philosopher pondering upon some mooted problem, Mr. Hanaford always preceded his simple tale with a period of silence, during which it would appear as if his mind was busy with memories of distant, if not happier, days. Upon this occasion the sun had sunk behind the rim of hills in the west, so that it was beginning to grow dark in the valleys, though the rugged forehead of a solitary mountain peak was illuminated with a golden halo it had not known at noonday. Something of the fleeting glory of the nobler height was borrowed by the foothills in which to array themselves in bright robes for the swift-coming autumn twilight. A border of red maples, touched with the magical brush of the season's artist, made a fantastic frame for a clear sheet of water dropped in the distance like a crystal from the creator's spear.

"Sich fools as men be," finally remarked Mr. Hanaford, his tongue having at last found expression to his

thoughts. "Seein' it's town talk I don't know as I need to argue erbout lettin' it go to ye. I was tolerably well fixed in 'em days. Not that I wus as rich as Squire Newton, but if I weren't I didn't hev so many judges lyin' in wait for me. Hannah an' I owned our little farm all free an' clear, an' we had a snug little pocket laid by for a storm. Th' storm come in a way we weren't lookin' for.

"It was in th' forties, when a long-haired, slick-lookin', religious scout come into town to start a revival. He was a slick talker, an he said as how th' people hadn't much time in which to get ready, as he had done some close figurin' on th' 'count the Lord had been keepin' with his followers, an' the time when he was to balance his sheet nigh by, an' that we should be called upon suddintly to render our return for the use of our talents.

"Not bein' a very well read man, I didn't stop to take much heed to what he was sayin', thinkin' my divvy wouldn't be very large anyway, an' as long as Squire Newton could hold his head up without stoppin' to cast th' figures I guessed I could. I might have kept right on thinkin' that way, an' spendin' my time lookin' arter my growin' craps, if Bill Berry hadn't come over one arternoon. Seein' me scrubbin' away at some bushes which had been a sore eye to me for a long time Bill says:

"'Wot in creation, Pete, air ye grubbin' in that shape for?"

"'I calculate it is time to cut these air bushes, Bill,' I said, innercent like; 'an' seein' th' moon is in th' dark, which is the right sitooation to kill sprouts, I thought I would take th' day for that puppose.'

"'Moon be quartered an' hanged!' he said, who weren't th' most perticular about his langwidge. 'Guess ye ain't been down to hear th' new parson figger out th' Lord's 'count with yer.'

"I says no, when he expounded, as only Bill could, on what th' parson had found out. He went on to say that the word o' th' Lord was plain in sayin' that th' hull matter

o' runnin the world had become purty heavy bizness for him to handle, that his people were ongrateful, an' that he had concluded to settle up th' hull affair, balance th' sheets an' burn th' books. In other words, th' world was to come to an end erlong in August. He, th' parson, had got it down so fine that he had fixed th' day an' hour.

"I knowed Bill of old, so I didn't take any stock in what he said, but kept on grubbin' th' bushes, cuttin' 'em lower 'n afore jess to show Bill I didn't believe a word he had said. He went away shakin' his shaggy head, an' sayin' something erbout blaspheming th' word of God. Well, I finished th' business, an' havin' full confidence in th' moon, I didn't lose any sleep that night. Th' next day, long erbout noon, Sile Stout come erlong with erbout the same story that Bill had told. But I sent him drowslin' down th' road quicker 'n I had Bill. I slept like a top that night. Th' next day over come Jim Greggs for a short chat, an' he introduced th' same subject, expoundin' it louder an' stronger 'n Bill an' Sile had, an' had wuss work to get rid of him. That night I had one short dream, in which I thought I ketched a glimpse of th' Lord or some one in white down by th' parster bars.

"Wull, may I be hoss-kicked if ol' Deacon Jones didn't drop into my kitchen th' next evenin', an' he talked solemn an' 'arnest erbout the sitooation so that I'll be blamed if I didn't lay erwake an hour that night thinkin' it over. When a man gits to thinkin' he's lost—a-goner! I don't keer what th' marter is so long as he keeps from thinkin' on't he's all right. Soon's he does he's er pickled beet. An' I got to seein' th' reason'bleness of th' plan. Others got to comin' reg'lar, one every day, till I got so's to set on th' parster bars an' look for 'em! Bimeby Bill come ergin, an' this time he brung er handful of green oats in th' straw with him. Says he, 'hev ye noticed enything pecooliar erbout th' oats this year?' I had been cal'latin' how soon my crap would do to harvest, an' it 'd likely thrash out, an' I says, 'Don't know 's I hev, 'cept th' straw seems purty

stout fer th' length of th' head.' Then Bill pulled out a stalk an', shakin' it, smoothed out th' blade an', holdin' it so th' sun shined on it, said, 'I reckon ye ain't fergot th' letters old "Screw-Auger Knowlton" pounded inter yer thick head,' he said with a grin. I looked, an' ye could heve shot me over with that stalk of oat if there weren't printed on't as plain as ever I see it in my old speller a big B! I looked at Bill an' Bill looked at me. He wus solemn, an' I, wull, mebbe I wus cur'us.

"'One of yer jokes, Bill,' I says. 'I've known ye sence ye were knee high to er toad. Ye printed thet letter on there.'

"'Pull a stalk of yer own oats an' see,' he said.

"I pulled an' looked. Mebbe my knees shook er leetle, fer there wus ernother B like th' fust, plainer if anything. Bill looked solemn, an' he an' I went to pullin' oats an' lookin' at 'em. Every blamed oat had a B on it!

"'Whut d'ye make out'n it?' I asked bimeby, ready to fergit thet Bill wus an uncommon liar.

"'Make on't?' asked he. 'It's simple as bitin' an apple. B stends fer *burn*, don't it? An' burn at this time means, or the parson's crazy, thet th' world is goin' to burn up next month!' My hair sort of riz right up, so I nacherally put up my hand to save my hat. 'Looks kinder different, don't it?' says Bill, an' without stoppin' to say more he went erway.

"'I didn't sleep er wink thet night, on 'count of thinkin' of 'em oats. Thinkin' of 'em set me thinkin' of ernother marter which had gin me more or less worry fer a year or more. Peleg Thompson had been tryin' to buy my farm fer thet long, er longer, but I had never gin him eny real incouragement, though Hannah had said I oughter. I knowed she wus all-fired anxious to git out'n town so she could be nearer her sister who lived in er city. Peleg wus a tough customer to deal with, an' he openly boasted he had never been worsted in er trade in his life. An' I had a grudge ag'in him for cheatin' me out'n a bull calf when I wus

younger. But I didn't let on to Hannah I had eny idee of softenin' toward Peleg. I didn't neither.

"Th' next day sumthin' more happened to set me thinkin' wusser 'n ever. Josh Gable called me over to his house to look at some aigs he had jess picked out from under his brown turkey, th' turkey thet had took a prize over to Coldbrook th' year afore. What struck him as pecooliar struck me as sumthin' wuss. I needn't gin ye eny onnecessary wait to get down to th' facts, but writ on thet air aig as plain as Master Hoyt us't set our copies fer us were these words, which I hev remembered all these years:

"'Sinners, git ready fer repentance, as th' day of Judgment is at hand. I shall cancel my 'counts with ye an' demand cash payment fer all debts August, Thursday th' 24th, at four in th' mornin'!"

"Here was purty stiff evidence, an' if I had weakened afore I let out ernother peg now. Finelly Josh an' I got to wonderin' whether this was an especial favor shown to him, er wus it given to others? To settle the marter he an' I walked down to my house to see if my critters had gin eny sich warnin'. As I didn't keep turkeys, th' tarnal foxes had bothered me so, we nacherally looked in the hin's nest. But we didn't fin' er sign till I happened to think of Hannah's big goose she had bought that spring. I looked there, an' I tell ye my heart thrashed like a thrashin' machine, when I see there th' same message thet wus on Josh's aig. Then Josh an' me sot down an' cried.

"We decided thet no good would come of our tellin' whut we'd diskivered, as it would make folks more fidgety. Leastways thet wus my argument, while I wus thinkin' of Peleg Thompson, an calculatin' on my chances of sellin' him my farm afore he got onto th' sitioation. Don't ye see if I could git eny price from him I'd be gettin' th' better of him under the conditions. An' to beat er Thompson would be glory ernough to send me whizzin' inter kingdom come with my umbreller wide spread!

"I can tell ye I didn't lose eny time in startin' to see Peleg. On my way through th' village, seein' er crowd erbout th' meetin' house, I went in jess to see if Peleg was there. He weren't, but I found th' parson tellin' how th' time was fixed, an' he showed it up so plain I fairly lost my breath when I figgered what I should lose if Peleg should get wind of this afore I had clinched thet bargain. I got to thinkin' on't so hard thet I didn't stop to hear th' amen part of th' parson's talk, but I slipped out ertween some sarmonizin' an' some singin'.

"I found Peleg saltin' his cattle, as unconcerned as if there was plenty of time provided an' no scare at th' end. I knowed he was orful cautious in his trades. Wouldn't trade on Friday arter ten o'clock. Wouldn't take pay on er trade arter duskish out of doors. Wouldn't buy th' fust red ox he'd seen arter seein' a white un, an' sich notions. I knowed he hadn't fergot thet bull calf nuther, an' he'd be uncommon skittish with me. But arter three mortal hours spent in talkin' craps, the stock, th' season, an' sich handy makè-shifts, I got round to thet farm of mine. 'Lowin' thet Hannah had got a hand in 't an' thet she was set on goin' to th' city, I got him to make an offer. 'Twus fer a thousand dollars, an' so much better 'n I had expected, takin' inter consideration th' onsartinty of marters, I ketched onto his offer in sich er way he looked flustered, an' I thought he was goin' to flounder. But he hild to th' hook, an' I made it cash down, an no way out'n it. He stuck like er bit er mud in spring time. I didn't let him git out'n my sight fer fear he'd hear erbout th' comin' crisis which was likely to bring er collapse in real estate, till th' papers were made out an' th' money in my hands. Then I says, primin' myself fer a good larf:

"'Hev ye heerd how th' Lord is erbout to close his contract of runnin' th' 'arth, an thet the hull consarn is likely to go to th' bow-wows next month, seein' there ain't nobuddy else capable of runnin it?'

"'Naw!' he said, kinder touchy. 'Th' only contract I

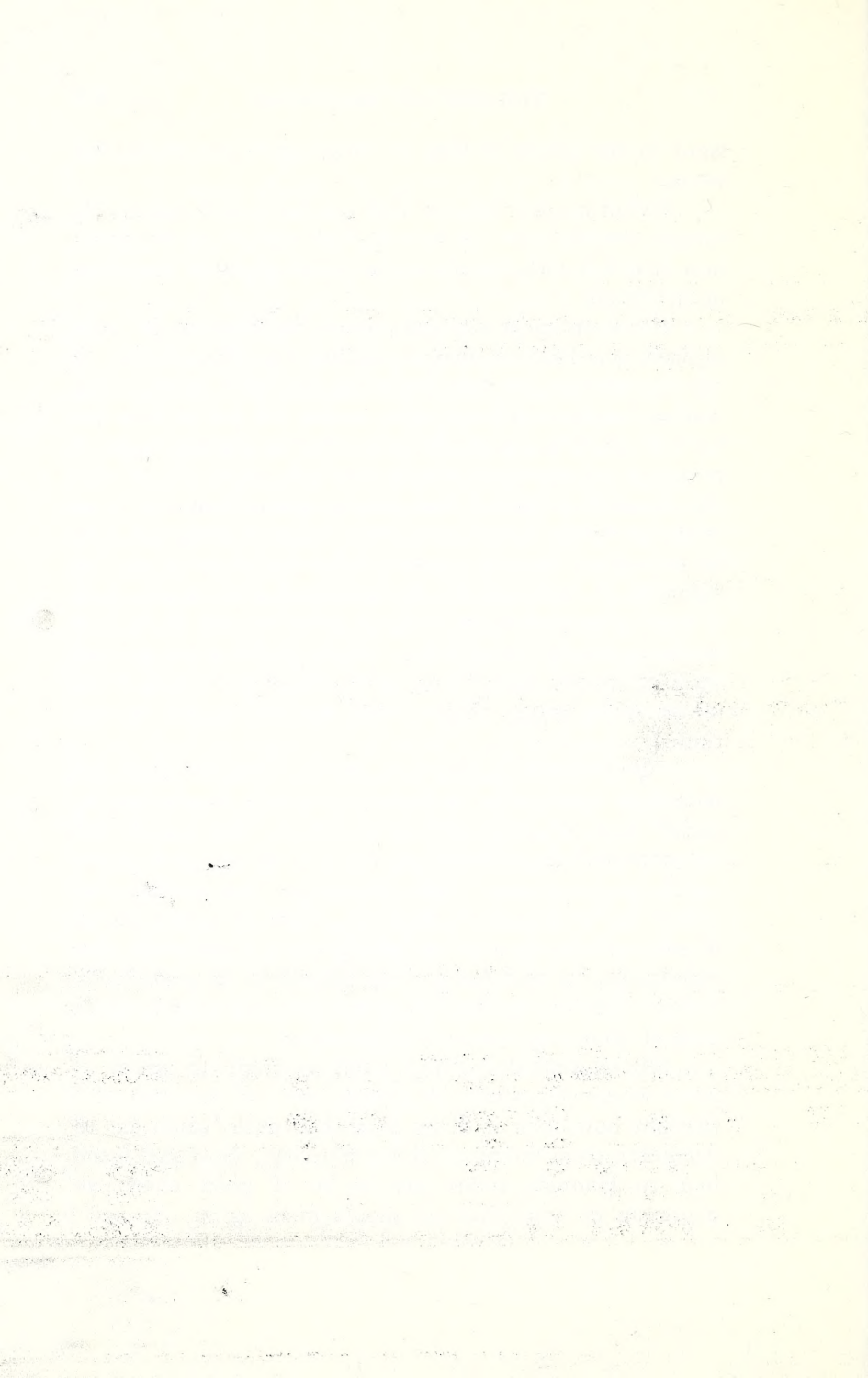
want to see closed is thet ye move out'n my house this week.'

"Whut he said kinder riled me, but I held my onruly tongue thinkin' how I'd hev th' last larf, an' er wonderin' how he'd feel with Gabriel tootin' his trumpet an' thet farm on his hands.

"Wull, th' most s'prised pusson, an' likewise th' most pleased, wus Hannah when I told her I'd sold th' farm. It did me good to see her dance fer joy, an' I swow it wus wuth a hundred dollars o' thet money I'd got fer it to hev her hol' me in her arms like she us't'r in coortin' days. I promised her we should move to th' city right off, an' thet she should hev half o' thet money afore I knowed it, as willin' as I wus. Fer ye see with Gabriel er tunin' his horn fer th' call to the big muster, I didn't look on it as a big sacrifice. I reckoned th' rest would last me a month, even if I did give up wuk, as I had planned to sort of fix over my books fer th' last balance. Perhaps this don't interest yeou, stranger?" said the narrator, stopping suddenly in the midst of his story. Upon being assured of this he continued:

"We moved inter town, an' th' way Hannah made thet money fiy 'd hev sent me inter th' loonertic assortment if I hadn't been posted so wull on th' futur'. She got th' hull neighborhood inter er riot, an' come to me fer more money inside of two weeks. She claimed er Jew peddler had robbed her of a goodish bit of it. I laid in a good supply of sich stimulants as go to lighten one's cares, went inter retirement, an' told her to help herself to th' pocketbook. I didn't feel like spoilin' her good time, with her in ignorance of whut wus comin' in a few days.

"As th' time drove nigh I felt er longin' to see th' ol' place where I'd spent th' better part of my life, an' I thought how slick it 'd be to ascend unto 'Lijah an' th' bretheren from the place of my nativity. So I said 'good-bye' to Hannah, tellin' her to be of good cheer, an' expressin' er hope thet we should meet ag'in. Ye see I



didn't hev the moral courage to tell her th' truth.

"'Meet erg'in?' says she, 'of coorse we air goin' to meet ag'in. Ye ain't er sot on dyin' yet, er man of yer aig an' buddy, be ye? By day arter to-morrer I shall hev my new bunnit, an' ye must be to home to see me wear it fer th' fust time. Sakes alive! won't Mandy die of green envy?'"

Here Mr. Hanaford would pause in his narrative without an inquiry as to whether he should continue, while he would show plainly that a heavy load lay on his mind. Finally he would resume:

"For some reason which I never really understood th' Lord concluded not to wind up his arthly 'count jess then. Sometimes I wish purty hard he had. When I got back to town th' fust thing Hannah did wus to ax me fer more money, an' when I told her it wus all gone she sort of wilted. I pitied her more'n myself. In th' end we came back to our uative town to begin all over ag'in. But it wus purty hard pullin' fer sich old hosses. Squire Newton lent us a hand, an' somehow we scratched erlong till Hannah left me with a smile, to go where wukkers find rest an' fools get their wisdom."

Beauty

By CARROLL RAYMOND

There is beauty in the budding rose,
In the azure that the summer brings,
In the river when it softly flows,
In the sweep of the soaring eagle's wings,

There is beauty in the dawning light,
In the silver of the sunset west;
But there's naught so wonderfully bright
As the smile of those whom we love best.



The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

"Please do be calm, Deacon. You are all broken up, you can't talk so one can understand half you say. Here they come into the dooryard now with Squire Newbegin's horse and carriage. Surely if Squire Newbegin can trust—"

"Don't mention th' name of thet unregenerate man. You don't know what deviltry—I'm goin' to use jess sich words, fer there hain't any in th' Lord's Book thet'll express their pure cussedness. To think they should sleep here under my roof, a-gittin'—fer nothin'—the droppin's of my table, a-listenin' to my savin word, while they were all th' time plannin' an' workin' to steal my home from me like—"

"I do not understand what you say, Timothy. They seem like gentlemen. I have thought of Dick so many times since they have come, and do you know one of them seems to have so many of Dick's ways. I have watched him while they have been sitting at the table, and for my life I could not help thinking of—"

"Thet miserable scapegoat all the time," he finished. "I s'pose you air willin' to connive with 'em, an' let 'em steal my home—your home—away from me. It is fortunate I've not let this matter run any longer'n et has. Th'

minnit they step a foot 'crost thet threshold I'm goin' to set 'em a-goin', pay or no pay for what I've done fer 'em. An' I'll cane 'em to boot! I don't know but I'll cane 'em fust! Anyway I'll use this stick about 'em afore I'm done, ef I don't get a cent fer all I've done fer 'em. So don't you interfere with your woman's weakness, but let me settle with 'em at my figgers."

She could see that he was greatly excited, and it seemed as if a tragedy was about to be enacted in spite of her efforts to prevent it. Before she could interpose with an admonition to do nothing he might afterwards regret, the two were heard entering the house. Pushing his wife aside somewhat rudely, the aroused deacon took a step backward and, lifting the stick he held in his clenched grasp over his head, waited for the others to come into the room, his thin countenance becoming rigid and determined in its expression, as if nothing could thwart him from his purpose. Mrs. Goodwill, her hands under her apron, stood a little apart, trembling for the outcome of the meeting.

"Please do not forget yourself, Timothy, and say that for which you will be sorry by and by."

He looked at her sternly, but before he could speak, the door opened and the two men entered with the utmost unconcern. Free Newbegin was quick to note the indications of the storm that had risen, and had Deacon Goodwill or his wife been less excited and fixed in their observations, they might have detected a movement of the heavy, drooping mustache that marked the existence of a smile playing upon the lips underneath. He lost no time in saying, in his free and easy speech:

"I wish to congratulate you, Deacon, upon having the best walking horse in town. That horse of the squire's—"

"Sir!" interrupted Deacon Goodwill, straightening his slim figure up until his head fairly touched the smoky ceiling, while he clutched his knotted cane with a firmer hold, "pick up your dum duds and with 'em be off! Es ef 'tweren't enough for me to to vittle and house you without

you stealin' my home away from me an' my desolated family."

The other listened politely until he had finished, and while Mrs. Goodwill was moving her hands spasmodically under her apron, he said in a tone that fell like oil on troubled waters:

"As I was remarking to my friend, Deacon, I am more than ever impressed with the good qualities of old Bet. She is worth all I promised to pay for her. I am inclined to think there is a strain of the blood of the famous horses of Persia in her veins. Of course it is faint now, but good blood, you know, will tell when it has been strained thin, very thin."

"Sir!" broke in the angry householder, but somehow he allowed the fluent speaker to resume before he could get beyond the single utterance.

"Speaking of that far-away country reminds me, as I was saying to Robert, that your landscape here bears a wonderful resemblance to the sacred vales, hillsides and plains of the Holy Land. Of course we miss the cedars of Lebanon, the dreamy atmosphere, and that undefinable something which gives to the Land of the Saviour that peculiar odor to be found nowhere else. But the contour of the landscape, something about the soft atmosphere, makes it wonderfully like the other. No sooner had my friend and I passed over the ridge dividing it from the adjoining town than I remarked this singular and beautiful likeness to my companion. I remember I said: 'Robert, how much this is like the scenes where we spent so many happy days following the footsteps of our Master in the land of the prophets and patri—'"

"Sirrahs!" thundered the deacon, determined not to be put off any longer, though his very next utterance showed a descending inflection, "begone, and let your bodies profane no longer my house."

"Yes, yes, my good Deacon, I understand. We are after my little trunk now, and to bid you and your kind

helpmeet an affectionate good-by. I cannot realize that our stay has been so brief, when I find how hard the parting becomes. You will forgive me if I say we feel very much like the strangers who came to Father Abraham, as he sat in the door of his tent, seeking food and drink and a night's shelter. How plainly the Good Book pictures that touching scene, and as I stood once where I felt certain the great and good prophet stood as he peered out over the plain, waiting for the new-comers, I tried as best I could to feel as he felt while he humbly and generously offered the best at his command. Even as Abraham did unto the wanderers of old, so did you unto us, Deacon Goodwill, without expectation of reward.

"My one great regret now that we must part is that we are not able to reward you even as those travelers of old rewarded Abraham. But we leave our blessing with you, and the wish that you and your beautiful family may live long and be prosperous."

"Mebbe I spoke a leetle hasty," said the mollified deacon, who had really a kind heart. "Rheumatiz is apt to make me a leetle techy. Mebby if Mirandy has a leetle cooked for supper you might stay until mornin'. And, say, mebbe this evenin' you'll explain some of 'em p'int's about Palestine that hev been pesterin' me. Havin' been there you seem to know all about it."

Mrs. Goodwill immediately resumed her preparations for supper, with a feeling of relief that there was not likely to be any serious outcome of the affair. Free Newbegin at once began a long dissertation on the Holy Land, which he had really visited, and so glibly did he enter into his descriptions that his listener fairly held his breath, asking now and then a question, which only served to lead the other on. All the anger had now faded from the deacon's mind, and he forgot that the vivid speaker beside him was the dreaded town claimant, whose name by this time was on every tongue in town, biting like the sting of a bee. He had always felt an uncommon interest in this subject, and

longed to talk with some one who had actually stood amid the sacred scenes of old. As has been said, this man's descriptive powers were equal to bringing out each picture like a living view. So absorbed did his eager listener become that he missed the first two calls to supper from his gentle wife, saying at the third time:

"Yes, yes, mother; but do not let such an everyday matter as eatin' profane sich a lesson as this. Why, it is like goin' there! Your feet, Mr. Bidwell, hev actually stood in the tracks of the Saviour?"

"They have, my good Deacon. I have followed foot by foot the very path he trod when he ascended the Mount of Olives, and as near as man may know I have knelt where he knelt on that beautiful morning that he made his appeal unto the Father, the dew touching the the veriest bush with honey drops and all nature in harmony with the grand offering of that occasion. Ay, Deacon, no man can say he has truly lived up to the requirements of his duty until he has seen with his own eyes those sacred places portrayed by the Good Book so simply and yet grandly. Were all the rest of my life blotted out 'twere enough for me to have lived those few months I passed in the Holy Land."

"That's so, that's so," murmured his listener, oblivious of all else. "Et's wonderful—wonderful! How I begrudge you your great happiness."

"Come, Timothy, come!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodwill, who had also been drinking in every word of the glowing descriptions. "Mr. Hungerford will eat the table clean."

Leonard Quiver, who had not spoken for half an hour, had been watching with curious interest alternately the speaker and his listeners and the diligent movements of Mr. Hungerford, whose appetite had evidently been stronger than his interest in the discussion in which he was not expected to take part. At any rate he had kept steadily at his work for three-fourths of an hour without hindrance, and the result was now announced by the boyish

voice of little Enoch, who had just returned from the village,

"Look, mother! old Hungerford has cleaned the table!"

For once the kind mother forgot to correct her son, as she surveyed with dismay the havoc that had been wrought by the industrious boarder, and she exclaimed:

"For the good Lord's sake, Peter Hungerford, what have you been doing:

"Eatin', mum, jess plain eatin'," replied the imperturbable pauper, moving back his chair from the desolated table and beginning to pick his teeth with a fork.

"I should say you had," she said in despair. "As I live, I put enough on that table for all of us, with a good start for breakfast. It was all of the bread I had, and I shall have to cook some more for the rest of us, which I can't do as you forgot to get that flour, Timothy."

"That man 'll eat us out of house an' home," declared Deacon Goodwill, "I never see th' beat on him, an' th' town haint willin' to pay but two dollars an' a half a week. He'll send me to th' county farm."

"I don't know what I shall do, Timothy," said Mrs. Goodwill, who was showing genuine anxiety. "I used the last of my flour in making that loaf, the remainder of which was on the table. Then I am out of molasses and spices, all of which you forgot to get to-day. I don't know what I shall do."

"Get some mush and milk, Mirandy. Good enough fer me, an' what is good enough fer me must do fer my company."

The guests quickly declaring that nothing would suit them better, she began preparations for their supper on this plain fare, which presented such a contrast when compared to that just eaten by the town pauper. While his wife was doing this work Deacon Goodwill reverted to the subject which afforded him so much interest, and so the subject was resumed.

Supper finally eaten, and secure in the privacy of their room, Newbegin said:

"Now that ordeal is safely over, and the deacon is not half as bad at heart as his love for money would make him, we have only to concentrate our energies on this matter of a settlement with the town."

"As I have said before, I am agreed to anything you have to offer. To be perfectly frank, do you think there is a ghost of a chance of winning?"

"Leonard Scruple, I want you to cast all quivers aside. It is the almighty dollar we are after, and Deacon Goodwill as much as we poor tramps. But let that alone, from a point of fact our claim is just and valid. If it were not for that cunning Squire Newbegin we should walk to our throne dry-shod. He is the worst man to fight in the county, and just how we shall outwit him is at present beyond my comprehension. But he shall find me as good a Greek as he is a Roman, and if I don't win I will walk out of this town on my head. Remember these words, old man. Now for my plans. Monday morning I shall take an early start for Beetle Hill, to see that mouthy sheriff. Before night he will serve writs of entries on the town clerk and at least one of the select men. Which one shall it be? I have it! Captain Eb is chairman, and Captain Eb it shall be! The fright will fairly lift him out of his boots. He will hasten to call a town meeting; the town will vote to leave the selectmen to decide what is best to do. The squire, being one of the board, will not object. Possibly they will hold a meeting, allowing us to appear before them. In fact, it will be best for us to have them, so I shall work it to influence them to do so. In case they do, we must play our strongest card. Not exactly our trump, but one that shall send a shiver over the town. We will look after all that."

"Which, most fortunately, leaves nothing for me to do."

"That is where you are mistaken. I want you to mingle freely with the people, and keep me posted as to

what is going on and what you hear. Especially pump that old wisehead, the squire's second, Life Story. In this way we shall be at all times prepared for any move they may undertake. Now for a night's good sleep. I'll wager my crown we shall sleep better than the old deacon, who is still figuring just where the path to Gethsemane leads. I never laid down to sleep with as free a mind in my life."

The following Monday morning Freeland Newbegin, on foot, followed one of the back roads over the hills to Beetle Ridge, in order to find a sheriff who would serve the writ against the town. He found Mr. Jenness willing to begin his part in the work, and that very afternoon he drove down to Sunset to serve the papers on the town clerk, whose name was William Commons. This person, a small, nervous man, stood speechless while the officer read the somewhat lengthy document, putting forth the claim of the holder of the note. Seeing that his listener remained silent and at a loss to understand its meaning, the sheriff said:

"Let me read it again, when you will see it as plain as the wart on your nose. Looks as if the town would have to fork over about all it is worth, eh? 'Twon't take me long to read it, an' it'll sort of get me into practice for Cap'n Eb, as I have got one just like this for him."

As soon as Mr. Jenness had reached the last word for the second time, he pushed his hat down over his head and started toward the home of the chairman of the selectman, while Mr. Commons started post-haste to find Squire Newbegin. In this he was fortunate, as the squire was at his store. Life Story being the only one present, Mr. Commons broached the matter uppermost in his mind without taking the precaution to call the selectman one side. To his surprise the latter listened to his rather excited explanation without showing any alarm.

"What are you going to do about it, Squire"

"Do? Why let them look after the doing."

"But isn't their claim good?"

"If it is they must prove it."

So Mr. Commons sought others for consolation, and it is safe to say that within two hours the whole town was talking about this new move on the part of the new-comers, and that the only person who showed no excitement was the squire.

(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)

Broken

By MISS EDITH L. NILES

Broken the bark and lost the paddle!
No more the Red Man's fragile craft
Cleaves the bright waves of the mighty river,
Lit by the sun god's sparkling shaft.

Broken the bow and lost the arrow!
Done is the Red Man's stealthy chase,
When over plain and tangled woodland
Beast and savage held fleet race.

Broken the camp, and lost the worn trail
On the Red Man's old domain;
Gone his wildness, power, freedom,
Gone to ne'er return again.

Broken the heart and lost the spirit
Of the Red Man; cowed and tame
In stories-wild and mystic legend,
Proudly he vaunts his ancient fame.

The Editor's Window

Notes and Queries

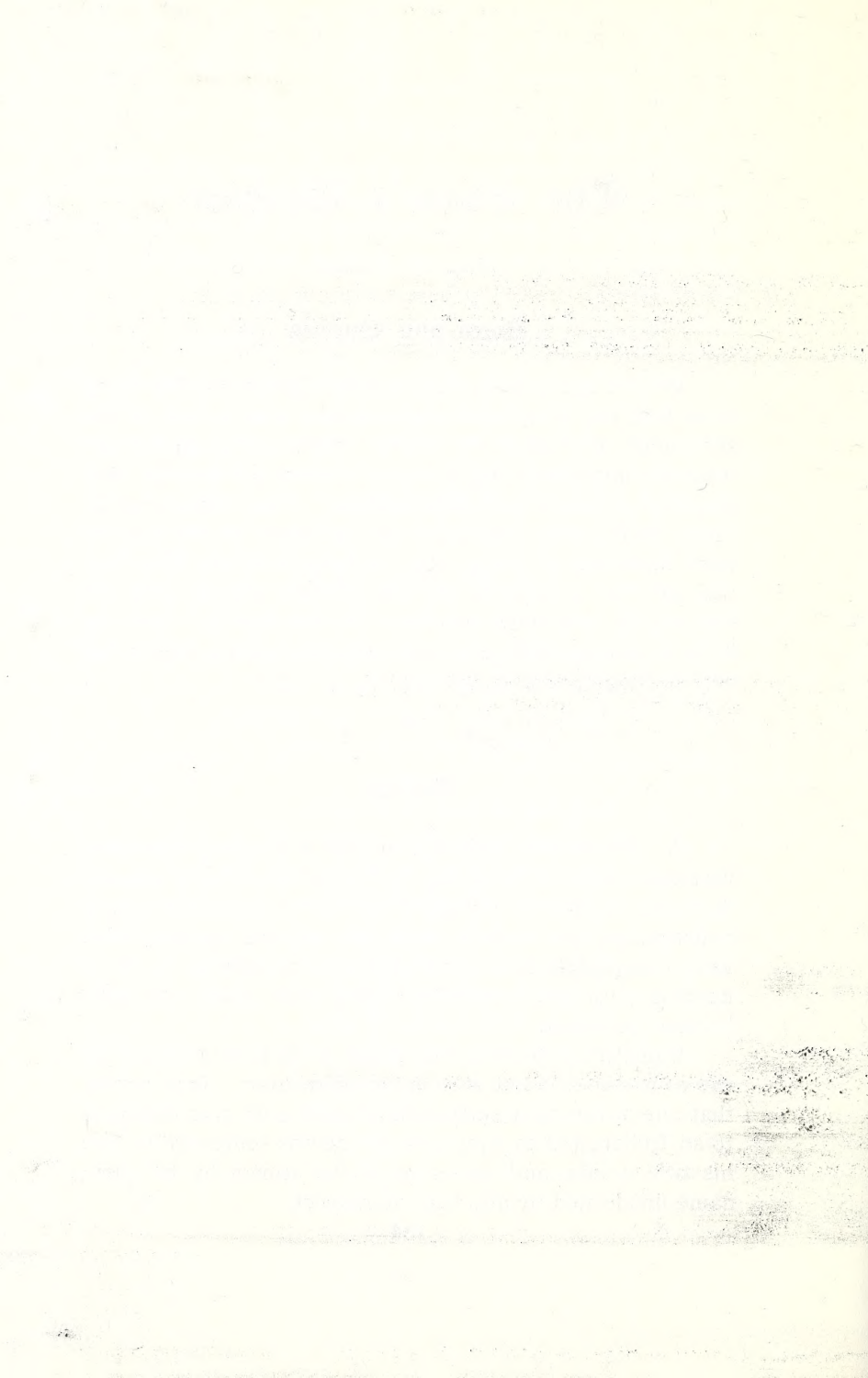
We are apt to think from the descriptions handed down to us that our forefathers were austere and devoid of the sentiment of humor or jollity. Still social gatherings were not infrequent and at house raisings and harvest time innocent pleasure held high carnival. The holidays as we know them, with Christmas as the heart of the season, were unknown to them, but the festival of the May Day was an event enjoyed by the younger people and not rejected by the older members of the family. And so, if in a manner different from our enjoyments, theirs was not an altogether unhappy life.

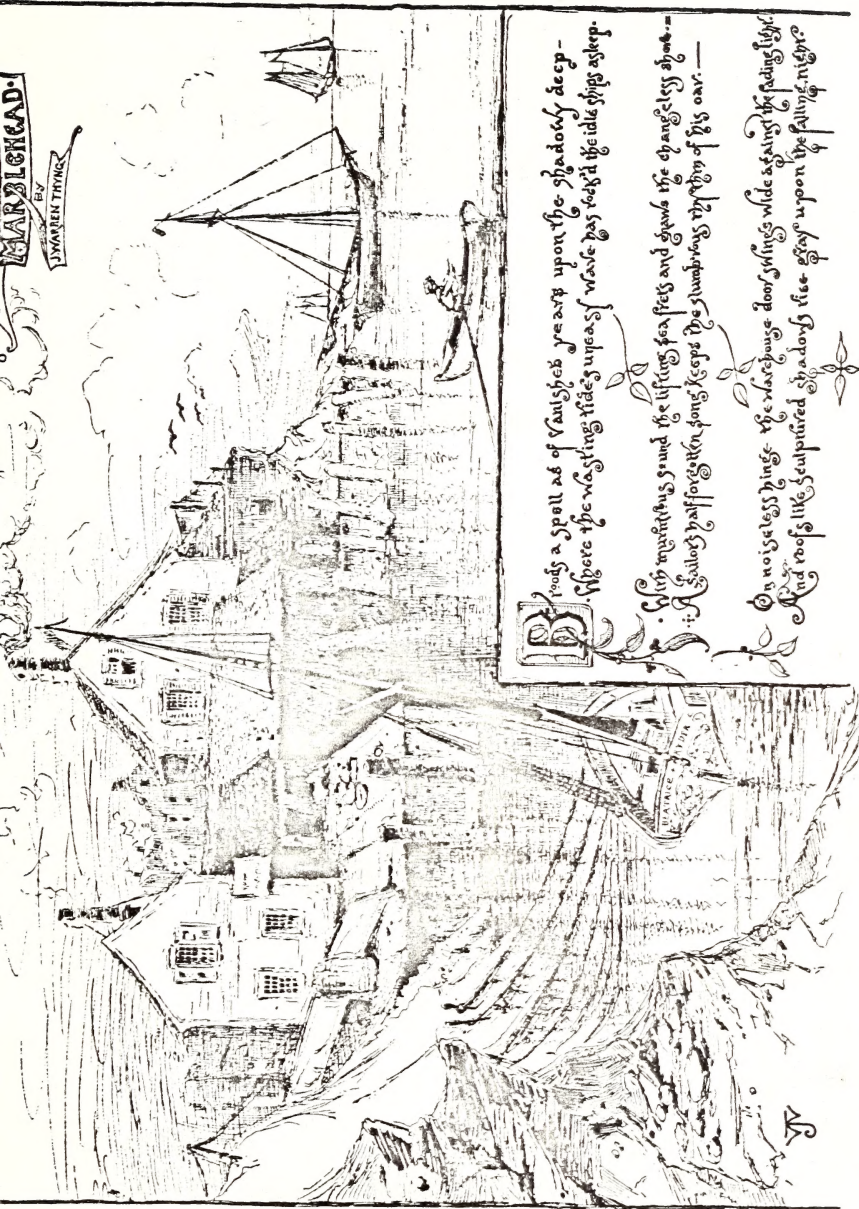
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Replies

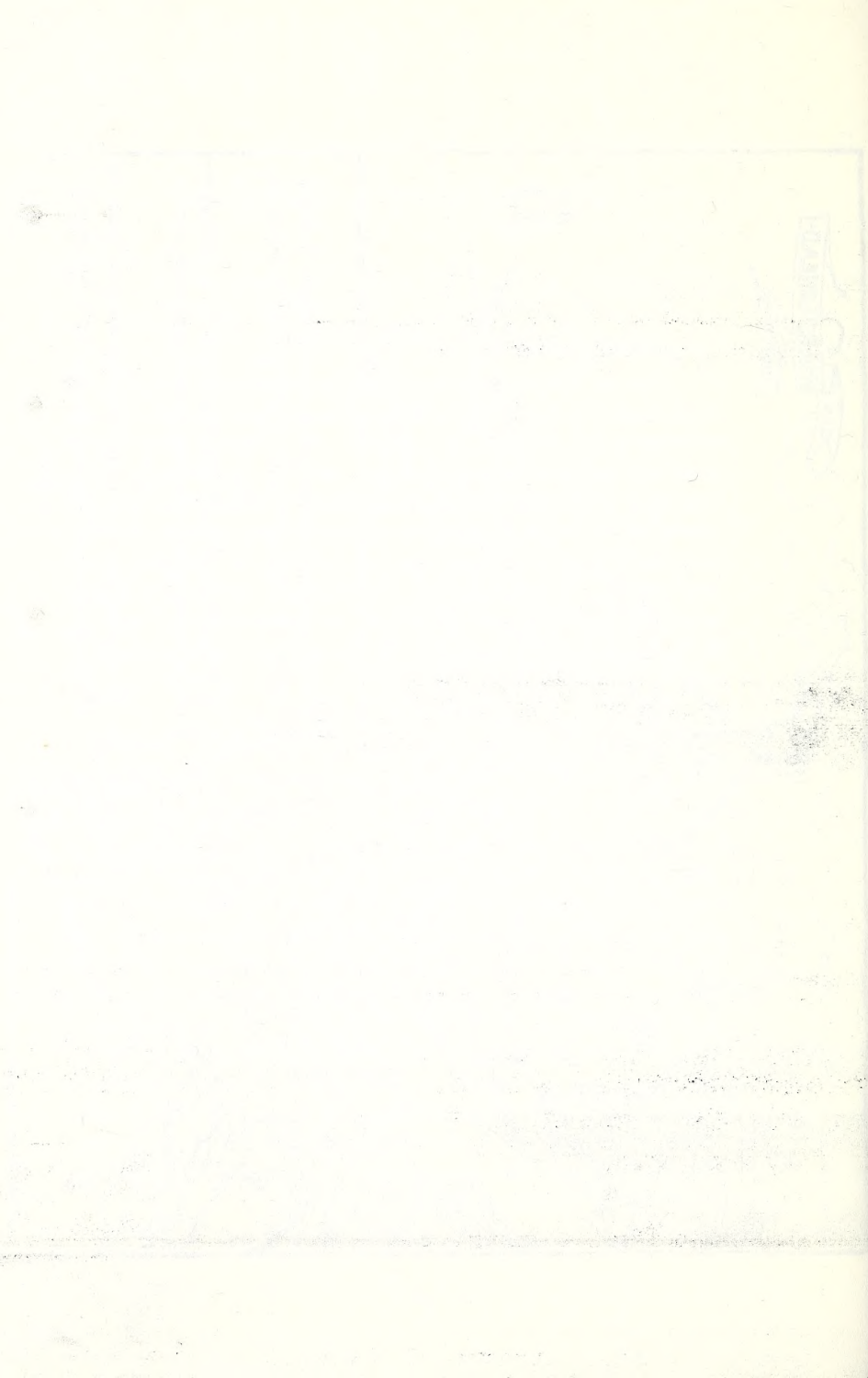
8. The title of *Mr.* was a term of courtesy bestowed first upon well-bred people. The term "gentleman" was seldom used, as was that of "lady." In the Seventeenth Century a distinction was made in social life, and the common folks were designated by a term that was considered to be in keeping with their position. Thus with them the *Mr.* became *Goodman*.

Sometimes the first was taken away from a person by the courts on account of some misdemeanor. It is related that one of the early settlers stole some corn that belonged to an Indian, and as a punishment he was sentenced to lose his title of *Mr.* and thereafter to be known by his plain name unadorned by any title of respect. C.





Broods a spell as of vanished years upon the shadowy deep—
 Where the wailing tides upheave wave has rock'd the idle ships asleep.
 With mirthful sound the lifting sea fleets and oars the changeless show—
 A sailor's half-forgotten song keeps the dumb-bow rhythm of his oar.—
 On noiseless pines the warehouse door swings wide against the fading light
 And roofs like sculptured shadows lie gray upon the falling night.



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Reminiscences of Whittier

PART II

By River, Lake and Sea

By J. WARREN THYNG

Illustrations by the AUTHOR and CLINTON H. CHENEY

IF THE Indian lighted his way into history by the flame of his firebrand, the same lurid torch cast his shadow darkly upon the legendary page; so that the story of Chocorua, whether told by Drake in stolid prose, or gracefully written by Mrs. Child, the picture is dark and gloomy. Of this tragedy, that for a time spread the blight of superstitious fear over the little settlement of pioneers at the foot of the mountain that now bears the old Sachem's name, Whittier has said little. That the subject was in many ways distasteful to him I am certain. The larger portion of his later work is, as the reader knows, brightly illuminated by a strong light of cheerfulness. His early poem, "Mogg Megone," in later life, when he had triumphed over the disappointments of earlier years, he gladly would have taken out of his books.

It matters little whether the revengeful rifle of Campbell, or the bullet of the white hunter closed the earthly pilgrimage of Chocorua on the top of the wild crag that now bears his name; the peak, like La Maladetta of the Pyrenees, became the mountain of the curse; the valley desolate; where spring was verdureless, and autumn's

harvest was but wind-drifted cinders on fire swept fields; where the sedge was withered by the lake and no bird sang.



Drawn for this Magazine by J. WARREN THYNG

CHOCORUA FROM THE SACO

The story was too dark and stormy for Whittier to contemplate. So the legend of Chocorua passed from a hand capable of giving it a place in permanent poetry.

In a previous chapter the mirth-loving element in Whittier's nature was spoken of; and now, as I reluctantly take leave of the Valley of the Bearcamp to visit other



scenes with the poet, memory recalls a morning when the little coterie of friends went to see the cardinal flowers and harebells that grew by Chocorua brook. Whittier came to where I was painting, and kindly invited me to accompany them. Half an hour had passed, and the work was still unfinished, when a rosy-cheeked girl came and said:

"Won't you please come over to Chocorua river now?"

"O yes, of course."

When we came near to where the people were, Whittier, who had purposely sent the little miss to bring me, said:

"I knew thee would come; beauty is stronger than my art."

The laugh on my account had hardly passed, when a young lady said there were to be tableaux in the parlor that evening, and one picture would represent Turks carrying off a Christian."

"Does thee want me to take the part?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"O you can't, you are a Quaker," replied the girl, who, realizing what she had said, quickly added, "O I mean we want a young man."

"Thee hasn't bettered it much," said the poet; and then the laugh was on somebody else.

At his suggestion I was preparing for publication a little portfolio of sketches of lake country scenery.

"What will thee call thy book?" he one day asked.

"Why, how will Lake Country Gems do?"

"Thee had better let others call them gems," he replied, with a smile I wish you could have seen.

It was those who knew him least of all, who have written of this dignified but mirth-loving man as a "staid" Quaker. It is true, he might have given a stranger the impression that he was bashful; even unsociable. I have seen him standing apart from others in the sitting room, by the fireplace, thoughtfully looking at

the thin clouds of smoke as they climbed up from the slowly burning logs; then, abruptly turning away, leave the room and walk on the piazza a few minutes, speaking to no one; then he would return to the fireplace, and again silently regard the smoke wreaths wandering in fantastic shapes above the flame. There had been years of bitterness and discontent in early manhood. Did those days return in memory?

While he was never boastful, he held his art upon too high a plane to measure its worth by money alone. Not



Drawn for this Magazine by J. WARREN THYNG

FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS AND PEMIGEWASSET RIVER

costliest magnum of Garda's yellow wine, mellowest vintage of old Spain, could have bought a line in its praise.

Which of his poems do I think the sweetest? "Benedicite."

One fall, when he stayed in the hill country later than usual, there was a husking at Knox's farm and a humorous poem, that he wrote about the supposed adventures of a party on the mountain, was read by Miss Larcom. The lines, largely personal, were more amusing to friends, who heard them read that evening, than they now would be to strangers should they see the verses in print.

Miss Larcom not only assisted Whittier in editorial work, but while at the Bearcamp wrote the sweet verses entitled "Life Everlasting," suggested by the white flower

that grows abundantly by the river bank.

Miss Larcom gave its present appropriate name to Mount Paugus.

When quite a young man, Whittier for a short time worked in a little shoe shop in Chester. He asked me if I had seen the "Devil's Den," a rocky cavern near the shore of Lake Massabesic, saying that he himself had been there. He wrote some verses, now long since out of print, about the cavern. One of the verses is given below:

"The fears of man to this place have lent
A terror which Nature never meant,
For who hath wandered, with curious eye,
This dim and shadowy cavern by,
And known, in the sun or star-light, aught
Which might not beseem so lonely a spot."

Some one has said he always smoked a new clay pipe. He never smoked at all; if he did I never knew it.

The painter Bradford Whittier held in high esteem, and to him dedicated the beautiful poem "Amy Wentworth." This eminent artist, a gentleman of the old school, and one of the most approachable of men, had a studio in 23d street, New York. I well remember not only his genial manner, but the almost luxurious appointments of his large, ideal studio; everything was tidy even to fastidiousness. An excellent reproduction of his painting, "Homeward Bound," is in possession of the Varney School at Manchester.

Peasants living in the mountains of North Wales will tell you that he who sleeps a night on Snowdon will wake up inspired. If dwellers in our mountains were given to like aphorisms the hills about Lake Asquam might claim two instances of the influence of environment. Here, on Shepard Hill, Whittier composed one of his most graphically beautiful poems of nature, "Storm on Lake Asquam," a picture wherein the pen is mightier than the pencil.

"Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness swept
Over the rough, pine-bearded Asquam range;

A wraith of tempest, wonderful and strange,
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped."

The view from these hills inspired Walter Peaslee's charming "Ode to Lake Asquam."

"Fair Asquam, nestling in thy vale,
Where all is peace and rest,
Whose islands on thy bosom sleep
As on a mother's breast!
I dream by thee till evening shades
Upon thy waves I see;
Then turn from thy beatitudes
To leave my peace with thee."



Drawn for this Magazine by CLINTON H. CHENEY

WHITTIER PINE

When Whittier went to Sturtevant's, near Center Harbor, he and his friends and relatives occupied nearly every room in the house, as they did at the Bearcamp. The gigantic pine on the Sturtevant farm, now called the "Whittier Pine," was his special admiration. I am certain that he regarded this as the noblest tree he knew; the outlook from beneath its shade is far-reaching, and when

stirred by the breeze, from the lake below, its somber tones dominate all other sounds.

"Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant!
How dwarfed the common woodland seemed,
Before the old-time giant!"

In the next verse, gentle reader, do you fancy you can see the reflection of a thought apart from the lonely pine? He had trodden the wine-press alone.

"Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness."

He spoke often of a view of the Belknap mountains, as seen about midway between Center Harbor and The Weirs. The shores of Lake Winnepesaukee are always picturesque, and this one especially pleased him. The mountain landscape made deep impressions upon his mind, and he never forgot a view he once had seen and admired. The Franconia range from the Pemigewasset is undoubtedly one of the most completely beautiful mountain scenes in New Hampshire. Of this picture he wrote:

"Once more, O mountains of the North unveil
Your brows and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden net-work in your belting woods."

While in the West I received a letter from the little girl who had been so much the poet's companion in the north country. A portion of the letter follows:

MY DEAR PAPA.—We were in Danvers last week, and went to Oak Knoll to see Mr. Whittier. Lucy Larcom was there. She talked of the nice summer days when we were at the Bearcamp in the White Mountains. Then Mr. Whittier said it was a shame the house burned, for he so much enjoyed going there. He said it was only a few days ago that he was thinking of you, and wondered why you had gone so far away from the mountains.

Once, when Miss Larcom was talking to me, I saw him standing a little back from a window be forewhich was a partly lifted curtain. The sun was shining in and fell on him; it made the best picture I ever saw of him. He is tall and straight, with black eyes and white beard. I thought, as I looked at him there, of a poem you taught me:

"One man at least I know
Who might wear the crest of Bayard."



WHITTIER'S LITTLE FRIEND
MABELLE

It was my good fortune, a few years ago, to meet at Rocks Village, on the Merri-mac, an aged lady—"the whitehaired villager"—the mother of Mrs. Rebecca Davis. In her girlhood she was a playmate of Mary Ingalls, the village maiden who married the expatriated count Francois Vibert. She remembered the graceful ways of the count and the sweet disposition of the girl. At the time of my visit the house where Mary Ingalls lived was still standing. Whittier has beautifully told the romantic story in "The Countess."

The "garden room" at the Amesbury home remains nearly as the poet left it. Here he wrote "The Pressed Gentian." It was his habit to stand by a window and watch the wandering clouds, the drift of the rain, or the falling snow. When want followed them as a shadow there was thoughtfulness in his heart for all of God's creatures; he did not turn away from present need, hoping in the hereafter to gather interest on affected tears for far-away ills, but when snow was deep and winds cruel threw crumbs to the junco, the song-sparrow and the robin redbreast.



Drawn for this Magazine by J. WARREN THYNG

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE AND MOUNT BELKNAP

In a drawer of a cabinet in this room are two miniatures painted on ivory. One is a portrait of Whittier at the age of twenty-two; the other is Evelina Bray at seventeen. It is an attractive face, with large, expressive brown



Drawn for this Magazine by CLINTON H. CHENEY

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS

eyes, rosy cheeks, and mouth indicating firmness as well as a mirthful disposition; in her brown hair is lightly twined a wreath of small flowers; perhaps the single wild roses that trail in hedges by seaside roads. This young girl was an acquaintance of academy days, and lived in Marblehead. On an early June morning Whittier walked over from

Salem to see her, but she could not ask him in. Both families were opposed to the attachment; hers because he was a Quaker, and his because she was not a Quaker. It was hopeless, but they walked together down to the old wharf, and to the ruined fort.

Morning fell rose-red upon the sea, upon sails that passed and were lost to sight, upon boats that rocked on the falling tide, and breaking through the ruined parapets of the old gray fort, lay in paths of alternate light and shade upon the earth. Then she, seeing that he was standing in gloom, stepped out of the light and stood by his side in the shadow. Was it prophetic of destiny?

Then beautiful Evelina Bray and John G. Whittier, separated by a faith that was unfaith, parted never to meet again.

* * * * *

"Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed."

When the sun rose the breeze brought in from the ebbing tide the heavy scents of the sea; the slow current of the air trailed a thin veil of mist among the black cones of the pointed firs, and all along my way from Salem to Marblehead the morning was awakening with sounds of a new summer day.

It was the same road that, two-thirds of a century before, Whittier walked to see Evelina Bray.

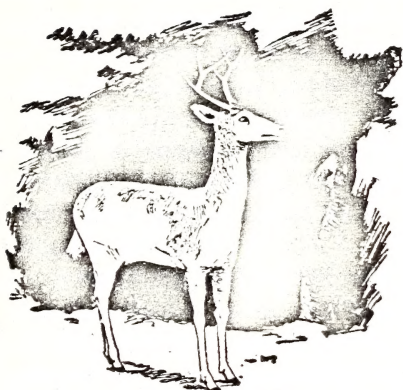
Labor

By FRANCIS S. OSGOOD

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
 From the rough sods blows the soft-breathing flower,
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower.
 Only man in the plan shrinks from his part.

The Snowy Albino

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE



SNOWY ALBINO

BEFORE the sleep of the wilderness was broken by the woodman's axe, and the sons of the forest listened to no deeper plaint than the sighing of the pine, a stranger came to the dwelling place of the Coös, whose wigwams stood on the banks of a small stream which fed the hungry Connecticut.

Though the warrior of a rival nation the Coös pitied the new-comer, the wild light in whose burning orbs told of the fever racking his bosom, the pinched and haggard countenance bespeaking great privation, the bleeding feet witnesses of many miles of weary journeying.

The stranger might be a hunted fugitive, or a spy sent among them, but they questioned him not. They cared for him as a brother. Robes were brought that he might rest his aching frame; and when he had recovered somewhat, choice portions of venison were placed before him and he was told to eat.

Obedying most gladly, so great was his hunger, he had barely tasted of the tempting food, when a deer with sides as spotless as autumn snow came down to the stream to slake its thirst in the limpid flood.

The Mohegan beheld the beautiful creature and ate no more. His benefactors saw the snowy albino and were

dumb. Thereupon the fugitive from the vales of the Housatonic told this tale unto the sons of Coös :

So many moons lost that our oldest story-teller cannot remember the time, there came to drink at the fountain of the Waunita, when the trees began to put on their gold and russet vestures, a deer with spotless sides, white limbs, and eyes of the softest pink.

No warrior fitted arrow against her, for it was believed that she came with good tidings, that her light footstep brought a plentiful harvest. "So long as the snowy albino comes to drink of the fountains of the Waunita unmolested," the legend ran, "so long shall famine not blight the red man's land, nor pestilence enter his lodge, nor foemen despoil his home."

So as regularly as the autumn frost tipped with crimson the cherry, the sacred albino came to taste of the water of the Waunita, protected by the loving watchfulness of the red sons of man, and peace and prosperity smiled upon the valley of the Housatonic.

Fortunate indeed was the maid in her love dreams who first gazed on the sacred deer as she returned each autumn. Alia, the fairest of the chieftain's daughters, had seen the beautiful creature twice, and was deemed the blest of favored ones. But she had two lovers, enough to try a maiden's heart.

One of the suitors who was sorely trying Alia's peace of mind was Teton the eagle-eyed, the other was Waudon the fleet-footed. Both were braves who had won proud renown in the chase, and were equally determined to win her hand.

At this time a strange footprint appeared in the pathway of the red man, and the autumn rains could not wash it out. But the simple forest son opened his arms to the new-comer and treated him to the best of his land.

And it came about that this stranger, whose very touch was blight, saw the snowy albino, and he coveted the sacred doe's fair coat, and he wanted it as a trophy to take back

to his people. But no warrior among the Mohegans would raise an arrow to slay the sacred deer, until the stranger with his heart under his feet met the disappointed lover, Waudon the fleet-footed.

To him the snowy albino had not brought good cheer on its last visit, for Alia had decided in favor of Teton the eagle-eyed. So he listened to the paleface's crooked words, and what was worse drank of his firewater, and his mind was like rotten wood and his heart was as stone.

In his fit of revenge and desperation, he sent the sharp-pointed arrow deep into the side of the white deer, that had grown tame in her years of unmolested security. If he was drunk with revenge and firewater when he made that shot, he was sober enough when he saw what he had done, and knew that the good fortune of the Mohegans was forever blasted.

Loud and deep were the lamentations of the red men when they knew that the white guardian of their prosperity was dead by one of their sons, and that the sun would look darkly henceforth on the lodges and lands of the Mohegans. They would have slain Waudon the fleet-footed, had they known him guilty of the infamous deed.

From the day of that evil deed drought pinched their harvests, white men pillaged their homes, and disease thinned their warrior ranks.

Teton the eagle-eyed fell in the first battle with the pale-faces, while Waudon the fleet-footed escaped. But Alia's heart was in her lover's grave, and she smiled not on him. He drank deeper and deeper of firewater, until one day he told like a babbling old woman, the secret that cursed his life.

No sooner had he spoken than he was an outcast and a hunted fugitive. Stealing like a thief through the forest where he had so often followed the chase, the foremost of the brave, he eluded his pursuers; but for Waudon the fleet-footed there was no more rest. He wandered far from the lodge of his father, and in this strange land—

Here the voice of the narrator became silent, and his gaze grew glassy as it was fixed on the snowy albino, that, having slaked its thirst in the stream, still tarried by its bank as if unwilling to leave the place.

Though the stranger had not declared his identity, his listeners knew he was Waudon the outlaw. And thither the spirit of the snowy Albino had followed him. Were they angry with the renegade Mohegan, that wrath vanished as they saw that he was dead.

The sacred deer of the Housatonic still tarried with them unharmed by the hand of a Coös, who saw in the glance of its mournful eye and heard in the tread of its light feet the speedy coming of that race, vague revelations of which had reached them in their mountain solitude.

Roaring Brook

By J. R. PADDOCK

Born mid living springs and fountains,
'Neath the fir trees on the mountains,
Bubbling, gushing, laughing, splashing,
'Round the rocks and tree trunks dashing,
Over precipices leaping,
Foam and mist its path close keeping,
Careless of what is to be,
Reckless in its liberty.

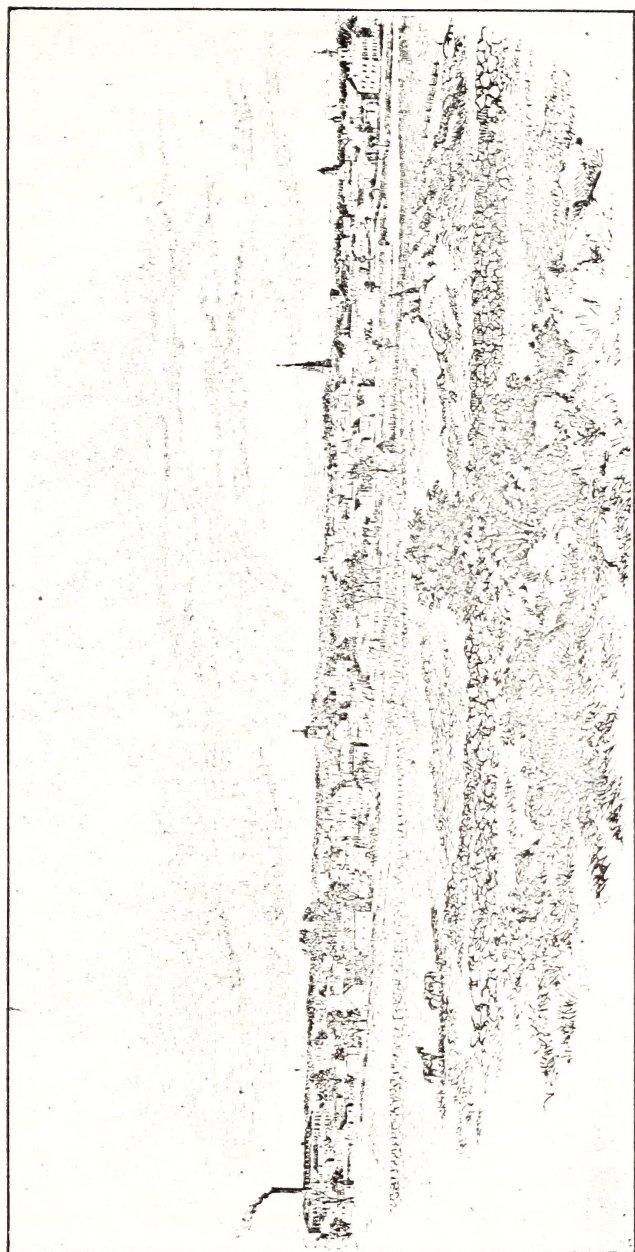
Listen! how its voices call
To the pine trees, slim and tall.
Hear its roaring waterfall!
In the damp and dark ravine,
Fringed above with evergreen!
Here a forest oak upturn
By the winds, in winter's storms,
Checks its wayward course and forms
Barriers over which it rides
In long, wild, tumultuous tides.

Now in whirling pools, swift gliding,
Where the wary trout lies hiding,
Now where fragrant tangled ferns
Pendant hang from rocky urns,
Then 'twixt velvet banks of moss,
Glistening, shelving rocks across,
Where the wild arbutus grows,
Peeping first from winter's snows.

Soon it leaves its rocky bed,
Flows through meadows carpeted
Emerald green, with flowers of gold,
Buttercups and marigold.
Here the willow branches sink
To its water's very brink,
And the cattle come to drink,
Stand and cool their parched feet,
In the days of summer heat.

Turns the old mill's ponderous wheel,
Turns the golden corn to meal,
Turns its power to human weal,
Turns the clouds its waters feel,
In the long and silent night,
Into diamonds, flashing bright.
Tamed in spirit, once so free,
Chastened by its industry.

By the homesteads, by the barns,
By the orchards, thro' the farms,
Winding to the river deep;
On its bosom falls asleep.
Mountain brook! I dimly see
Pictures of my life, in thee;
Childhood's happy endless play,
Youth's fast fleeting holiday;
Manhood's toil and stern endeavor;
Days where memory lives forever.
May thy river swiftly run;
Find the ocean, seek the sun;
On his stairs of mist ascend;
Winged clouds thy flight attend.



PORTSMOUTH, 1855

An Old Town by the Sea

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The following article is reproduced here from an old number of *Harper's Magazine*, with four of its numerous cuts, with the belief that its interest is sufficient to guarantee such republication. The author, whose recent death occurred, was born at Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1836, and died at Boston, Mass., March 19, 1907. He was perhaps the most famous of the writers of prose and verse whose works have honored the Granite State as well as afforded a large circle of readers pleasure and profit. He has been termed the "American Herrick," owing to the finish and felicity of his verse. His most successful book was the "Story of a Bad Boy," which seems to have been the original of the great number of books along that line. His most successful novel was "Marjory Daw." He was at different times editor of the New York *Evening Mirror*, *Home Journal*, *Every Saturday*, published in Boston and, from 1881 to 1890, of the *Atlantic Monthly*.—Editor.

I

CALL it an old town, but it is only comparatively old. When one reflects on the countless centuries that have gone to the formation of this crust of earth on which we live, the most ancient of cities on its surface seem merely things of the week before last. It was only the other day, then—that is to say, in the month of June, 1603—that one Martin Pring, in the ship *Speedwell*, an enormous ship of nearly fifty tons burden, from Bristol, England, sailed up the Pascataqua River. The *Speedwell*, numbering thirty men, officers and crew, had for consort the *Discoverer*, of twenty-six tons and thirteen men. After following the windings of "the brave river" for twelve miles or more, the two vessels turned back and put to sea again, having failed in the chief object of the expedition, which was to obtain the medicinal Sassafras-tree, from the bark of which, as was well known to our ancestors, could be distilled the Elixir of Life.

It was at some point on the left bank of the Pascataqua, three or four miles from the mouth of the river, that worthy Master Pring probably effected one of his several landings. The beautiful stream widens suddenly at this place, and the then green banks, covered with a net-work of strawberry-vines, and sloping invitingly to the lip of the water, must have won the tired mariners. The explorers found themselves on the edge of a vast forest of oak, hemlock, maple and pine; but they saw no sassafras-trees to speak of, nor did they encounter—what would have been infinitely less to their taste—any red men. Here and there were discoverable the scattered ashes of fires where the Indians had encamped earlier in the spring; they were absent now, at the falls, higher up the streams, where fish abounded at that season. The balmy June breeze, laden with the delicate breath of wild flowers and the pungent odors of spruce and pine, ruffled the blue sky reflected in the water; the new leaves lisped pleasantly in the tree-tops, and the birds were singing “in full-throated ease.” No ruder sound or movement of life disturbed the solitude. Master Pring would scarcely recognize the spot if he were to land there to-day.

Nine years afterward a much cleverer man than the commander of the *Speedwell* dropped anchor in the Pascataqua—Captain John Smith of famous memory. After slaying Turks in hand-to-hand combats, and doing all sorts of doughty deeds in various parts of the globe, he had come with two vessels, to the fisheries on the coast of Maine, when curiosity, or perhaps a deeper motive, led him to examine the neighboring shore lines. With eight of his men in a small boat, a ship's yawl, he skirted the coast from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod, keeping his eye open. This keeping his eye open was a peculiarity of the little captain's. It was Smith who really discovered the Isles of Shoals, exploring in person those masses of bleached rock—those “*isles asses hautes*,” of which the French navigator Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monts, had caught a vague glimpse

through the twilight in 1605. Captain Smith christened the group "Smith Isles," a title which posterity, with singular persistence of ingratitude, has ignored. It was a tardy sense of justice that expressed itself a few years ago in erecting on Star Island a simple marble shaft to the memory of John Smith, the greatest, though by no means the only one, of the name.

It was doubtless owing to Captain John Smith's representations, on his return to England, that the Laconia Company selected the banks of the Pascataqua for their plantation. Smith was an intimate friend of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, who, five years subsequently, made a tour of inspection along the New England coast, in company with John Mason, then Governor of Newfoundland. One of the results of this summer cruise is the town of Portsmouth, among whose leafy streets, and into some of whose old-fashioned houses, I propose to take the reader, if he has an idle hour on his hands.

II

It is not supposable that the early settlers selected the site of their plantation on account of its picturesqueness. They were influenced entirely by the lay of the land, its nearness and easy access to the sea, and the secure harbor it offered to their fishing vessels; yet they could not have chosen a more beautiful spot if beauty had been the sole consideration. The first settlement was made at Odiorne's Point—the Pilgrim's Rock of New Hampshire; there the Manor, or Mason's Hall, was built by the Laconia Company in 1623. It was not until 1631 that the "Great House" was erected by Humphrey Chadborn on Strawberry Bank. Mr. Chadborn, consciously or unconsciously, sowed a seed from which a city has sprung.

The town of Portsmouth stretches along the south bank of the Pascataqua, about two miles from the sea, as the crow flies—three miles following the serpentine course of the river. The stream, as has been stated, broadens

suddenly at this point and, at flood tide, lying without a ripple in a basin formed by the interlocked islands and the main-land, it looks more like an inland lake than a river.



PEPPERELL HOUSE

To the unaccustomed eye there is no outlet visible. Standing on one of the wharves at the foot of State or Court Street, a stranger would scarcely suspect the contiguity of the ocean. A little observation, however, would show him that he was in a sea-port. The rich red rust on the gables and roofs of ancient buildings looking seaward would tell him that. There is a fitful saline flavor in the air, and if a dense white fog should come rolling in—like a line of phantom breakers—as he gazed he would no longer have any doubts.

It is, of course, the oldest part of the town that skirts the river, though few of the notable houses that remain are to be found there. Like all New England settlements, Portsmouth was built of wood, and has been several times subjected to extensive conflagrations. You very seldom encounter a brick building that is not shockingly modern.



Though many of the old landmarks have been swept away by the fateful hand of time and fire, the town impresses you as a very old town, especially as you saunter along the streets down by the river. The worm-eaten wharves, some of them covered by a sparse, unhealthy beard of grass, and the weather-beaten, unoccupied warehouses, go far to satisfy your sense of antiquity. Those deserted piers, and those long rows of empty barracks, with their sarcastic cranes projecting idly from the eaves, rather puzzle the stranger. Why this great preparation for a commercial activity that does not exist, and evidently has not existed for years? There are no ships lying at the pier heads; there are no gangs of men staggering under heavy cases of merchandise; here and there is a barge laden down to the bulwarks with coal, and here and there a square-rigged schooner from Maine smothered with planks and clapboards; an imported citizen is fishing at the end of a



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wharf, a ruminative, freckled son of Cork, and own brother to the lazy sunshine that seems to be sole proprietor of these crumbling piers and ridiculous store-houses, from which even the ghost of commerce has fled.



Once upon a time, however, Portsmouth carried on an extensive trade with the West Indies, threatening as a maritime port to eclipse both Boston and New York. At the windows of those old counting-rooms which overlook the river near Spring Market used to stand portly merchants, in knee-breeches and silver shoe-buckles and plumb colored coats with ruffles at the wrist, waiting for their ships to come in; the cries of stevedores and the chants of sailors at the windlass used to echo along the shore where all is silence now. For reasons not worth setting forth, the trade with the Indies suddenly ceased, having ruined as well as enriched many a Portsmouth merchant. This explains the empty warehouses and the unused wharves. I fancy that few fortunes are either made or lost in Portsmouth nowadays. Formerly it turned out the best ships, as it still does the ablest ship captains, in the world; but the building of ships has declined there. Portsmouth has one or two large cotton factories, and several thriving breweries; it is a wealthy old town, with a liking for first mortgages; but its warmest lover will not claim for Portsmouth the distinction of being a great mercantile center. The majority of her young men are forced to seek other fields of enterprise, and almost every city in the Union, and many a city across the sea, can point to some prominent merchant, or lawyer, or what not, as "a Portsmouth boy." Portsmouth even furnished a late King of the Sandwich Islands, Kekuanaoa, with his Prime Minister. He may not, to be sure, according to Mark Twain, have been a Richelieu; but then the nankeen monarch himself was not of a first-class line of goods.

To come back to the wharves. I do not know of any spot with such a fascinating air of dreams and idleness about it as the old wharf at the end of Court Street. The very fact that it was once a noisy, busy place, crowded with sailors and soldeirs—in the War of 1812—gives an enchanting emphasis to the quiet that broods over it to-day. The lounge who sits of a summer afternoon on a rusty anchor

fluke in the shadow of one of the silent warehouses, and looks on the lonely river as it goes murmuring past the town can not be too grateful to the India trade for having taken itself off elsewhere.

What a slumberous, delightful, lazy place it is! The sunshine seems to lie a foot deep on the planks of the dusty wharf, which yields up to the warmth a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses and spice that used to be piled upon it. The river is as blue as the inside of a harebell. The opposite shore, in the strangely shifting magic lights of sky and water, stretches along like the silvery coast of fairy-land. Directly opposite you is the Navy Yard, with its neat officers' quarters and workshops and arsenals, and its vast ship-houses, in which the keel of many a famous frigate has been laid. Those monster buildings on the water's edge, with their roofs pierced with innumerable little windows, which blink like eyes in the sunlight, are the ship-houses. On your right lies a cluster of small islands—there are a dozen or more in the harbor—on the most prominent of which you see the fading-away remains of some earth-works thrown up in 1812. Between this—Trefethen's Island—and Peirce's Island lie the Narrows. Perhaps a bark or a sloop of war is making up to town; the hulk is hidden among the islands, and the topmasts have the effect of sweeping across the dry land. On your left is a long bridge, more than a quarter of a mile in length, set upon piles where the water is twenty or thirty feet deep, leading to the Navy Yard and Kittery—the Kittery so often mentioned in Whittier's verse.

This is a mere outline of the landscape that spreads before you. Its protean beauty of form and color, with the summer clouds floating over it, is not to be painted in words. I know of many a place where the scenery is more varied and striking; but there is a mandragora quality in the atmosphere here that holds you to the spot, and makes the half hours seem like minutes. Except for family ties—which include breakfast, dinner and tea—I

could fancy a man sitting on the end of that old wharf very contentedly for two or three years, provided it could be always June.



MARKET STREET

a hoop-skirt protruding from the tide mud like the remains of some old-time wreck, is apt to break the enchantment.

I fear I have given the reader an exaggerated idea of the solitude that reigns along the river-side. Sometimes there is society

here of an unconventional kind, if you care to seek it. Aside from the foreign gentleman before mentioned, you

Perhaps, too, one would desire it to be always high water. The tide falls from eight to twelve feet, and when the water makes out between the wharves some of the picturesqueness makes out also. A corroded section of stove-pipe mailed in barnacles, or the pathetic skeleton of



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

are likely to encounter, farther down the shore toward the Point of Graves (a burial-place of the colonial period), a battered and aged native fisherman boiling lobsters on a little gravelly beach, where the river whispers and lisps among the pebbles as the tide creeps in. It is a weather-beaten ex-skipper or ex-pilot, with strands of coarse hair, like sea-weed falling about a face that has the expression of a half-open clam. He is always ready to talk with you, this amphibious person; and if he is not the most entertaining of gossips—as weather-wise as Old Probabilities, and as full of incident as one of the best of Captain Marryat's naval novels—then he is not the ancient mariner I used to see a few months ago on the a strip of beach just beyond Liberty Bridge, building his drift-wood fire under a great tin boiler, and making it rather lively for a lot of reluctant lobsters.

I imagine that very little change has taken place in this immediate locality, known prosaically as "Puddle Dock," during the past fifty or sixty years. The view, looking across Liberty Bridge, Water Street, is probably the same in every respect that presented itself to the eyes of the rambler a century ago. The flag-staff on the right is the representative of the old "standard of liberty" which the Sons planted on this spot in January, 1766, signaling their opposition to the enforcement of the Stamp Act. On the same occasion the patriots called at the house of Mr. George Meserve, the agent for distributing the stamps in New Hampshire, and relieved him of his stamp-master's commission, which document they carried on the point of a sword through the town to Liberty Bridge (then Swing Bridge), where they erected the staff, with the motto, "Liberty, Property, and no Stamp!"

Turning down a lane on your left, a few rods beyond the bridge, you reach a spot known as the Point of Graves, chiefly interesting as showing what a grave-yard may come to if it last long enough. In 1671 one Captain John Pickering ceded to the town a piece of ground on this neck

for burial purposes. It is an odd-shaped lot, comprising about half a acre, inclosed by a crumbling red brick wall two or three feet high, with wood capping. The place is overgrown with thistles, rank grass and fungi; the black slate headstones have mostly fallen over; those that still make a pretense of standing slant to every point of the compass, and look as if they were being blown this way and that by a mysterious gale which leaves everything else untouched; the mounds have sunk to the common level, and the old under-ground tombs have collapsed. Here and there among the moss and weeds you can pick out some name that shines in the history of the early settlement; hundreds of the flower of the colony lie here, but the known and the unknown, gentle and simple, mingle their dust on a perfect equality now. The marble that once bore a haughty coat of arms is as smooth as the humblest slate stone guiltless of heraldry. The lion and the unicorn, wherever they appear on some cracked slab, are very much tamed by time. The once fat-faced cherubs, with wing at either cheek, are the merest skeletons now. Pride, pomp, grief and remembrance are all at an end. No reverent feet come here, no tears fall here; the old graveyard itself is dead! A more dismal, uncanny spot than this at twilight would be hard to find. It is noticed that when the boys pass it after night-fall, they always go by whistling with a gayety that is perfectly hollow.

Let us get into some cheerfuler neighborhood.

III

As you leave the river behind you, and pass "up town," the streets grow wider, and the architecture more imposing—streets fringed with beautiful old trees and lined with commodious private dwellings, mostly square white houses, with spacious halls running through the center. Many of the residences stand back from the brick or flag-stone sidewalk, and have pretty gardens at the side or in the rear. If you chance to live in the city where the City Fathers

cannot rest in their beds until they have hacked down every precious tree within their blighting reach, you will be especially charmed by the beauty of the streets of Portsmouth. In some parts of the town, when the chestnuts are in blossom, you would fancy yourself in the midst of a garden in fairyland. In spring, summer, and autumn the foliage is the glory of the fair town—her luxuriant green and golden tresses! Nothing could seem more like the work of enchantment than the spectacle which certain streets in Portsmouth present in midwinter after a heavy snow-storm. You may walk for miles under wonderful silvery arches formed by the overhanging and interlaced boughs of the trees, festooned with a drapery even more graceful and dazzling than spring-time gives them. The numerous elms and maples which shade the principal thoroughfares are not the result of chance, but the ample reward of the loving care that is taken to preserve the trees. There is a society in Portsmouth devoted to this work. It is not unusual there for people to leave legacies to be expended in setting out shade and ornamental trees along some favorite walk. Richards Avenue, a long, unbuilt street leading from Middle Street to the South Burying-ground, perpetuates the name of a public-spirited citizen who gave the labor of his own hands to the beautifying of that wind-swept and barren road to the cemetery.

In the business section of the town trees are necessarily few. The chief business streets are Congress and Market. Market Street is the stronghold of the dry-goods shops. There are seasons, I suppose, when these shops are crowded, but I have never happened to be in Portsmouth at the time. I never pass through the narrow cobble-paved street without wondering where the customers are that must keep all these flourishing little establishments going. Congress Street—a more elegant thoroughfare than Market—is the Tremont Street, the Broadway, the Boulevard des Italiens, of Portsmouth. Among the noticeable buildings is the Athenæum, containing a reading-room and library.

From the high roof of this building the stroller will do well to take a glimpse of the surrounding country. He will naturally turn sea-ward for the more picturesque aspects. If the day is clear, he will see the famous Isles of Shoals, lying nine miles away—Appledore, Smutty-Nose, Star Island, White Island, etc.; there are nine of them in all. On Appledore is Lighton's Hotel, and near it the summer cottage of Celia Thaxter, the poet laureate of the Isles. On the northern end of Star Island is the quaint little town of Gosport, with a tiny stone church perched like a sea-gull on its highest rock. A mile southwest from Star Island lies White Island, on which is a lighthouse. Mrs. Thaxter called this the most picturesque of the group. Perilous neighbors, O mariner! in any but the serenest weather these wrinkled, scarred, and storm-smitten old rocks, flanked by wicked, sunken ledges that grow white at the lip with rage when the great winds blow!

How peaceful it all looks off there, on the smooth emerald sea! and how softly the waves seem to break on yonder point where the unfinished fort is! That is the ancient town of Newcastle, to reach which from Portsmouth you have to cross three bridges, with the loveliest scenery in New Hampshire lying on either hand. Opposite Newcastle is Kittery Point, a romantic spot, where Sir William Pepperell (the first and only American baronet) once lived, and where his tomb now is, in his orchard, across the road, a few hundred yards from the "goodly mansion" he built. The knight's tomb, and the old Pepperell House, which has been somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions, are the objects of frequent pilgrimages to Kittery Point, where there is, I believe, an excellent summer boarding-house.

(To be continued.)

The Swords of Grant and Lee

By THOMAS C. HARBAUGH

Methinks to-night I catch a gleam of steel among the pines,
And yonder by the lilled stream repose the foemen's lines,
The ghostly guards who pace the ground, a moment stop to see
If all is safe and still, around the tents of Grant and Lee.

'Tis but a dream: no armies camp where once their bay'nets shone,
And Hesper's calm and lovely lamp shines on the dead alone;
A cricket chirps on yonder rise beneath the cedar tree
Where glinted 'neath the summer skies the swords of Grant and Lee.

Forever sheathed those famous blades that led the eager van,
They shine no more among the glades that fringe the Rapidan.
To-day their batttle work is done. Go draw them forth and see
The gentle sunlight fall upon the swords of Grant and Lee.

The gallant men who saw them flash in comradeship to-day,
Recall the wild, impetuous dash of valorous Blue and Gray,
And 'neath the flag that proudly waves above a Nation free
They oft recall the missing braves who fought with Grant and Lee.

They sleep among the tender grass, they slumber neath the pines,
They're camping in the mountain pass where crouched the serried lines;
They rest where loud the tempests blow, destructive in their glee—
The men who followed long ago the swords of Grant and Lee.

Their graves are lying side by side where once they met as foes,
And where they, in the wildwood died, springs up a blood-red rose;
O'er them the bee on golden wing doth flit, and in yon tree,
A gentle robin seems to sing to them of Grant and Lee.

To-day no strifes of sections rise, to-day no shadows fall
Upon our land and 'neath the skies, one flag waves over all;
The Blue and Gray as comrades stand, as comrades bend the knee
And ask God's blessings on the land, that gave us Grant and Lee.

So long as Southward, wide and clear, Potomac's river runs,
Their deeds will live, because they were Columbia's hero sons;
So long as bend the Northern pines and blooms the orange tree
The swords will shine that led the lines of valiant Grant and Lee.

Methinks I hear a bugle blow, methinks I hear a drum,
And there, with martial step and slow, two ghostly armies come.
They are the men who met as foes, for 'tis the dead I see,
And side by side in peace repose the swords of Grant and Lee.

Above them let Old Glory wave and let each deathless star
Forever shine upon the brave who led the ranks of war;
Their fame resounds from coast to coast, from mountain top to sea,
No other land than ours can boast the swords of Grant and Lee.

A Few Things We Owe to the Chinese

By MARY L. D. FERRIS

IT WAS the Chief Suyjin who discovered fire by the accidental friction of two pieces of wood. He also invented a method of registering time and events by making certain knots on thongs, or cords, twisted out of the bark of trees. Chin-wong, the Fourth Emperor, invented the plow, and for thousands of years custom required each monarch, among the ceremonies of his coronation, to guide a plow across a field, thus paying due honor to agriculture as the art essential to civilization.

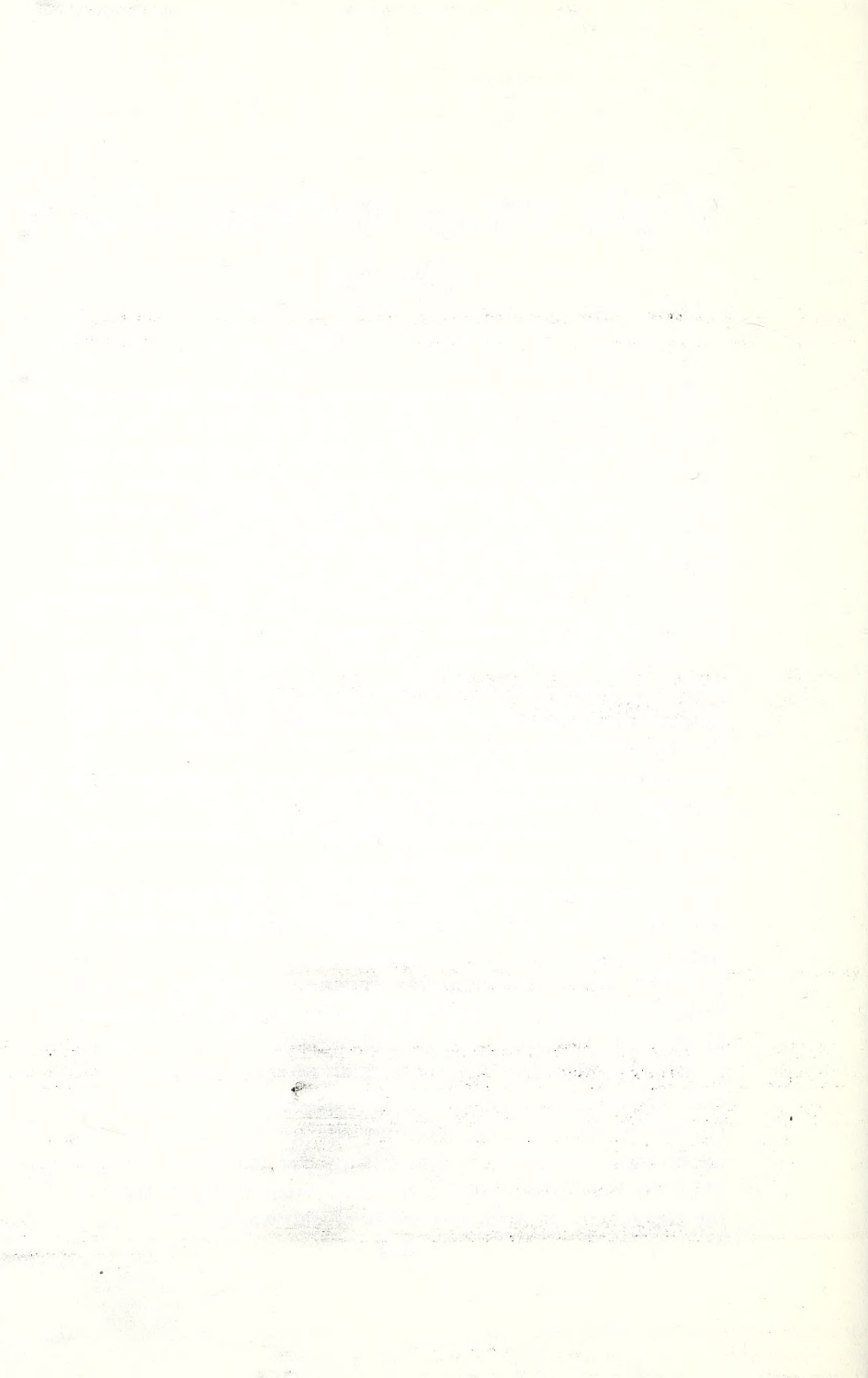
To the wife of Hwang-te, the Usurper, is given the honor of having observed the silk produced by worms, of having unraveled their cocoons, and of having worked the fine filament into a net of cloth.

Wang-ti, the Third Emperor, it is said, invented the compass, 1040 B. C., at the age of fifteen.

It was Confucius who collected the records (bundles of wood) and formed them into a history.

The Marquis Tsae invented the manufacture of paper from the inner bark of trees, ends of hemp, old rags and fishing nets.

The art of printing was invented in China, though little use was at first made of the invention. A Chinese blacksmith, Pe-Ching, introduced movable type. In 1323 it is recorded that the Emperor received revenues from salt, that paper money containing the government stamp was current in the country, and that the general drink of the people was prepared by immersing the leaves of a small plant in hot water, which was used medicinally as well as for correcting the bad properties of the water.



The Merrimack as a Maritime Way

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

The following facts are taken mainly from reports made by Reuben Butterfield Sherburne, of Lexington, Mass., for a long period clerk of the Boston and Concord Boating Company, and later with the Boston & Lowell Railroad, retiring in his eightieth year.—*Compiler.*

THE idea of connecting Boston, then as now the metropolis of New England with Lowell, by canal and thus getting in touch with the business of the interior of the country, seems to have originated with Hon. James Sullivan, and the Middlesex Canal was incorporated in 1793 and completed in 1803. Starting from Boston Harbor it passed through Charlestown, Medford, Woburn, Wilmington, Billerica and Chelmsford to the Merrimack River, following for considerable of the way what Professor Shaler and others have shown to have been the original course of the river. This was a distance of twenty-seven miles. Its summit level was at Billerica, one hundred and four feet above tide water, and thirty-two feet above the bed of the Merrimack at Chelmsford. Its breadth at the surface was thirty feet, at the bottom twenty feet, and its depth three feet. It had twenty locks, with a rise and fall of one hundred and thirty-six feet.

The Hon. Samuel Blodget had anticipated the prospect of opening the river farther north, and in 1807, a year before the completion of the Middlesex Canal, he had built his locks at Amoskeag, Hooksett and Bow, and thus made navigation for boats open for fifty-two miles, giving in all a distance of seventy-nine miles.

Mr. Blodget died in September and, though navigation began at once upon the Middlesex portion of the route,

under the supervision of Mr. John L. Sullivan, the only business done above Lowell was through individuals, and no regular organization was effected until the year 1811. Upon January 17, 1812, the Merrimack Boating Company was organized at the office of the Middlesex Canal Company, in its office on Cornhill Square, and John L. Sullivan was chosen agent.

Still there were vexatious delays and the company's first boat did not reach Concord until the autumn of 1814, and it was not until June, 1815, that boats began to run regularly. There is no record to show the amount of traffic during this year.

June 15, 1816, the following notice was circulated:

BOATING TO CONCORD, N. H.,

By the Merrimack Company's boats is now begun. Two convenient stores are erected in Concord, N. H., one on the west side of the river, near the bridge, the other on the east side, near the upper bridge. A capable, trusty man is employed at each place to take charge of the goods and deliver them to the order of owners, and to receive Produce, Merchandise and Lumber to be set down, preference to be given to Merchandise. The loading will be delivered in Boston at the landing on the Almshouse wharf, Leverett street, to the order of the owners, settlement being made for the Freight; and Loading to go up is received there every day in the week. The goods first entered and settled for will of course go first. The boats will for the present load every Tuesday and Friday, as heretofore, and when there shall be business enough every day.

The Company has never made any charge for storage; the whole expense is \$13.50 per ton, to the upper landing at the upper bridge in Concord, and 8½ dollars down, 13 dollars per ton to the Lower bridge in Concord and 8 dollars down, 12 per ton to Pembroke, 7½ dollars down, 7 dollars per ton to Merrimack 6 dollars down.

As everything will be done to make this mode of conveyance regular and convenient to gentlemen in the country, we feel confident of giving them satisfaction. When desired, the keeper of the Landing in Boston will procure their goods to be trucked there. Information respecting the boats will also be given at No. 7 India Wharf.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,

Agent for the Company.

June 15, 1815.

"In 1816 Rust's wharf, first above Charles River bridge, Boston, was hired for 21 years for a landing. A number of warehouses were erected for the purpose of receiving and delivering freight. Rates were then made to a number of landings on the line, but most of them were discontinued as private boats came into use, as the company's boats ran through to Concord every trip. The main object of the proprietors was to get the business on to the canals.

"The following were the names of agents, landings and rates of freight in 1816:

THE MERRIMACK COMPANY'S RATES OF FREIGHT

NAMES OF AGENTS	LANDING PLACES	PER TON	
		UP	DOWN
Stephen Ambrose.....	Concord (upper).....	\$12 50	\$8 50
Samuel Butters.....	Concord (lower).....	12 00	8 00
Caleb Stark.....	Pembroke	11 50	7 50
Richard H. Ayer.....	Dunbarton.....	10 50	7 00
Samuel P. Kidder.....	Manchester	9 25	6 50
N. Parker.....	Merrimack (upper).....	6 00	4 50
Adams & Roby.....	Thornton's.....	4 50	4 00
James Lund.....	Litchfield	4 50	4 00
Coburn Blood.....	Dracut	4 50	4 00
Levi Foster.....	Chelmsford	4 50	4 00
Noah Lund.....	Billerica	3 50	3 00
Jotham Gillis.....	Woburn	2 50	2 50
William Rogers.....	Medford	2 00	2 00
Thomas Kettell.....	Charlestown.		
David Dodge.....	Boston.		

Furniture \$24 to \$30 per ton, according to weight and room. Empty hhds. from Concord, 50c, tierces, 25c, bbls. 18c, hf. bbls. 11c each. Hhds. staves, \$10 per M. Barrel staves, \$6 per M.

J. L. SULLIVAN,

Concord, N. H., April 20, 1816.

"The Merrimack Company continued business until 1822. In 1823 the propetry of the Merrimack Boating Company was bought by the Boston & Concord Boating Company, and an act of incorporation was obtained by William and Richard Sullivan, for the Boston & Concord

Boating Company, February 11, 1823, to continue so long as the Middlesex Canal was kept open and in operation, and no longer.

"The first meeting of the Boston & Concord Boating Company was held at the office of William Sullivan, School Street, Boston, April 1, 1823. The following officers of the corporation were elected for the ensuing year: Reuben B. Sherburne, secretary; William Sullivan, president, Richard Sullivan, Richard H. Ayer, directors; Richard Sullivan, treasurer.

"Voted, That the property be divided into 120 shares.

"Voted, To employ Reuben B. Sherburne as agent at the Boston landing, and to allow him \$600 for his services in that place and as secretary of the corporation for that year.

"Voted, To employ Theodore French as agent at the lower landing, Concord, N. H., and to allow him \$500 for his services that year.

"Sherburne and French had been employed by the Merrimack Boating Company since 1816. They were annually re-elected, so long as the company continued business,—to 1842.

"Many changes in the manner of doing the business were made by the new company. Instead of hiring all the boatmen for the season, about one-half were hired for spring and fall. The agent at Concord lower landing hired the boatmen and made up the crews: wages from \$15 to \$26 per month. The largest number of boats at any time was 20. There were 3 men to a boat, making 60 men on the route. Capacity of the boats, 15 tons. The most important change made was not to have the boats wait for freight; run light or empty, but always to have something ready to make full loads, for which purpose such articles as salt, lime and plaster were bought by the cargo and kept at Boston landing by the agent at that place, and sold by the

agent at Concord lower landing. Wood was bought by the Concord agent and kept on the river bank to make up downward loads, and sold at Boston by the Boston agent. The articles bought were on the company's account, and generally would pay cost and freight, except the wood, but as they would run down as quickly full loaded as partly loaded, it paid a small freight. There were several changes made, but running with full loads was the greatest improvement. The running light or empty was the great drawback on the profits of all transportation.

"The time taken by a boat going up was five days, and down four days, making nine days to the trip. This was an average for twenty years. Rate of freight between Boston and lower landing in Concord was, in 1815, \$13 up, \$8 down; reduced in 1816 to \$12 up and \$8 down; reduced in 1819 to \$10 up and \$7 down; in 1823 reduced to \$8 up and \$6 down; in 1825 reduced to \$7 up and \$5 down; in 1831 reduced to \$5 up and \$4 down; in 1837 *raised* to \$6 up and \$4 down, on account of having to haul by at Bow Canal; in 1838 reduced to \$5 up and \$4 down, which rates continued until 1842.

"Granite was brought from Concord for \$3.50 per ton, at the company's convenience. All the granite in the Quincy Market, except the basement and the pillars at the ends, was brought from Concord, N. H., by the Boston & Concord Boating Company's boats; most of it passed through the "Old Mill Creek," where the Boston & Maine Railroad and Blackstone Street now are, and large quantities were shipped to New Orleans, and also used in the city. The last boat passed through the Middlesex Canal in 1851.

"Neither of the boating companies made any dividend until 1827. One was made that year, and one every year after as long as they did business. The accounts of the Boston & Concord Boating Company were kept at Boston landing by double entry. A set of books for each year, and the third year they were closed, and all balances

carried to a book termed "old accounts," so that after the second year there were three sets of books in use.

"The transportation business through the canals and Merrimack River was ruined in consequence of the Concord Railroad being opened to Concord, N. H., in 1842. The landings, storehouses, horses, boats and equipments, being all thrown out of business, were sold as soon as they could be, and for a very small sum, and April 1, 1844, the final dividend was made.

"The amount of business in 1815 was small, and cannot now be had. The amount of business of both companies, from 1816 to 1842, 27 years, was :

Upward freight	\$468,756.00
Downward freight	220,940.00
	<hr/>
	\$689,696.00
Amount paid the canal for tolls	180,611.00
Bad debts	7,108.50

"Considering that the business was done on credit, this is not a very large percentage. Very little freight was paid on shipment, and only a small proportion on delivery. Mr. French, the agent at Concord, would, as soon as it was good sleighing, take his horse and sleigh and go over northern New Hampshire and Vermont collecting, settle up with the customers, those who could not pay all giving their notes for the balance. These notes were usually paid that winter or spring. He was frequently gone on these trips two weeks. It was considered by most people that freight was a debt of honor, and they would always pay when they were able to.

"The teaming rates before the boats began to run between Boston and Concord were \$20 per ton. Boating companies' rates for a number of years before they were run off were \$5 up and \$4 down. Reduction made by boating companies, \$15, thus reducing transportation three-fourths of its tax per ton. It certainly is desirable that the present rates of freight should be reduced in the same



proportion as the boating companies reduced them, but it is doubtful whether it will be done before some new mode of transportation is discovered."

Mr Sherburne in speaking of the boating days says:

"The idea appears to be that the business was done in a 'dog and woolen string' way, without any system; but it is very doubtful whether there is any corporation doing a freighting business from Boston that has any better system of accounts or manner of conducting its business than the Boston & Concord Boating Company had in 1823 and afterwards. When the great Boston & Worcester Railroad began to have freight offered to them for transportation, they did not know what to do with it, and Mr. John Freeman, their master of transportation, was sent to the Boating Company's agent at Boston landing, who had eighteen years' experience in inland transportation, to know how to manage the freighting business, and what books and blanks were necessary for the purpose."

In 1819 Mr. Sullivan conceived the idea of running a steamboat on the river, but one trip satisfied him. There were packet boats on the Middlesex Canal for the conveyance of passengers, one running each way daily for a time. Then one boat plied back and forth making its trips alternately up and down between Lowell and Boston. They left Charlestown Mills at eight o'clock in the morning and reached Chelmsford at two o'clock in the afternoon. The fare was seventy-five cents for adults and half that for children. This was a cheap and pleasant way of travel until the Boston & Lowell Railroad supplanted them in 1835.



The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER XV

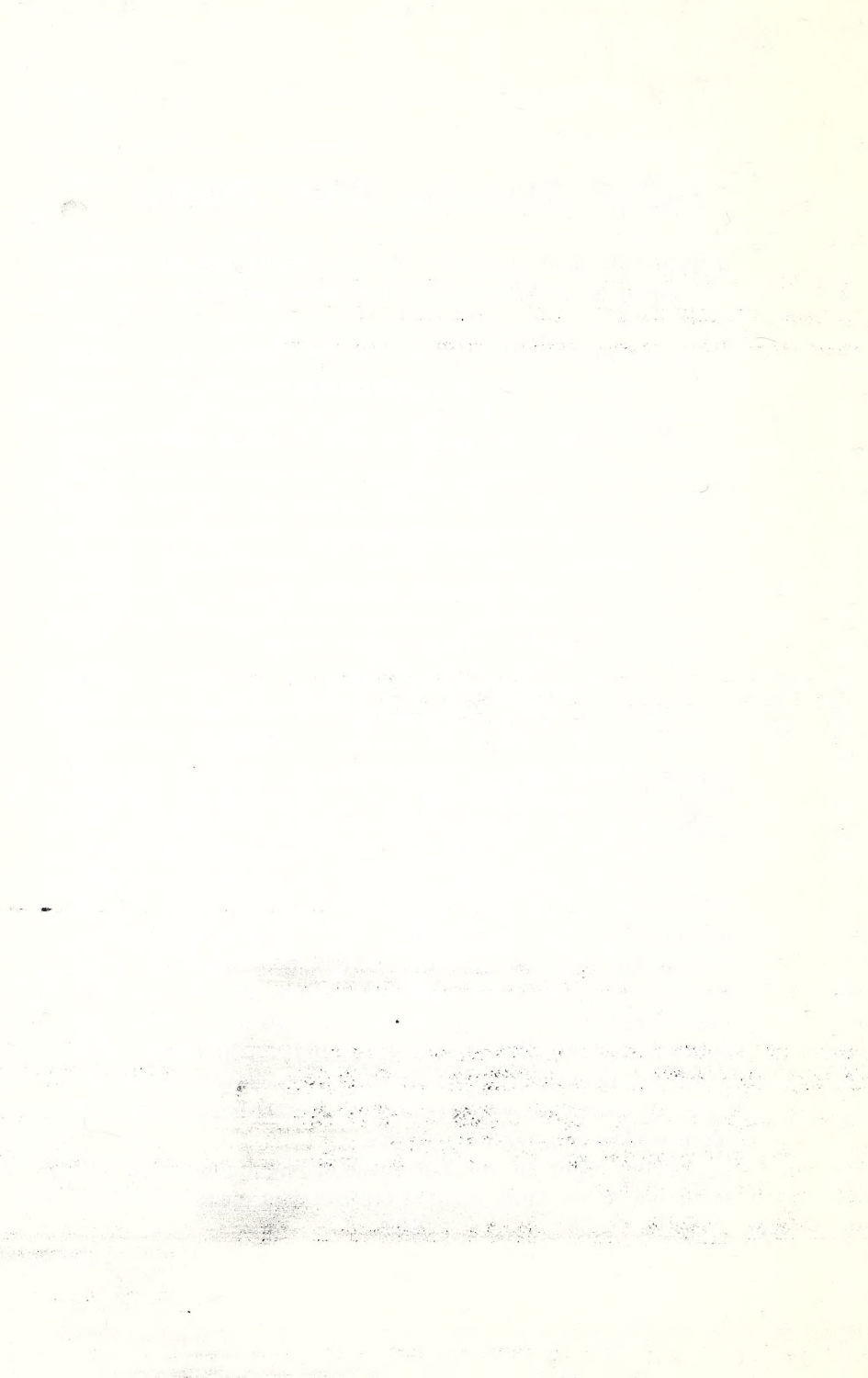
THE DEACON'S SUNDAY RACE

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

—*Cowper.*

IT GOES without saying that this was an anxious period to Abe Goodwill, who was training old Bet as best he could for the coming race at Coldbrook. In this he was assisted by Freeland Newbegin to a considerable extent, while little Enoch did all in his power toward helping along the undertaking. He was the most enthusiastic of the trio, and it would have done a looker-on good to have witnessed his supreme delight as he saw the fleet-footed mare come in on the home stretch. With his eyes scintillating with pleasure he would clap his hands, and had it not been for the fact that it was necessary to remain quiet or ruin the whole affair he would have made the night-welkin ring with his shouts.

Every night during that phase of the moon which was favorable to his plans Abe led old Bet cautiously out of the



back door of the barn, and after making a detour down through the field, so as to keep out of sight of the house, in case his father should happen to rise after going to bed, reached the road at the foot of the hill. Here he would be met by the town claimant and Enoch, when the three would follow silently the roundabout road to the village green that has been described, being careful not to reach the course until the last light had been extinguished at the Center, and only the "harbor light" was to be seen. Then, with his friends on the lookout, Abe quietly sent the old brown mare around the course at her best speed. A trial of this kind was made on Saturday evening, as the midnight hour drew near. If the anxious trainer encroached a little on the Sabbath it was due to his zealousness to give old Bet all the benefit possible for this practice, which might be the last available trial, rather than from any intention of intruding on the day of the church.

"If I only can keep Bet from breaking on the third quarter she'll come in O K," declared Abe over and again. "My guns! won't folks stick out their eyes?"

"And dad most of all!" whose eyes twinkled like twin stars as he spoke.

"He'll scold like blazes," acknowledged Abe. "But if we get the prize it'll fix him all right. If we don't, why we shall have stand it, I s'pose."

Reaching home on this Saturday night in safety Abe spent until nearly daylight at work upon the mare so as to remove all trace of her recent hard work, as he knew his father would drive to church with her in the forenoon. He did his work so well that the astute deacon did not discover anything irregular in her appearance. Had he been a little more thoughtful about the matter he must have observed that the old mare's coat bore a suspicious, because uncommon, sleekness. But, as has been said, he failed to notice this and, arrayed in his best clothes even to his bell-crowned hat, with its upper story filled with the valuable papers he invariably carried with him, the suit being that

in which he had been married a quarter of a century before, he climbed to the seat, and picking up the reins drove away toward the village. Mrs. Goodwill was suffering from a throbbing headache, so had excused herself from going. Abe must stay at home to look after the chores.

That this fact did not rest very heavily upon the young farmer's mind was apparent by the broad grin upon his sun-burned countenance as he watched his father ride down the hill until the wagon disappeared around a turn in the road.

"If we come out of the race as well as we have the trial," he mused, "we shall have stunnin' success Thursday. My next difficulty will be to get Bet over to Coldbrook without letting dad know it. It looks as though I had got some big figurin' to do to plan it aout. But all the brooks I've seen have some crossing place."

Deacon Goodwill, his thoughts widely removed from those matters at such variance with his religious ideas, jogged along toward the village, leaving old Bet to choose her own pace, which was naturally one in keeping with the dignity of the Sabbath morning. In this thoughtful mood he finally came in sight of the meeting house, where for more than half a century he had regularly attended divine worship, and was looked upon as one of the strongest pillars of the church.

"I feel lonesome without Susan," he meditated, "but of course it was my bounden duty to let her stay at home with her headache. I oughter made th' boys come. Ya'as, I'm negligent o' my dooty with 'em. Comin' next Sabbath they must come erlong, too."

He had barely come to this conclusion, and was about to head old Bet into the yard in front of the meeting house, when a merry shout from his right arrested his attention. Turning quickly about he was horrified to discover a sight that he had never dreamed might desecrate the holy scene. The trotting course on the village green at this point ran within plain view of the road and within a few rods of the church. Judge of his amazement then when he saw two

or three graceless youths coming down the track evidently trying the speed of their horses! Racing horses on the Sabbath! Small wonder if strait-laced Deacon Goodwill actually turned pale with horror and gave expression to an utterance more emphatic than reverent.

In justice to the jockeys it should be said that they were not really racing on trial but, as the deacon's boys unknown to him had done the night before, were training their trotters so as to fit them for the great trial at Coldbrook. Then, too, out of respect to the church-goers, if not to themselves, they had intended to finish their trial before this time. Undue excitement arising from the closeness of the competition had made them unmindful of the lateness of the hour.

Naturally excitable, the sight sent the warm blood tingling through the veins of Deacon Goodwill and, quickly resolving to check the race at the beginning, he struck Bet a sharp blow, and reining her toward the course determined to head off the "ungodly youths." This proved a most unhappy action on his part. Brown Bet, suddenly aroused by the excitement of her driver, and possibly remembering her recent nightly trials over this same way, instantly caught the spirit of the scene. As the three surprised racers came abreast of her the mare joined in the sport with a royal good will.

"Whoa-w-h-o-a-a-a!" cried the horrified member of Sunset Church, pulling frantically on the reins. This only served to nerve Brown Bet to greater activity, so the wild cries and efforts of the astounded and helpless deacon only spurred her ahead with renewed speed. The jockeys, suddenly and unexpectedly finding they had a new rival on the scene that promised to be no mean competitor, shouted to their horses, their voices lending volume to the wild outbursts that rang so discordantly on the quiet Sabbath morning.

"Go it, old bean-pole!" shouted one of the more excited jockeys, whereupon a cheer came from some spec-

tators who had appeared on the scene when they were least desired, as is apt to be the case on occasions like that. The four were now speeding down the track neck and neck.

"Two to one the deacon wins!" yelled an excited bystander, who had recognized the driver of old Bet. Others held their breaths as they saw with dismay the most unlooked-for spectacle of Deacon Goodwill racing horses on Sunday. As people will gather on such scenes, coming from whence on one can tell in such a short space of time, so the members of his church rushed to see the startling sight. All the time the frightened deacon was doing everything in his power to abandon a race which had never been in his mind. But Bet was under full gait before he had awakened to a realization of his true situation, and now she was indifferent alike to his cries and his efforts to stop her.

"Whoa! whoa! whoa! w-h-o-a-a-a, Bet, w-h-o-a-p! Lord of mercy! what shall I do?"

"Go it, deacon!" shouted some of the excited spectators, wild with delight. "You've got 'em foul! You're all right for Coldbrook!"

Others, the majority, held up their hands in silent horror, unable to credit their own sight, and at a loss to account for this unheard-of race.

Brown Bet had taken the cue, likewise the bit, and she was not only willing but determined to do her part. Faster and faster she flew around the course, her swift feet hardly touching the ground. What if the wagon was heavy? Over the track she had followed so often by moonlight she now sped by day, regardless that it was Sunday, for all days were alike to her. Deacon Goodwill's tall hat flew off early in the race, and his valuable papers went flying in every direction, as if bent on matching their owner in his erratic career. The ancient, bell-crowned beaver—an heirloom in the family—was crushed under one of the wheels of the fast-flying jockeys. Giving away under the pressure of his furious exertions upon the reins, his wedding coat split up

and down the back from collar to binding. His thin gray locks, finding sudden freedom from his bare head, streamed out behind until it seemed as if they were about to fly away in disgust from him who had so little regard for the decency of the hour. Never was there such a race on the Flatiron, not even in the "ungodly days," when the elder Newbegin under a wager of one hundred dollars rode four different horses around the half-mile course each twice inside of ten minutes, and won his bet.

Very soon the old mare forged ahead of her rivals and, in spite of whip and voice, continued to gain upon them. In vain the jockeys shouted themselves hoarse, for at the finish Brown Bet came in three times her length ahead, without having made a break, and apparently as ready for another spurt as at first.

The onlookers—at least some of them—cheered vociferously over the victory, as the mare came, of her own free will, to a standstill a little below the starting point. The race won, old Bet was docile enough now, and with almost human intelligence looked around for the pat and the kind word she would have been sure to get from her younger master. But Deacon Goodwill was in no mood for soothing. In fact, he was in a most unenviable frame of mind, humiliated, disgraced, bewildered, angry with the old mare, angry with the thoughtless crowd which had looked on his escapade with such mingled delight and horror, angry with himself and at variance with every kind thought. Groaning in his shame and humiliation, he headed old Bet homeward and drove away, without looking toward the house of God, or answering either the jeers of his enemies or the commiserating appeals of his friends. Nor was old Bet allowed to slacken her gait until she had climbed the hill leading to the farmhouse. At the door her owner jerked upon the rein for her to stop, and he climbed clumsily out, like one who had lost the use of his limbs, and bareheaded as he was and dilapidated in his appearance, he

walked into the house, leaving the mare to shift for herself.

Abe and Enoch, who happened to be in sight, stepped forward to care for Bet, at a loss to understand what had taken place, though with a vague realization that it was something likely to prove disastrous to their hopes.

"Yaou look as if yaou had been on the track, old Bet," whispered Abe, as he applied the card and brush to her steaming coat. "Is it so, old girl?" And whether the intelligent animal meant it as a reply or no, she bowed her head and, reaching around to Abe, laid it against his, neighing softly.

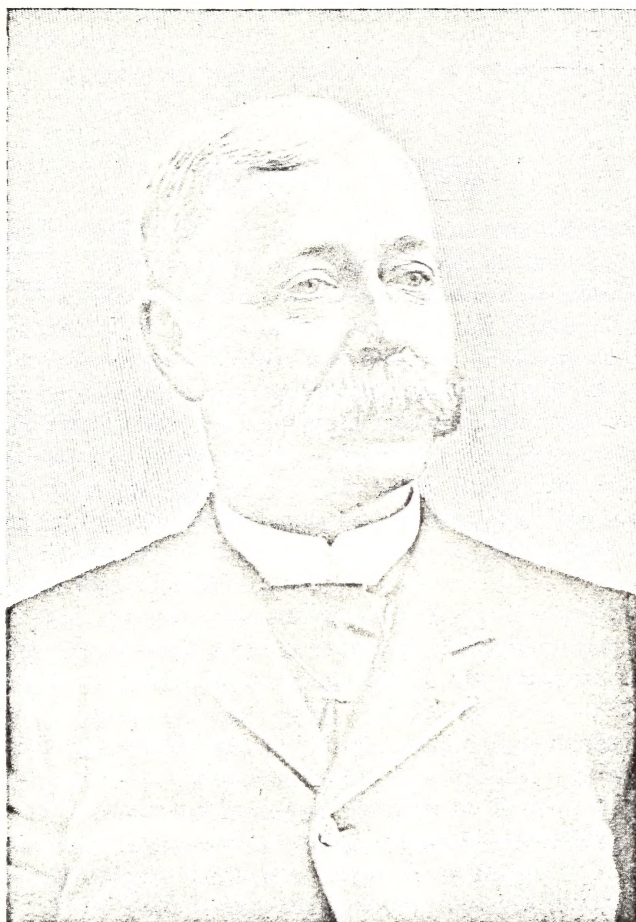
"Yaou have, Bet! I knaow it just as well as if some one had told me! And you winned aout!" said the young groom, joyously. Then a shadow came over his sunburned countenance, and he relapsed into silence. Little Enoch moved about uneasily, but did not dare to ask the question uppermost in his mind.

They did not learn the truth until an hour later, when Everybody's Sam came, bringing their father's battered hat and, what was of more consequence, the papers that had been in it.

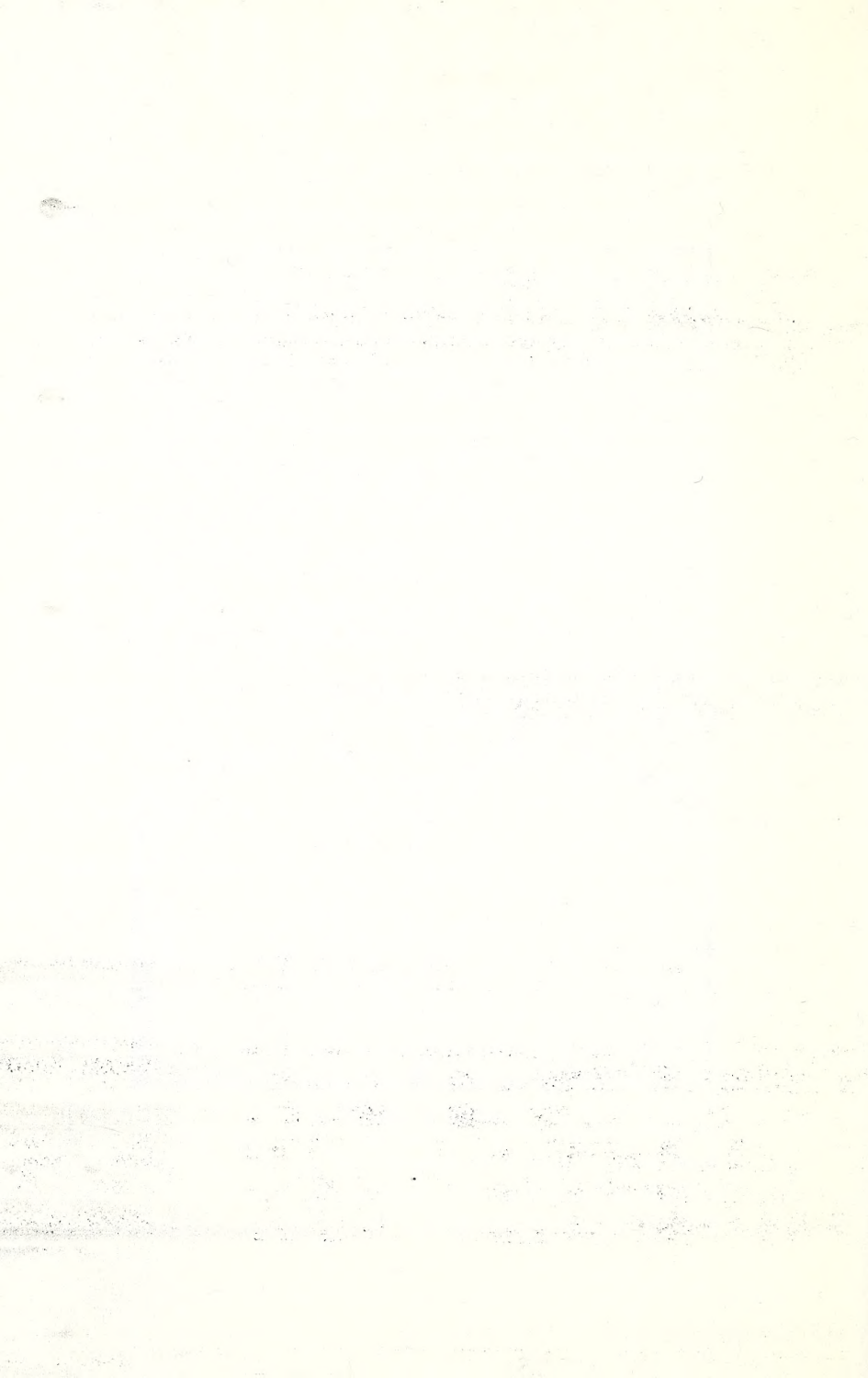
"I picked up all I could find," declared Sam, "and I hope they are all there."

"Yaou're very kind, Sam. But tell us just what has happened."

"It was so funny that I larf now when I think of it. I s'pose it's mean, but I can't help it, he looked so funny," and with this introduction Sam proceeded to describe the impromptu race on Sunset Flatiron, while Abe and Enoch listened with breathless interest. A little later Sam went away, and Abe carried his father's hat into the house. But he did not see him, and his mother looked so solemn that he did not ask her any questions. The boys did not meet their father until the dinner was served, and then they noticed an uncommon fervency in his speech at the table, and he spoke much longer than common. There was a



EDWIN SNOW



sternness about his manner which forbade any conversation, so the meal was eaten in silence. In order to escape the gloom that pervaded the house, Abe and Enoch remained out of doors most of the time during the balance of the day.

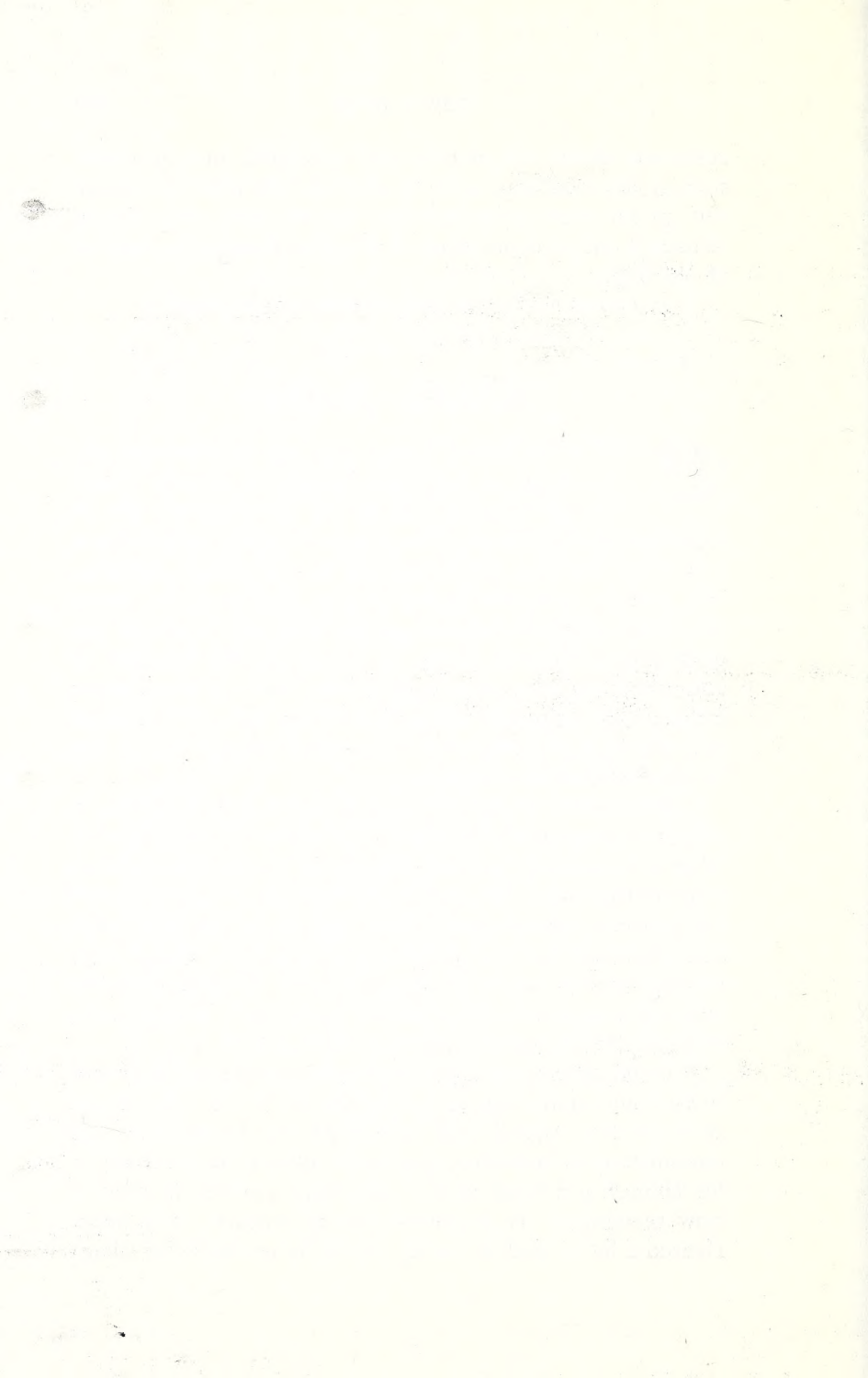
(Begun in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)

Edwin Snow

EDWIN SNOW of Eaton died on the fifteenth day of February, 1907, at the age of seventy years. He was born in Eaton on the fifteenth day of October, 1836. He was the youngest son of Joseph Snow and Sally Atkinson Snow and was one of eleven children. His parents were among the pioneer settlers of the town. His father came to Eaton from Gorham, Me., and was the grandson of Thomas Snow, by whom he was brought up and who formerly came from Cape Cod. His mother's father, John Atkinson, came from Wells, Me. He received his education in the town schools of Eaton and at the North Parsonsfield Academy.

He opened a general store at Snowville in Eaton, in 1856, in company with his brothers, whom he bought out in 1859, from which time he continued the business without interruption until his death. From 1856 to 1898 he and his brothers operated a saw and grist-mill, and after 1898 he continued the mill business individually. From 1870 to 1876 he was a member of the firm of Snow and Brooks who were engaged extensively in buying and selling cattle through Maine and eastern New Hampshire.

From 1856 he was engaged continuously in the manufacture and marketing of lumber of all kinds. He began with modest capital and developed his business as his circumstances improved, gradually adding by purchase to his timber and wood lands. He was a pioneer in what is now recognized as scientific timber culture. He never cleared a lot of land of timber unless he needed it for tillage



purposes, or was driven to do so because of forest fires. He carefully selected the large timber from his lands as it became fit for market, thus preserving unimpaired the character and value of his timber lands to the present time.

Mr. Snow, for half a century, filled the position of country squire in his town, serving as justice of the peace, legal adviser and peace-maker among his fellow-citizens, and was in many ways the most prominent public figure in his town, being a moving spirit in all public improvements and highly respected for his business integrity. He possessed large executive ability and unusual business judgment, and won success by hard work and patient industry.

Mr. Snow was a Democrat in politics and held all of the offices within the gift of his town. He was a member of the board of selectmen during the years of the Civil War and was chairman of the board for ten years after that time. He represented the town at four sessions of the legislature, serving on the railroad committee and on the judiciary committee. He was auditor for Carroll county from 1881 to 1886, and served as county commissioner from 1886 to 1891. He was a member of the state senate in 1889-1890. He was appointed as a member of the state board of equalization in 1894, and served on that board continuously until his death. He was, in point of service, the oldest member of that board. His good judgment and practical common sense, combined with his knowledge of values and his large and intimate acquaintance throughout the state with both men and localities made him a valuable man on the board.

In fraternal circles he was a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

In 1857 he married Helen M., daughter of John W. and Caroline Nason Perkins, by whom he had four children, all of whom survive him: Mrs. Andrew J. White, Big Rapids, Mich., Mrs. L. W. Atkinson, Fryeburg, Me., Miss Bertha C. Snow of Eaton, and Leslie P. Snow, Esq., of Rochester, N. H. His wife died in 1899 and in 1902 he was again married to Martha Jane Harmon, who survives him.

A Revolutionary Inn Gone

RISING SUN INN, one of the oldest landmarks in the city, located at the junction of Germantown avenue and Old York road, and its old-fashioned stone barn are being demolished to make room for improvements. The workmen are reaping quite a harvest in addition to their wages by picking up old silver coins, and several Pine Tree shillings, pennies and half-pennies bearing the dates of 1196 and 1798 have been found, as well as an old-fashioned tin lantern with its sides pierced with holes to allow the light to shine through. The inn was used alternately during the Revolutionary War by the British and American officers as headquarters.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Abend-lied


By HAROLD D. CAREW

The sun is low in the western sky,
There is silence in the lonely dell;
The departing ray, as a last reply,
Seems to whisper softly "All is well!"
"All is well! All is well!"
As a last reply in the western sky,
Seems to whisper "All is well!"

On the yonder hill a shepherd's voice
Is heard as triumphantly he sings,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep! Rejoice!"
And over the hill the echo it brings,
"Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!"
And over the hill the echo it brings.
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"



An Historic Fort

 NE of the most picturesque remains of the glories of New France, whose history and legends date back to the age of Frontenac and La Salle, is the old stone fort at Chambly, in the Province of Quebec. The recent tablet on the ruins, with its motto, "Courage and Loyalty," in French, bears this inscription; "In the reign of Louis XIV. of France and Navarre, the Marquise de Vaudreuil being governor of New France, this fort was erected in 1711, burned in 1776, restored by Guy Carleton in 1777, abandoned in 1847. It was repaired in 1822 in the reign of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, the Marquis of Lorne being Governor General of Canada," etc.

A fact which the inscription kindly fails to record is that the burning referred to was by the American troops, who, having captured the fort in 1775, under General Montgomery, burned it the following year when they retreated to Lake Champlain. The various restorations have been made skilfully to harmonize with the weather-beaten portions which resisted the fire more than a century ago. Its custodian, Joseph Dion, in face and manner, has something of a suggestion of the grand seigneurs of the age of Louis XIV. and the visitor of to-day who ascends the River Chamblay or Richelieu in one of the small pleasure steamers will be well repaid for his visit to this lichen-covered and historic monument of days to which history and romance now give a melancholy interest.



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No. 6

Granite State

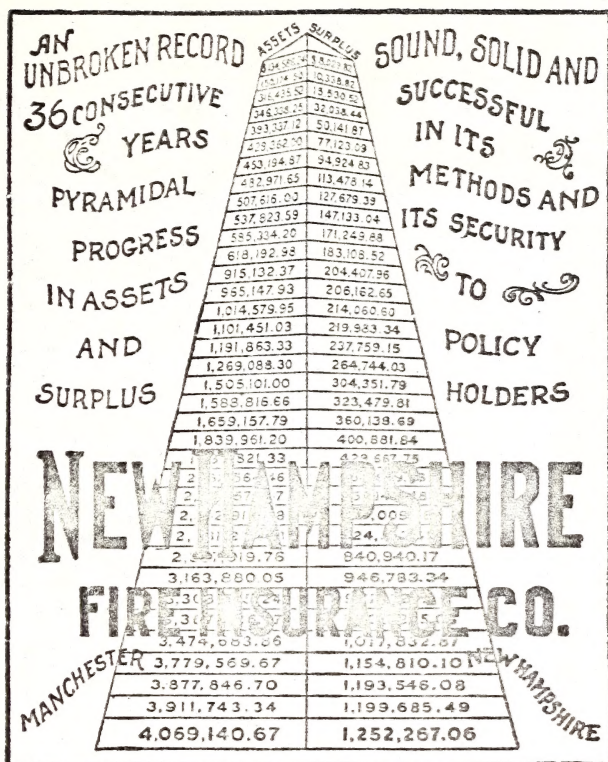
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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



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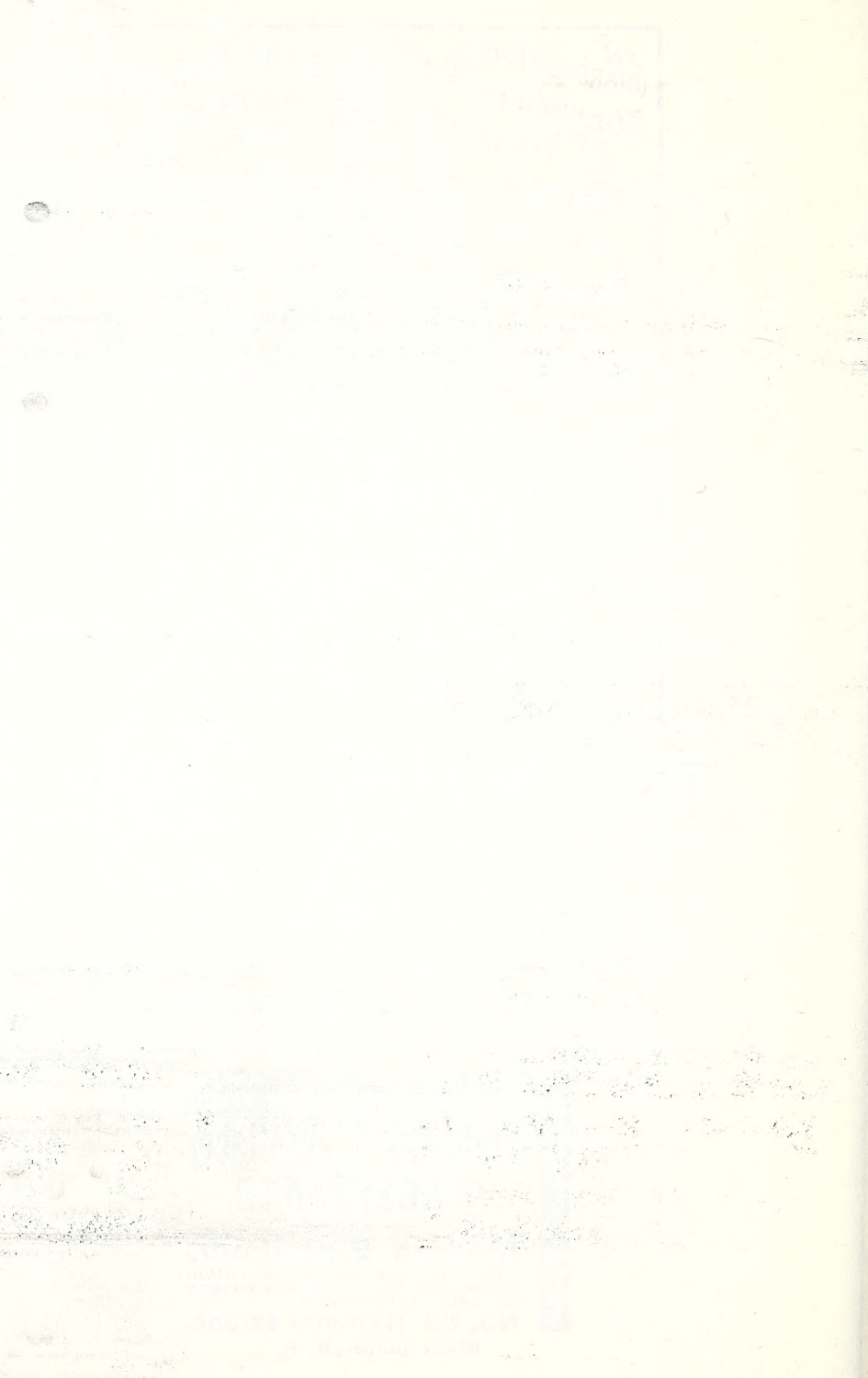
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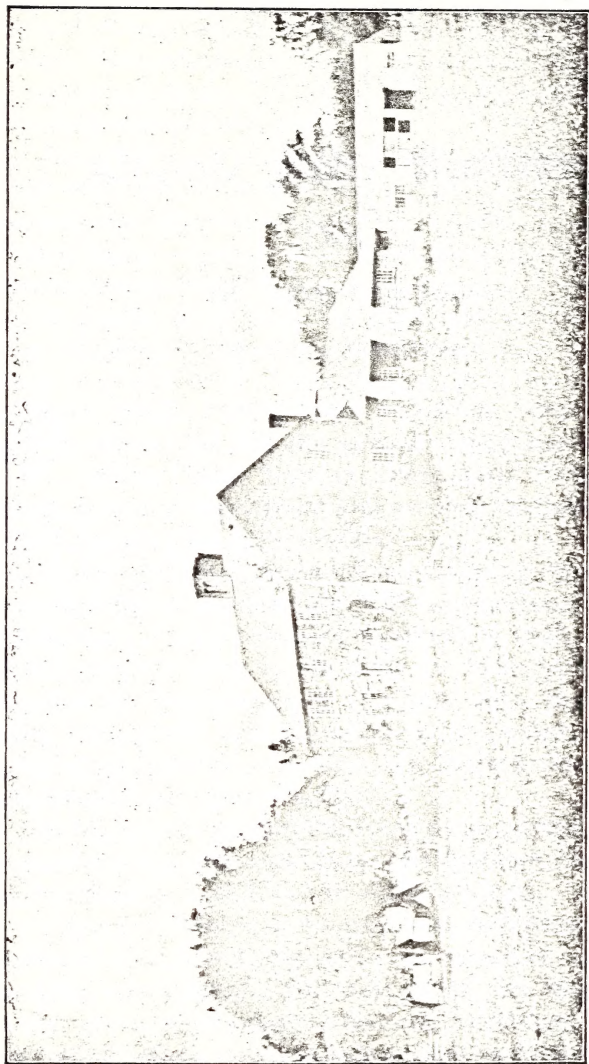
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VARNEY-HAM HOUSE, DOVER

Granite State Magazine

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Granite State Rooftrees

VII

The Varney-Ham House

By LYDIA A. STEVENS



OF THE Varney-Ham house at Garrison Hill Dover, N. H., the present owner and occupant, Miss Maria Theresa Ham, says: "The Misses Bangs' paternal grandfather told me that his father repeatedly declared it was built in 1680."

In Dr. Quint's memoranda the following appears:

"The Ham house at the foot of Garrison (Varney's) Hill is known to have been in existence in 1696, and some have a tradition that it was built in 1680, and was not attacked by the Indians on 28 June 1689, because Mr. Eben Varney who built the house was a Quaker, and maintained such friendly terms with the Indians that they did not molest his house or his family."

A legend always attaches itself to an ancient object of human interest, and probably in this instance the popular story will outlast the house to which it clings.

Sagamore Wahowah was the most malignant of Dover Indians. Tall, forbidding, cold, and incurious, nothing of savagery was lacking to the cruel chief. He had crouched in the grass before many a doomed habitation; his voice had added volume to the warwhoop sent in from the forest; crimson pools and foul fumes tainted the air where he had crawled; desolated dwellings held indelible blood-stains

when he had finished his demoniacal work, and his tomahawk and scalping-knife were frequently red-cruised with the blood of women and children. He lived on the shore of Back River, above the Three Creeks, and not far from the Pascataqua River. All the land from Exeter to Salmon Falls acknowledged him chief.

He was killed in 1690 and buried on the point of land on the west side of Back River, before mentioned, which ever since has borne his name. This point is nearly opposite the famous Deacon John Hall spring, a little above, and can be seen from the trains as they pass. Strange to say, he never attacked or troubled the settlements on Dover Neck and Cocheco proper. He was one of the signers of a deed of land at Squanagonake to Peter Coffin, January 3, 1686.

Wampa was the rose-amber-colored daughter of Wahowah. Of the blood and temperament of a singularly sanguinary chief, she was a good woman in her time, attached to virtue, skillful in the arts of her race, and faithful to her gods. She was the wife of a young chief of the north country. In summer they lived on open ground, but in the winter chose a more sheltered spot on the margin of a wood, where it warmed to the sun. She had two children and for years lived in great happiness, frequently paddling her canoe up and down the rivers, or along the shores of ponds, in search of suitable bulrushes for mats or bark for her wigwam. Of the skins of wild beasts she fashioned garments for her husband, ornamenting his head-dress and sleeves with feathers and fringes of stained hair. On the clothing for her own shapely person she bestowed great care, decorating it with colored porcupine quills.

Wampa's husband gradually increased in influence. He spoke and was listened to in council. This filled Wampa's heart with pride and joy. But when one winter's cold had covered the land with snow, a hostile tribe made an assault. In the battle that followed her husband fell. She fled, taking her children. After incredible hardship

she neared her father's wigwam. Stopping at the Varney house for food, the good man's wife nursed her back to health and strength. Upon leaving, the Indian princess dropped her reserve. Falling on her knees, she buried her face in her benefactress' lap and burst into a paroxysm of sobs.

At the Waldron massacre, Varney's house and family were spared. So it happened on that terrible June morning following the tragedy, when a pall of smoke hung below the hill, and the noise of the saw was hushed, while the slain were unburied and the unhoused living who remained had found no shelter, the generous Quaker was able to care for the quick and the dead.

Of the builder's personality we know little save that he was a Quaker, fairly well off, generous and hospitable, and friendly with the Indians. He comes down in tale and story shining with a halo of gentle patience and forbearance, in sharp contrast with the prevailing repression and quick correction of his day. His religious views precluded activity in public affairs, and he took no part in the social strife of the town. Quakers were considerably restricted and governed at all times in ancient Dover, but unlike the Quakers of a previous generation Varney seldom criticised those in authority, nor did he boldly torment and exasperate them in other ways. To be sure, the dreadful penalties had become dead letters, and perhaps fading faith had followed the laxity of the law, but in his youth he might have been arrested without warrant and tried without jury for publicly asserting his religious belief. He was a good citizen and, though excluded and set apart, the acknowledged kindness of his disposition put him out of the reach of detraction.

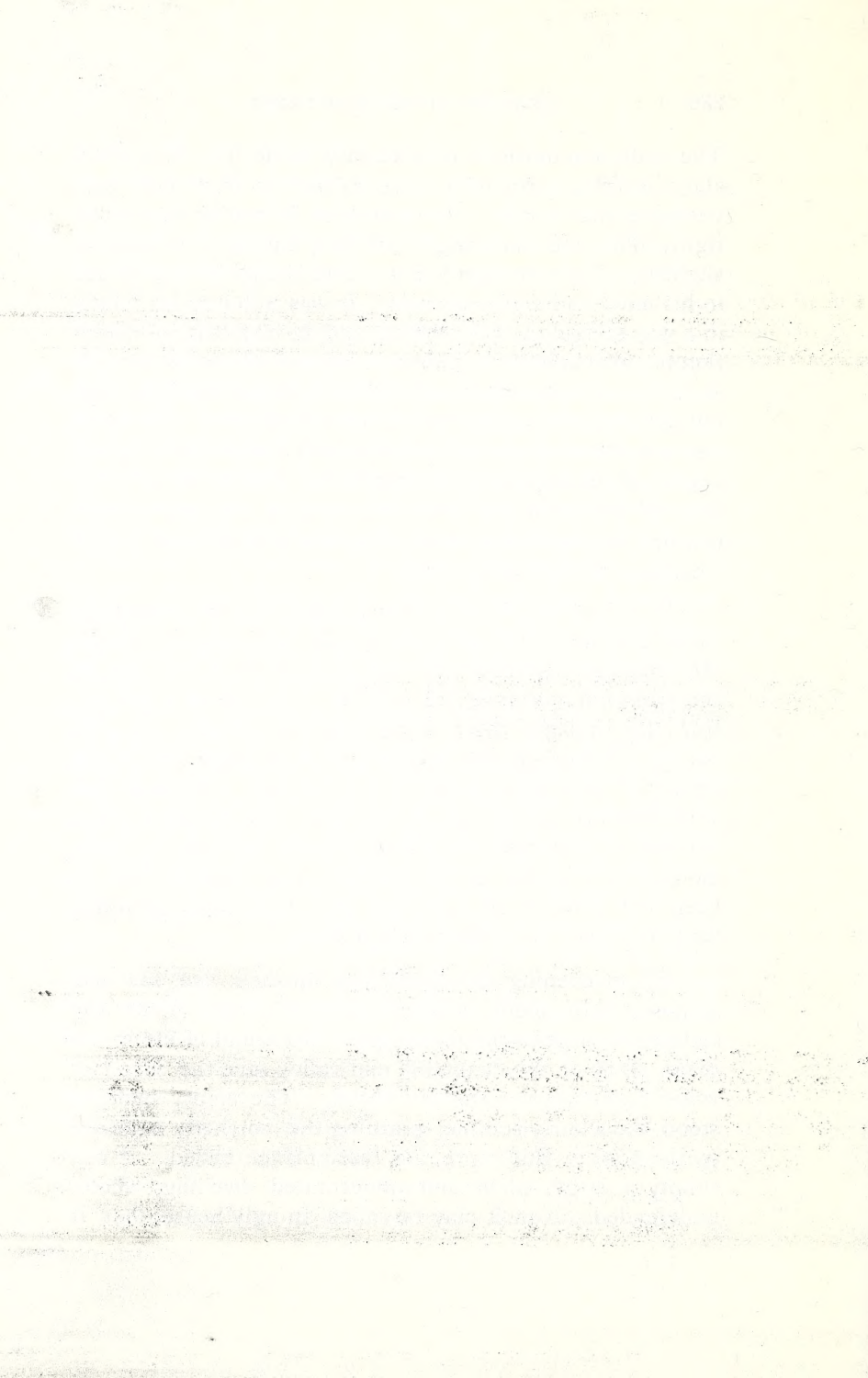
At the time Friend Varney determined to get out timber for a dwelling-house, ill-made and makeshift structures were not looked upon favorably. A builder expected to live in the house he built, and so could not escape considerable attention to substantial requirements.



The rude admonitions of necessity made him thoughtful about positive permanent value, as well as immediate convenience and utility. He wanted to be walled in, roofed, tight, solid, and enduring. Nothing was done cheaply or slightly. There was no hurry. The house that he carried in his mind had a primary aim. It was to house his family in a way suitable to the climate, and to be a lasting habitation for his children's children. He was somewhat circumscribed. All materials and styles were not open to him, but absence of professional advice helped him. He made his own plan and carried it in his head a good while, where it grew by expansions and accretions. Rules of construction did not exist, but near the close of the seventeenth century the log house, dark, dirty and dismal, gave way in a measure to the frame house.

So it was not Eben Varney's whim but his imperative wants that made him seek the largest and soundest timber. He chose an elevated and slightly location at the foot of the great hill, outlying and remote. For one who did not fear the Indians, there were sufficient reasons for this choice. Pasturage and nearness to good water and ample supply of firewood counted for a good deal. Richard Otis superintended the raising of the frame and, as there was a scarcity of experienced men in Dover, he sent to Portsmouth for a husky lot of experts. The Quaker built to keep out wind, snow and rain, but there were no locks, bars, loopholes or bulging second story.

Of an evening the house was finished; axe, saw and hammer were silent; stillness was all about. Even the settlement slept in the moonlight. No sound of life in the great sweep of the dusky hill and valley save the sound of water foaming over the fall below. The empty building stood like a burly sentinel guarding the northerly entrance to the town. But there the resemblance ended. It was simply a large, plain and undecorated dwelling, wholly undefended. Now it may be called an ugly house; then it



was as expression of a good man's requirements, invested with the ministries of rest, of good will, of peace.

And the old building has creditably met the expectations of its designer and founder. It would seem as if time had no more than sere and stained it, and there had come only partial and qualified decay. Owing to its steadfast strength, and the care-taking of six generations, it stands up firmly despite its frayed, shredded, sun-scorched, wind-torn, and frost-riven covering.

The house that he built and lived in was a goodly residence in its day. There is somewhat about it even now that has an influence upon the visitor, and inspires a real interest. Its homeliness has been consecrated; its doors have been the portals both of life and death. May be it is entitled to precedence among the old buildings of Dover on the score of antiquity. It is well preserved, and perhaps our only authentic example of domestic architecture belonging to a period removed from us by more than two and a quarter centuries. It is a link to connect the present with the eventful past, and the only abode in existence in any way connected with the massacre of June 28, 1689, which still throws its darksome shadow through the years.

It has had an external ripening in the wind and sun for all the time since New Hampshire became a royal province. To-day the house brings no thought of old-time dominant religion, political doings, military movements, fine company, and it is not associated with great names. The outline, the material, the color and texture of the surface point to an age gone by. It looks all its oldness, but even now is suitable for common, every-day occupancy, and in the matter of wearing confesses no failure. Barring accident and intentional destruction, years will go by before it "trembles to its fall." Picturesqueness and well-being are predominating features to-day. From its perch under the brow of the great hill, it glanced down across fresh turf and cultivated acres to scattered buildings and stretches of vale, rolling country and sunless woodland.

It is said that the women had a garden on the warm, southern side, full of roses and other bright and odorous blooms. Doubtless, along the trim flower borders walked impetuous town lads, seeking to woo the demure hill maidens. That anxious mothers watched and stern fathers frowned, there is no evidence, but we can safely assume such was the case. And it is fully as probable that the stout Varney boys yearned for the favor of girls who did not wear sad and sober-colored garments. Knowledge of such matters, and many more things that would be at least very interesting, unfortunately have been lost in the intervening years. Also, there is uncertainty as to whether Parson Pike, reported to be "a person of good learning, pleasant in conversation, and much mortified to the world," or his immediate successor, Nicholas Sever, who lived near the site of the "Dover Hotel," called on the good Quaker family. But, whatever the feelings of the townsmen may have been towards the quiet household, the original people of old Dover were friendly and well disposed. Painted Indians stalked over the grounds, and squaws couched on doorstep and floor.

Time hastened on, the woods retreated, tillable acres stretched downward, wood-piles, hay-stacks and orchards increased, weddings occurred, the rough oak cradle rocked to lullaby tunes, and green turf grew over long and short graves. Colonial wars were waged, paths became thoroughfares, and the Revolution brought a wider sphere to man and a deeper responsibility to woman. Still the old house stood up to its task. Moss had fastened upon its shingles and the great beams sagged, but endurance yet remained. Now another century has been ticked off, and the mighty destroyer has left something beside ruin.

Surely, the old wood-fashioners worked some of their own rude integrity into every unit of stay and support of the building. In each change of ownership it has unhesitatingly transferred its fidelity and allegiance from the old possessor to the new. The strange secrets, passions and



foibles were just as securely taken into safe-keeping as had been the ones they displaced. It has acquired sensitiveness. It is alive. One readily believes something of this sort in looking at it to-day.

In solidity and in external appearance the house has undergone no important change. Within, it has not been restored, largely repaired or altered. There is nothing but what has a marked character of its own, some distinct trace from former circumstances, wholly in keeping with the promise of the exterior. The rooms are high-studded, but the windows are set irregularly. On the ground floor are seven apartments, and there are as many on the second floor. Hand-made nails, wooden latches and quaint hinges are still in evidence. In the process of ages the great area in acres has dwindled, but none save Varneys and Hams, and their descendants, have held title to the house and immediate grounds. Unfortunately, the chimney, a marvel in size and stability, was taken down some years ago.

The largest fireplace occupied more than half the length of the ample north room. When the death-drifts of winter made travel impossible, and the wind howled and dashed around the hill, and eddies of ashes whiffled over the floor, or in spring and fall when the heavens were gray with unfallen sleet and the rain flung itself in gusts on roof and window-pane, the snapping logs spoke heartily to beleaguered guests, and waved cheering signals to the sky. Peace and comfort brooded over the wide hearth, and the mantling flame shone on tiny shapes over which mothers watched and waited, and darkened to a flicker when death called for the score.



New Hampshire Forests

By ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS

The great reservoir of New England lies in the forests which cover the White Mountains. Its forests make it valuable. When they are gone its value as a natural reservoir is destroyed, and its beauty to summer visitors will disappear.—*Garden and Forest.*

The spoiler's foot is on thy soil,
Switzerland, my Switzerland!
He would thine highland grace despoil,
And canst thou not his purpose foil,
Switzerland, my Switzerland?

The charm of mountain woods is thine,
Switzerland, my Switzerland!
The solemn spruce the lonely pine
That shroud our hills with grace divine
Are God's and thine, my Switzerland!

And dost thou now so tamely cower,
Switzerland, my Switzerland!
And hath this petty robber power,
Though strong with all that gold can dower,
To rob my people's Switzerland?

Then brand him robber, aye and worse,
Switzerland, my Switzerland!
Who dries the springs that rivers nurse
Shall feel a people's bitter curse
When streams are low in "Switzerland."

O grand old State! they called thee well.
Switzerland, our Switzerland;
Yet future sons, that with thee dwell,
Shall sadly of a beauty tell
That once was thine, poor "Switzerland."

Fair State, it must not be! Our hills,
Switzerland, our Switzerland,
Whose forests nurse our mountain rills,
Whose beauty all the glad world fills,
Must yet be spared to "Switzerland."

Oyster River, Now Durham, N. H., in 1724

By LUCIEN THOMPSON

IN 1724 the settlement at Oyster River suffered from the Indians, who were the allies of the French in the Three Years' War.

Rev. Hugh Adams, in his church records of Oyster River, says: "On Friday the 1st of May, 1724, our Worthy and Desirable Elder James Nock* was surprisingly Shott (off from his horse) Dead and Scalped by three Indian Enemies. O that CHRIST EMMANUEL may speedily Avenge his Blood upon them." "June 17, 1724, on Wednesday, It being our Preparation Lecture, Turned into a Fast on Account of the Indian War, so severe on our Church by the sudden Death of our members that was slain the last Wednesday, Namely Moses Davis, Sen^r, and his son Moses. And in the evening by the Indians was killed by a shott in his head Poor George Chesley and Elizabeth Burnum was wounded."

It would appear from the above statement that George Chesley was killed and Miss Burnum wounded on Wednesday, June 10, 1724, but evidently this was not the case, for Rev. Hugh Adams, in his baptisms, makes the following entry:

"May 27, 1724, Elizabeth Burnum, who was wounded by the Indians the 24th the day George Chesley was killed, the evening before she died I baptized at her penitent request"

*A muster roll of a scouting party, under James Nock, was allowed in December, 1723. (N. H. Prov. Papers Vol. IV, pages 67; 117; 357.)—*Author.*



The historian Belknap states, "On a Sabbath day, they ambushed the road at Oyster river and killed George Chesley and mortally wounded Elizabeth Burnham, as they were returning from public worship."

On the same Sabbath, May 24, 1724, "Sarah Hill, wife of Capt. Nathaniel Hill; Mary Jackson, Hannah Chesley, wife of Philip, (and) Hopeful Demerit" were admitted as church members, and the following persons were baptised: "Derry Pitman, Mary (Thompson) Stevens and her sister Hannah Tompson."

The inventory of George Chesley's estate was made August 27, 1724, and if he was the George Chesley who built the Chesley garrison where the village schoolhouse now stands he must have been nearly fifty years of age. There is a family tradition that this George Chesley was killed by the Indians near the Durham meeting-house at Durham Point, while he was on his way to Crummit's mill. Rev. Hugh Adams says he was killed in the *evening*, and that Elizabeth Burnum was wounded the same day. George Chesley lived at Durham Falls, while Miss Burnum lived toward Durham Point, and they were probably not the parties who were slain by the Indians on Mast road. As the story goes, a young man by the name of Chesley was engaged to a young maiden by the name of Randall and lived in that part of Durham now Lee, and as they were returning through the woods from meeting, when they had reached a spot a few rods easterly of the present residence of Mr. John J. Bunker on Mast road they were slain by the Indians. At the nearest house where the Thompson family lived (where now resides Mrs. M. E. Wiggin), the shots were heard, and opening the door Thompson fired several shots in the air, which alarm caused the Indians to take to flight, and the bodies were discovered. The rock upon which the maiden fell was stained with her blood, and it is said the stain has never been effaced. Some years ago Lieut. S. Millett Thompson of Providence, R. I., obtained this large stone of Mr. Bunker and caused it to be

hauled to the cemetery on Mast road, a short distance from the Durham-Lee boundary line, and Mr. Bunker informs the writer that Lieutenant Thompson agreed to have the stone properly inscribed.

This legendary rock is referred to in a ballad, published December 30, 1823, in the *New Hampshire Republican*:

Returning from devotion warm
Through Durham's forests dark and rude,
The pilgrims pass'd, nor thought of harm,
To seek their homes of solitude.

No sound was heard along the waste
Save once the pine tree's lofty frame
Received a hollow sounding blast,
And in that blast a Demon came.

The vengeful Indians lurking near,
Soon felt his wrath-inspiring pow'r,
They list the white man's step to hear,
They laugh—it is his final hour.

Their aim was deadly: from the dell
The murd'rous death-shot whistling broke;
A man, and lo! a maiden fell;—
And thus the taunting Indian spoke:

Go, son and daughter of that race
Who of our tribes such havoc made;
Go, and in other worlds appease
The murder'd Indian hunters' shade.

The trophies claimed by Indian rights
Would glad our kindred when we meet.
But, hush! they come—those hated whites—
And we to darker wilds retreat.

They come—the friends of those who bled
One lifeless corpse extended lay;
His gentle spirit thence had fled,
By kindred spirits borne away.

But she, the lovely and the young,
Who had her deadly foes forgiven,
Yet linger'd till her falt'ring tongue
Had told her visions bright of Heaven.

She fell upon the cold, hard stone.
 Yet not so hard as was the heart
 Could make such guiltless blood atone
 For deeds sprung from the warrior's art.

That heart no conscious trace retain'd,
 To waken pity for the deed;
 But with her blood the rock was stain'd
 And still that rock is seen to bleed!

Twice fifty winters' storms that beat
 Relentless on that sacred place,
 As many summers' ardent heat
 Cannot that stream of blood efface.

The gentle, musing soul, with ear
 Accustomed to soft Pity's strain
 At twilight's fav'ring hour may hear
 In that lone spot a voice complain.

It tells of those who cross'd the wave,
 And on these shores new perils shared;
 Of many a maid and matron's grave
 By War's unhallowed hand prepared.

It speaks of lovers' bitter sighs,
 When not a swain was found foresworn;
 Of parents' grief, and children's cries,
 By savage force asunder torn.

It plaintive names the untutor'd race,
 By strangers driv'n from that lov'd shore
 Where once they follow'd free the chase,
 A by-word now, and seen no more.

In 1724, the Oyster River settlement being very much exposed, a scouting party under Abraham Bennick, or Bennett, marched back and forth for the protection of the settlement. On June 10, 1724, Moses Davis (a brother of Col. James Davis) and his son Moses went to a brook near their cornfield, where they were at work, and discovered three Indian packs. The alarm was instantly given to the scouting party, which they guided to the spot. The Indians from their ambush killed the father and son, whereupon the scouting party fired and killed one and wounded

two others, who made their escape. The one who was slain was a son of Baron de St. Castine, who had married a daughter of the Indian chief. This young chief had been a pupil of Father Rasles, and wore a kind of coronet of scarlet dyed fur, with an appendage of four small bells, by the sound of which the others might follow him through the thickets. His hair was remarkably soft and fine and he had about him a devotional book and a muster-roll of one hundred and eighty Indians. He was killed by a negro slave of Moses Davis', and his scalp was presented to Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth in council by Robert Burnham, on June 12, 1724, and the promised bounty of one hundred pounds was paid to Captain Francis Mathews, in trust for the company, as shown by the Assembly Journal.

"Robert Burnham was admitted into The Council Chamber, and presented an Indⁿ Scalp To the board, and made oath That it was a bona fide the Scalp of an Indian Slain two days before at Oyster river by a Party of Men under y^e Command of Mr Abraham Bennick & that he believed y^e S'd Indⁿ was an Indian Enemy &c. Where-upon it was ordered That Pursuant To Act of Gen^l Assem^l the Slayer be paid one hundred pounds out of the Treasury and that the Clerk forthwth prepare a warrant accordingly: the Said Sum being made payable To Cap^t Francis Mathews* at y^e request, and on the account of the S'd Slayers."—N. H. Provincial Papers Vol. IV., page 140.

The slave of Moses Davis, who had avenged his master's death, was buried at the feet of Love Davis, the daughter of Moses, and their graves are still pointed out on the Mill road, so called, a short distance from the village.

*A muster roll of a scouting party led by Capt. Francis Mathews was allowed October 26, 1722 (See N. Prov. Papers, Vol. IV, p. 66); and on the previous day the General Assembly made arrangements to provide snowshoes and moccasins at public charge, and they were to be placed in charge of the chief military officer of each town. At this period at Oyster River the chief military officer was Col. James Davis—*Author*.

August 29, 1722, James Davis, Sam^l Tibets and Tim. Gerrish (the representatives from Dover in the Assembly) petitioned the provincial authorities to be relieved from maintaining a grammar school during the Indian War, as it was the most exposed town in the province, "the houses being so scatterd over the whole Township that in No place six houses within call." The people did not dare to send their children to school so that no benefit was received and praying that the "S^d Town of Dover (it then included Oyster River) may be Exempted from keeping a Gramar School During the war with the Indians, as formerly they were." Granted "provided they keep a Schoole for reading and writing & Arithmetic."—N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. IX, page 155.

Before the Storm

By ADAH LOUISE SUTTON

A livid sea, a lowering sky,
A strip of leaden beach;
The wreck of a boat flung high and dry,
And a sad-colored bird with a desolate cry,
Flitting away out of reach.

A line of white on a sandy bar
Where the fitful surf runs high;
A pallid mist rising near and far,
And the dream of a night without a star
To enshroud it all bye and bye.

Famous Boys

A WOMAN fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and, if you will read his life, you will find that those were his traits all through—that he was so alert nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers, so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow patriots wish he was in Guinea, but he was so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it, and I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fitsche, the great German philosopher.



Outward Bound

By NETTIE VERNON

The author of the following poem, reprinted by request, was Mrs. Mattie F. Jones of Merrimack, a popular contributor to the school readers of a few years since, as well as the literary papers and magazines, under her pen name. She was a teacher of marked ability and a woman loved and respected by a wide circle of friends. With her husband, Mr. James T. Jones, she taught school several years in California.—*Editor.*

"I am outward bound," said a sailor boy;

"I am outward bound; oh! life of joy!

Come, go with me, o'er the foaming wave,

And we'll laugh at fear tho' tempests rave."

"I am outward bound," said a laughing child,

While his face beamed mirth, his eye flashed wild!

"I am outward bound—hurrah for glee!

No thought of care shall burden me."

"I am outward bound," said a youth of twelve;

No longer o'er these books I'll delve;

I'll away to the land of promise fair,

And it's golden fruits will offer share."

"I am outward bound," said a full-grown man;

"I have labored here to toil and plan—

'Tis all in vain! I'll engage in trade,

Where an ample fortune is soonest made."

I paused to reflect ere another should speak;

And methought how vain, how trifling, how weak

Were the hopes of happiness I had found,

In the hearts of those who were "outward bound."

"I am outward bound," said a pale young girl,

As she gave a twist to a glossy curl;

"I am bound to heaven, my home is above,

I am *outward bound* from those I love."

I looked again; she had passed away,

And her friends stood mute round her pale, cold clay,

I asked where are others who've echoed the sound

With a smile or a sigh, "we are outward bound."

The sailor lies sleeping far down 'neath the wave;

The child, youth and man are low in the grave;

And so will it be while the earth rolls round,

In whatever state, we are "outward bound."

An Old Town by the Sea

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

FROM this elevation (the roof of the Athenæum) the Navy-yard, the river with its bridges and islands, the clustered gables of Kittery and New-castle, and the illimitable ocean beyond make a picture worth climbing four or five flights of stairs to gaze upon. Glancing down on the town nestled in the foliage, it seems like a town dropped by chance in the midst of a forest. Among the prominent objects which lift themselves above the treetops are the belfries of the various churches, the white facade of the Custom-house, and the Mansard and chimneys of the Rockingham, the leading hotel. The pilgrim will be surprised to find in Portsmouth one of the most elegantly appointed hotels in the United States. The antiquarian may lament the demolition of the old Bell Tavern, and think regretfully of the good cheer once furnished the wayfarer by Master Stavers "at the sign of the Earl of Halifax," but the ordinary traveler will thank his stars, and confess that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, when he finds himself among the frescoes of the Rockingham.

Speaking of public buildings, you will observe looming up on your left, among the green fields one or two miles away, a large structure of red brick. That is the almshouse, on the town farm. I call attention to it, not to compare its accommodations with those of the Rockingham, but in order to say that in Portsmouth was built probably the first pauper work-house ever erected in this or any other country. The building was occupied in 1716, though completed several years previous to that date. It was not until seven years later (1723) that an act was passed in

England, authorizing the establishment of parish work-houses.

Obliquely opposite the doorstep of the Athenæum—we are supposed to be on terra firma again—stands the Old North Church (orthodox), a substantial wooden building, handsomely set on what is called "The Parade," a large, open space formed by the junction of Congress, Market, Daniel and Pleasant Streets. Here in happier days, innocent of water-works, stood the town pump.

The churches of Portsmouth are more remarkable for their number than for their architecture. With the exception of the Stone Church (Unitarian) they are constructed of wood or plain brick in the simplest style. St. John's Church is the only one likely to attract the eye of a stranger. It is magnificently situated on the crest of Church Hill, overlooking the ever-beautiful river. The present edifice was built in 1808 on the site of what was known as Queen's Chapel, erected in 1732, and destroyed by fire December 24, 1806. The chapel was named in honor of Queen Caroline, who furnished the books for the altar and pulpit, the plate and two elegant mahogany chairs, which are still in use in St. John's. Within the chancel rail is a curious marble font, taken by Colonel John Tufon Mason at the capture of Senegal from the French in 1758, and presented to the Episcopal Society in 1761. The peculiarly sweet-toned bell which calls the parishoners of St. John's together every Sabbath is, I believe, the same that formerly hung in the belfry of the old Queen's Chapel. If so, the bell has a history of its own. It was brought from Louisburg at the time of the reduction of that place in 1745, and given to the church by the officers of the New Hampshire troops.

An hour's walk from the Episcopal yard will bring you to the earliest cemetery in New Hampshire, where the first house was built and the first grave made, at Odiorne's Point. The exact site of the Manor is not known, but it is supposed to be a few rods north of an old well of flowing



water at which the Tomsons and the Hiltons and their comrades slaked their thirst two hundred and fifty years ago. Odiorne's Point is owned by Mr. Eben L. Odiorne, a lineal descendant of the worthy who held the property in 1657. Not far from the old spring is the resting-place of the earliest pioneers.

"This first cemetery of the white man in New Hampshire occupies a space of perhaps one hundred feet by ninety, and is well walled in. The western side is now used as a burial-place for the family, but two-thirds of it is filled with perhaps forty graves, indicated by rough head and foot stones. Who there rest no one now living knows. But the same care is taken of their quiet beds as if they were of the proprietor's own family. In 1631 Mason sent over about eighty emigrants, many of whom died in a few years, and here they were probably buried. Here, too, doubtless, rest the remains of several of those whose names stand conspicuous in our state records."

IV

When Washington visited Portsmouth in 1789 he was not deeply impressed by the architecture of the little town that had stood by him so nobly in the struggle for independence. "There are some good houses," he writes, "among which Colonel Langdon's may be esteemed the first; but in general they are indifferent, and almost entirely of wood. On wondering at this, as the country is full of stone and good clay for bricks, I was told that on account of the fogs and damp they deemed them wholesomer, and for that reason preferred wood buildings."

The house of Colonel Langdon, on Pleasant Street, is still an excellent specimen of the solid and dignified abodes which our great-grandfathers had the sense to build. The art of their construction seems to have been a lost art these fifty years. Here Governor John Langdon resided from 1782, until the time of his death in 1819—a period during which many an illustrious man passed between those two

white pillars that support the little balcony over the front-door, among the rest Louis Philippe and his brothers, and the Marquis de Chastellux, a major-general in the French army, serving under the Count de Rochambeau, whom he accompanied from France to the States in 1780. The journal of the marquis contains this reference to his host: "After dinner we went to drink tea with Mr. Langdon. He is a handsome man, and of noble carriage; he has been a member of Congress, and is now one of the first people of the country; his house is elegant and well furnished, and the apartments admirably well wainscoted" (this reads like Mr. Samuel Pepys): "and he has a good manuscript chart of the harbor of Portsmouth. Mrs. Langdon, his wife, is young, fair, and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband, in whose favor I was prejudiced from knowing that he had displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition."

It was at the height of the French Revolution that the three sons of the Duc d'Orleans were entertained at the Langdon Mansion. Years afterward, when Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, he inquired of a Portsmouth lady presented at his court if the old mansion of Governor Langdon was still in existence.

The house stands back a decorous distance from the street, under the shadows of some gigantic oaks or elms, and presents an imposing appearance as you approach it over the tassellated marble walk. A hundred or two feet on either side of the gate, and abutting on the street, is a small, square building of brick, one story in height—probably the porter's lodge and tool-house of former days. There is a large fruit garden attached to the house, which is in excellent condition, taking life comfortably, and having the complacent air of a well-preserved beau of the *ancien regime*. The Langdon Mansion was owned and long occupied by the late Rev. Dr. Burroughs, for a period of forty-seven years the esteemed rector of St. John's Church.

On the corner of Daniel and Chapel Streets stands the oldest brick building in Portsmouth—the Warner House. It was built in 1718 by Captain Archibald Macpheadris, a Scotchman, as his name indicates, a wealthy merchant, and a member of the King's Council. He was the chief projector of the first iron-works established in America. Captain Macpheadris married Sarah Wentworth, one of the sixteen children of Governor John Wentworth, and died in 1729, leaving a daughter, Mary, whose portrait, with that of her mother, painted by the

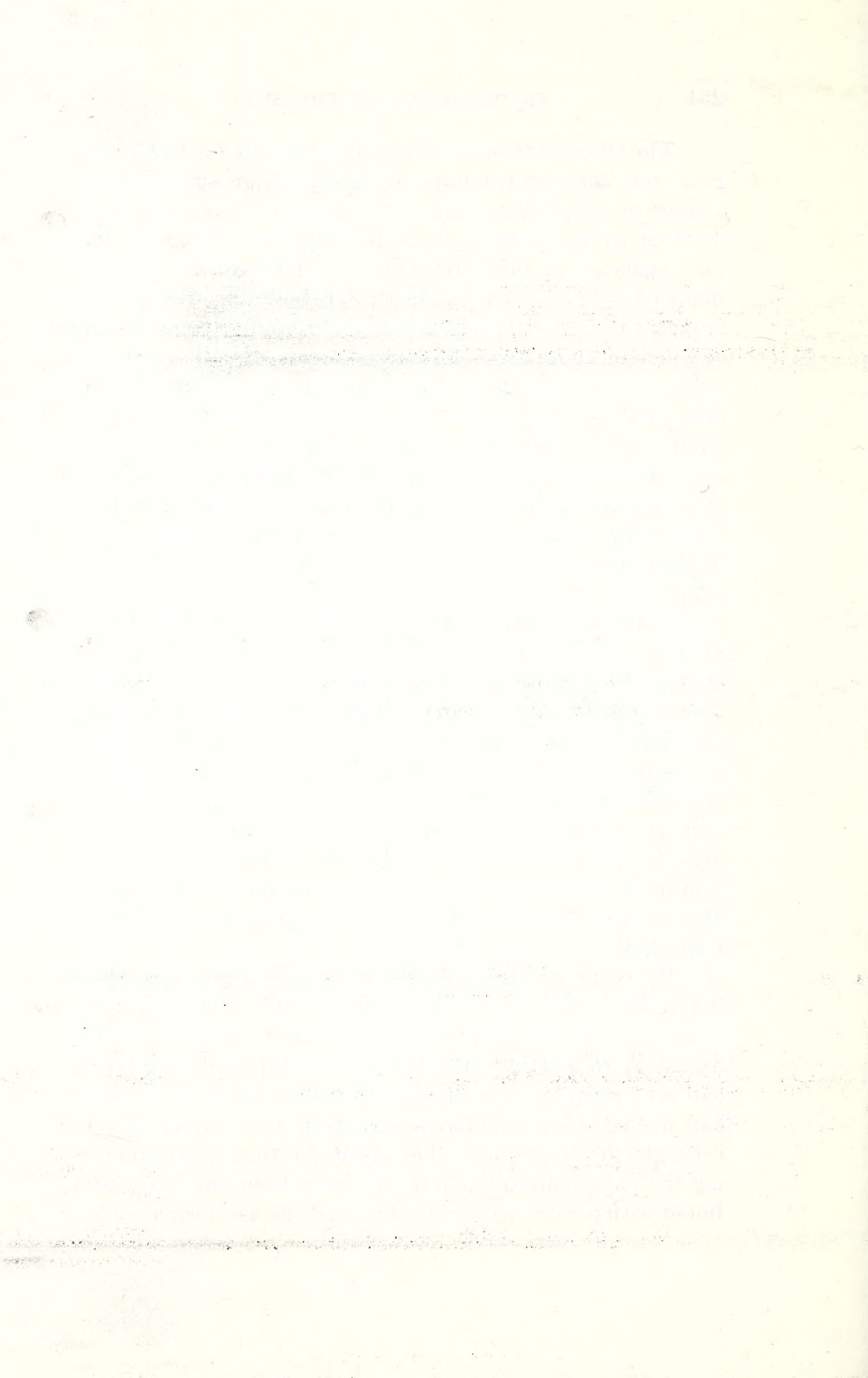


WARNER HOUSE, BUILT IN 1718

ubiquitous Copley, still hangs in one of the parlors of this house, which, oddly enough, is not known by the name of Captain Macpheadris, but by that of his son-in-law, Hon. Jonathan Warner, a member of the King's Council, until the revolt of the colonies. "We well recollect Mr. Warner," says Mr. Brewster, "as one of the last of the cocked hats. As in a vision of early childhood he is still before us, in all the dignity of the aristocratic crown officers. That broad-backed, long-skirted brown coat, those small-clothes and silk stockings, those silver buckles, and that cane—we see them still, although the life that filled and moved them ceased half a century ago."

The Warner House, a three-story building with gambrel roof and luthren windows, is as fine and substantial a sample of the architecture of the period as you are likely to meet with anywhere in New England. The eighteen-inch walls are of brick brought from Holland, as were also many of the materials used in the building—the hearth-stones, tiles, etc. Hewn stone under-pinings were seldom adopted in those days; brickwork rests directly upon the solid walls of the cellar. The interior is rich in paneling and wood carvings about the mantel shelves, the deep-set windows, and along the cornices. The halls are wide and deep, after a gone-by fashion, with handsome staircases, set at a easy angle, and not standing nearly upright, like those ladders by which one reaches the upper chambers of a modern house. The principal rooms are paneled to the ceiling and have large, open chimney-places, adorned with the quaintest of Dutch tiles. In one of the parlors of the Warner House there is a choice store of family relics—china, silver plate, costumes, old clocks, and the like. There are some interesting paintings too—not by Copley this time. On a broad space each side of the hall windows, at the head of the staircase, are pictures of two Indians, life size. They are probably portraits of some of the numerous chiefs with whom Captain Macpheadris had dealings, for the captain was engaged in the fur as well as the iron business. Some enormous elk antlers, presented by Macpheadris by his red friends, are still hanging in the lower hall.

By mere chance, fifteen or twenty years ago, some long-hidden paintings on the walls of this lower hall were brought to light. In repairing the front entry it became necessary to remove the paper, of which four or five layers had accumulated. At one place, where the several coats had peeled off cleanly, a horse's hoof was observed by a little girl of the family. The workman then began removing the paper carefully; first the legs, then the body of a horse with a rider were revealed, and the astonished paper-



hanger presently stood before a life-size representation of Governor Phipps on his charger. The workman called other persons to his assistance, and the remaining portions of the wall were speedily stripped, laying bare four or five hundred square feet covered with sketches in color, landscapes, views of distant cities, figure-pieces, Biblical scenes—Abraham offering up Isaac—a lady at a spinning-wheel, etc. Until then no person in the land of the living had had any knowledge of those hidden pictures. An old dame of eighty, who had visited at the house intimately ever since her childhood, all but refused to believe her spectacles when brought face to face with the frescoes.

The place is full of odds and ends calculated to craze a bric-a-brac hunter, but there is nothing more curious than these incongruous paintings, evidently the work of a clever hand. Even the outside of the old edifice is not without its attraction for an antiquarian. The lightning-rod which protects the Warner House to-day was put up under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin in 1762, and is supposed to be the first rod put up in New Hampshire.

The old hotel—now a very unsavory tenement-house—was built by John Stavers, inn-keeper, in 1770, who planted in front of the door a tall post, from which swung the sign of "The Earl of Halifax." Stavers had previously kept an inn of the same name on Queen, now State, Street.

It is a square, three-story building, shabby and dejected, giving no hint of the really important historical associations that cluster about it. At the time of its erection it was no doubt considered a rather grand structure, for buildings of three stories were rare in Portsmouth. Even in 1798, of the six hundred and twenty-six dwelling-houses of which the town boasted, eighty-six were of one story, five hundred and twenty-four were of two stories, and only sixteen of three stories. It has the regulation gambrel roof, but is lacking in those wood ornaments which are usually seen over the doors and windows of the more prominent houses of that epoch. It was, however, *the* hotel of the period.



That same worn doorstep upon which Mr. O'Shaughnessy now stretches himself of a summer afternoon, with a short clay pipe stuck between his lips, and his hat crushed down on his brows, revolving the sad vicissitude of things (made very much sadder by drink)—that same doorstep has been pressed by the feet of generals and marquises and grave dignitaries upon whom depended the destiny of the States—officers in gold lace and scarlet cloth, and high-heeled belles in patch and powder. At this door the "Flying Stage-Coach," from Boston, once a week set down its load of passengers—and distinguished passengers they



WENTWORTH HOUSE

often were. Most of the chief celebrities of the land, before and after the secession of the colonies, have been guests of Master Stavers, at the sign of the Earl of Halifax.

While the storm was brewing between the colonies and the mother country it was in a back room in the old tavern that the adherents of the crown met to discuss matters. The landlord himself was a loyalist, and when the full cloud was on the eve of breaking he had an early intimation of the coming tornado. The Sons of Liberty had long watched with sullen eyes the secret sessions of the Tories in Master Stavers' tavern, and one morning the patriots quietly began cutting down the post which supported the

obnoxious emblem. Mr. Stavers, who seems not to have been belegerent himself, but the cause of belligerence in others, sent out his black slave with orders to stop proceedings. The negro, who was armed with an axe, struck but a single blow and disappeared. This blow fell upon the head of Mark Noble; it did not kill him, but left him an insane man till the day of his death, forty years afterward. A furious mob at once collected, and made an attack on the tavern, bursting in the doors and shattering every pane of glass in the windows. It was only through the intervention of Captain John Langdon, a warm and popular patriot, that the hotel was saved from destruction.

Master Stavers in the mean while had escaped through the stables in the rear. He fled to Stratham, where he was given refuge by his friend William Pottle, who had supplied the hotel with ale. The excitement blew over after a time, and Stavers was induced to return to Portsmouth. He was seized by the Committee of Safety, and lodged in Exeter jail, when his loyalty, which had really never been very high, went down below zero; he took the oath of allegiance, and shortly after his release reopened the hotel. The honest face of William Pitt appeared on the repentant sign, vice the Earl of Halifax, ignominiously discharged, and Stavers was himself again.

From that period, until I do not know what year, the Stavers House prospered. It was at the sign of the William Pitt that the officers of the French fleet boarded in 1782, and hither came the Marquis Lafayette, all the way from Providence, to visit them. John Hancock, Elbridge Gerry, Rutledge, and other signers of the Declaration sojourned here at various times. It was here General Knox—"that stalwart man, two officers in size and three in lungs"—was wont to order his dinner, and in a stentorian voice compliment Master Stavers on the excellence of his larder. One day—it was at the time of the French Revolution—Louis Philippe and his two brothers applied at the door of the William Pitt for lodgings; but the tavern was full, and the

future king, with his companions, found comfortable quarters under the hospitable roof of Governor Langdon in Pleasant Street.

A record of the scenes, tragic and humorous, that have been enacted within this old yellow house on the corner would fill a volume. A vivid picture of the social and public life of the old time might be painted by a skillful hand, using the two Earl of Halifax inns for a background. The painter would find gay and sombre colors ready mixed for his palette, and a hundred romantic incidents waiting for his canvas. One of these romantic episodes has been turned to very pretty account by Longfellow in the last series of "The Tales of a Wayside Inn"—the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth with Martha Hilton, a sort of second edition of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.

Martha Hilton was a poor girl, whose bare feet and ankles and scant drapery when she was a child, and even after she was well in the bloom of her teens, used to scandalize good Dame Stavers, the inn-keeper's wife. Standing one afternoon in the doorway of the Earl of Halifax, Dame Stavers took occasion to remonstrate with the sleek-limbed and lightly draped Martha, who chanced to be passing the tavern, carrying a pail of water, in which, as the poet neatly says, "the shifting sunbeams danced."

"You Pat! You Pat!" cried Mrs. Stavers severely, "why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street."

"Never mind how I look," says Miss Martha, with a merry laugh, letting slip a saucy brown shoulder out of her dress. "I shall ride in my chariot yet, ma'am."

Fortunate prophecy! Martha went to live as servant with Governor Wentworth at his mansion at Little Harbor, looking out to sea. Several years passed, and the "thin slip of a girl," who promised to be no great beauty, had flowered into the loveliest of women, with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a rose—a lady by instinct, one of

Nature's own ladies. The governor, a lonely widower, and not too young, fell in love with his fair handmaid. Without stating his purpose to any one, Governor Wentworth invited a number of friends (among others the Rev. Arthur Brown) to dine with him at Little Harbor on his birthday. After the dinner, which was a very elaborate one, was at an end, and the guests were discussing their tobacco-pipes, Martha Hilton glided into the room, and stood blushing in front of the chimney-place. She was exquisitely dressed as you may conceive, and wore her hair three stories high. The guests stared at each other, and particularly at her, and wondered. Then the governor, rising from his seat,

“Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,

And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown;

‘This is my birthday; it shall likewise be

My wedding day; and you shall marry me!’”

The rector was dumfounded, knowing the humble footing Martha had held in the house, and could think of nothing cleverer to say than, “To whom, your excellency?”

“To this lady,” replied the governor, taking Martha Hilton by the hand. The Rev. Arthur Brown hesitated. “As the Chief Magistrate of New Hampshire I *command* you to marry me!” cried the firm old governor.

And so it was done; and so the pretty kitchen-maid became Lady Wentworth, and did ride in her own chariot, after all. She wasn't a woman if she didn't drive by Stavers' hotel.

Lady Wentworth had a keen appreciation of the dignity of her new station, and became a grand lady at once. A few days after her marriage, dropping her ring on the floor, she languidly ordered her servant to pick it up. The servant, who appears to have had a fair sense of humor, grew suddenly near-sighted, and was unable to find the ring until Lady Wentworth stooped and placed her ladyship's finger upon it. She turned out a faultless wife, however; and Governor Wentworth at his death, which occurred in

1770, signified his approval of her by leaving her his entire estate. She married again without changing name, accepting the hand, and what there was of the heart, of Michael Wentworth, a retired colonel of the British Army, who came to this country in 1767. Colonel Wentworth (not connected, I believe, with the Portsmouth branch of Wentworths) seems to have been of a convivial turn of mind. He shortly dissipated his wife's fortune in high living, and died abruptly in New York—it is supposed by his own hand. His last words—quite a unique contribution to the literature of last words—were, "I have had my cake, and ate it," which shows that the colonel, in his own peculiar line, was a finished philosopher.

The seat of Governor Wentworth at Little Harbor—a pleasant walk from Market Square—is well worth a visit. Time and change have laid their hands more lightly on this rambling old pile than on any other of the old homes in Portsmouth. When you cross the threshold of the door you step into the colonial period. Here the Past seems to have halted courteously, waiting for you to catch up with it. Inside and outside the Wentworth Mansion remains nearly as the old governor left it; and though it is no longer in the possession of the family, the present owners, in their willingness to gratify the decent curiosity of strangers, show a hospitality which has always characterized the place.

The house is an architectural freak. The main building—if it is the main building—is generally two stories in height, with irregular wings forming three sides of a square which opens on the water. It is, in brief, a cluster of whimsical extensions that look as if they had been built at different periods, which I believe was not the case. The mansion was completed in 1750. It originally contained fifty-two rooms; a portion of the structure was removed twenty or twenty-five years since, leaving at present forty-five apartments. The chambers were connected in the oddest manner, by unexpected steps leading up or down,

and capricious little passages that seem to have been the unhappy afterthoughts of the architect. But it is a mansion on a grand scale, and with a grand air. The cellar was arranged for the stabling of a troop of thirty horse in times of danger.

The council-chamber, where for many years all questions of vital importance to the state were discussed, in a spacious, high-studded room, finished in the richest style of the last century. It is said that the ornamentation of the huge mantel, carved with knife and chisel, cost the workman a year's constant labor. At the entrance of the council-chamber are still the racks for the twelve muskets of the governor's guard—so long ago dismissed.

Opening also on the council-chamber are several tiny apartments, empty and silent now, in which many a close rubber has been played by illustrious hands. The stillness and loneliness of the old house seem saddest here. The jeweled fingers are dust, the merry laughs have turned themselves into silent, sorrowful phantoms, stealing from chamber to chamber. It is easy to believe in the traditional ghost that haunts the place—

"A jolly place in times of old,
But something ails it now!"

The mansion at Little Harbor is not the only notable house that bears the name of Wentworth. On Pleasant Street, at the head of Washington Street, stands the former residence of another colonial worthy, Governor John Wentworth, who went into office in 1767, and went out at the time of the Revolution. He was a royalist of the most decided stripe. In 1775 a man named Fenton, who had become offensive to the patriots, was given shelter in this by the governor, who refused to deliver the fugitive to the people. The mob planted a field-piece (unloaded) in front of the doorstep, and threatened to fire if Fenton were not forth-coming. The family vacated the premises and the mob entered, doing considerable damage. The broken

marble chimney-piece is preserved in its place, mutely protesting against the outrage. Shortly after this event Governor Wentworth retired to England. He was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1792 to 1800, and died in Halifax in 1820. This is one of the handsomest old dwellings in town, and promises to outlast many of its newest neighbors. The parlor presents the same aspect it wore when the populace rushed into it nearly a century ago; the plush on the walls has not faded, and all the furniture and decorations have been kept in their original positions, and preserved with scrupulous care. In the hall—deep enough for the duel that is always fought in halls in baronial novels—are full-length portraits of the governor and others of the family.

There is still a third Wentworth House, also once occupied by a colonial governor—there were three Governors Wentworth—but that, and a hundred other relics of the past, must remain unmentioned.

The points of interest in and about Portsmouth are innumerable. I have accomplished my end if I have succeeded in intimating this to the reader. The beaches at Rye and Hampton, and the summer resorts inland, annually draw thousands of persons to the neighborhood; for the most part they regard Portsmouth as the place where they purchase their ticket to Boston, or take passage on the little steamer for the Shoals. Yet many of them have crossed the Atlantic, and suffered the hardships and fatigue of foreign land travel, in order to visit localities that can not possibly possess for an American one-half the interest of this Old Town by the Sea.



The Father of American Artillery

By MARY L. D. FERRIS

AMERICA, it is asserted, began her Revolution with but ten pieces of cannon. It was Major-General Richard Gridney, a distinguished soldier, whose mechanical science and ingenuity made possible the first cannon and mortars ever cast in this country.

Gridney was born in Boston, in 1711. He acquired a great reputation as an artillerist, and was chief engineer in the reduction of Louisburg in 1745. He was engaged in the expedition against Crown Point and planned the fortification around Lake George. For his services at the capture of Quebec, the British government gave him Magdalen Island with half pay, which was continued to him during his life. In 1775 he espoused the Patriot cause with great fervor, and was appointed chief engineer and commander of the artillery of the Continental Army. He it was who so skillfully laid out the works on Bunker Hill the night before the battle of June 17, 1775. Though then sixty-five years old, he was exposed to the severest fire of the enemy during the whole engagement, and late in the day was wounded by a musket ball in the thigh. His furnace was for a long time employed by congress, under his direction, casting cannon for the use of the army. In February, 1776, he was at Mashapog pond, with a number of men, proving some mortars which were afterwards placed on Dorchester Heights, and a year later congress empowered Robert Treat Paine to contract with him for forty-eight howitzers to be sent to Ticonderoga.

On May 30, 1877, a monument was dedicated to him at Canton, Mass.

There have been at least two Gridneys whose lives are bound up with their country's history.

The Brave Commodore

By J. C. N.

The following lines were written on board the Constitution by one of her officers over fifty years ago. The frigate was homeward bound, but when within three hundred miles of her port of entry, Portsmouth, N. H., her commander received some American papers, recounting the Cuban difficulties, and the prospect of a war with Spain, whereupon he immediately bore away for the Gulf, and all the preparations incidental to getting a man-of-war ready for action were made without delay, as detailed in the poem. The frigate was off Cuba on the 1st of May—the night of the eclipse. The non-nautical reader is reminded that the "bulk-heads" referred to are equivalent to the interior walls and partitions of a house on shore.

The stars and stripes are floating
Around green Cuba's wave!
The fife and drum are beating
To quarters all the brave!
The Frigate Constitution
Is on the sea again,
All cleared for dreadful action,
Upon the bloody main!

Our martial band is playing
Our Hail Columbia hymn!
The earth its shadow throwing
Upon the moon, 'tis dim!
And blood red is their color,
And doomed is their estate;
And terrible their dolor,
Who tempt the just and great!

Our commodore has taken
His cabin bulk-heads down;
He's like an eagle flying,
Through heavens of renown!
Our fathers sailed the ocean,
To fight in freedom's might!
The world is in commotion,
And we are armed for right—
The Lord of Hosts is with his saints
In every holy fight!

General Sullivan and His Nearest Officers

From Notes by DAVID CRAFT

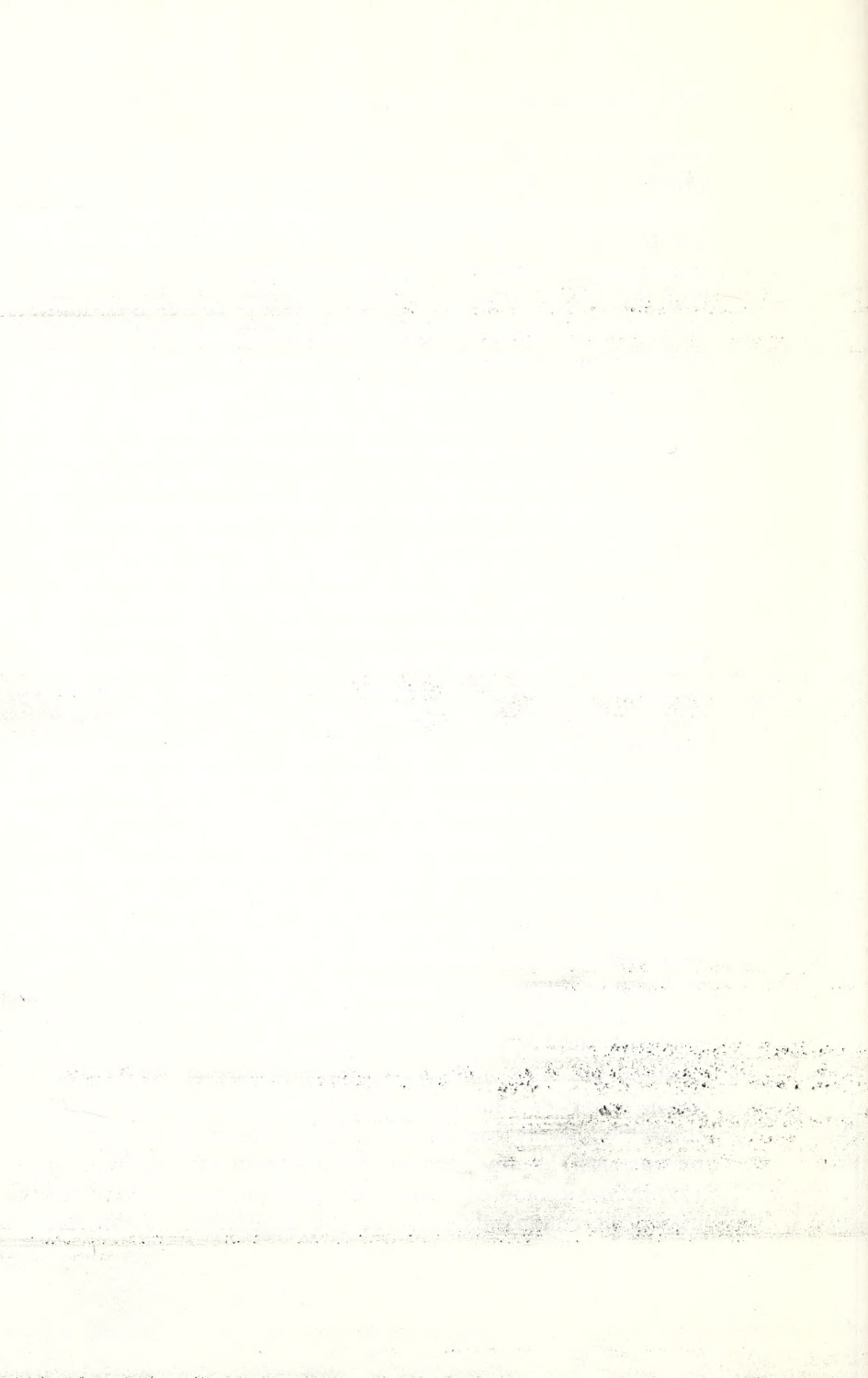
The following brief sketches give one a clear idea of General Sullivan and his staff at the time of his memorable expedition into the heart of the Iroquois nation in 1779.—*Editor.*

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN was a man of robust form, tending to corpulence, whose dark gray eyes were as piercing as an eagle's, whose swarthy complexion was made a still deeper brown by constant exposure to storm and wind and the August sun, and whose hair, black as a raven's wing, fell in thickly clustered locks upon his shoulders—a man whose mein and bearing was every whit a soldier. He was born in Dover, N. H., in 1741, and at the time of his famous campaign was thirty-eight years of age. He had acquired a good education under the direction of his father, who was a school teacher, and commenced the practice of law at Durham, N. H., which continued to be his place of residence until his death. In 1772 he was major of the New Hampshire regiment. In 1774-75 he was delegate to congress, and by that body was appointed major-general in July, 1776. His courage, bravery and skill were unquestioned. He enjoyed the confidence of Washington and compatriots. His conduct in this expedition was the subject of severe criticism in certain circles and characterized as vandal and unmilitary. His usual practice of firing a morning and evening gun, his destruction of the houses and orchards of the enemy, were declared to be unwise and unsoldierly. Sullivan bore these criticisms in patience and for the most part in silence, and such was his love for Washington that never did he allude

to the fact, in his own defense, that in those things for which he was blamed, he was acting under the express direction of the commander-in-chief, preferring rather himself to suffer in silence than that his beloved Washington should suffer reproach. Owing to exposure in this expedition, and the derangement of his business growing out of his prolonged absence in the camp, he asked leave to retire from the army at the close of the campaign. But his subsequent life was spent largely in public business. In 1780 and 1781 he was a delegate to congress. In 1782 he was appointed attorney-general and re-appointed on the adoption of the new Constitution in 1784. In 1786 and 1787 he was president of the senate. In 1788 he was speaker of the house of representatives of New Hampshire, and president of the convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States. In 1789 he was the presidential elector and voted for Washington, and in March of the same year he was elected president of the senate for the third time. In 1789 he was appointed by Washington judge of the district court in New Hampshire, which office he held until his death, January 23, 1795, at the age of fifty-four, one of New Hampshire's honored sons, at the mention of whose name we at this day uncover our heads with reverence.

Near by his commander, in the second order of rank, owing to the position of his brigade, was one of his officers, the last to arrive at the council. Dignified, thoughtful, earnest, brave, with a mind of broad grasp and a will resolute to execute, he readily seconded the plan of Sullivan, and was ready to carry out his part in the work.

Brigadier-General James Clifton, the brother of one governor and the father of another, was a name intimately blended with the civil and military history of New York. Born in Ulster county, N. Y., he was in age three years the senior of his commander. With the rank of colonel, he was with Montgomery in the invasion of Canada. In 1777 he was promoted to brigadier-general, and held various important commands prior to the expedition. After the



war he held several civil positions, and died in Orange county, N. Y., greatly beloved and honored, in December, 1812, at the age of seventy-four.

The next in order of rank was Brigadier-General William Maxwell, commandant of the Jersey line, a gentleman of refinement and an officer of high character. Of his personal history but little is known. It is believed he was born in Ireland, but at an early age was brought by his parents to New Jersey. When quite young he entered the military service, and at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War was made colonel of the Second Battalion of the First Establishment, was with Montgomery in his Canada campaign, promoted to brigadier-general in October, 1776, and commanded the Jersey Brigade in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and, indeed, all the battles in which the Jersey Brigade was engaged, until he resigned his commission, July, 1780. He died in November, 1798.

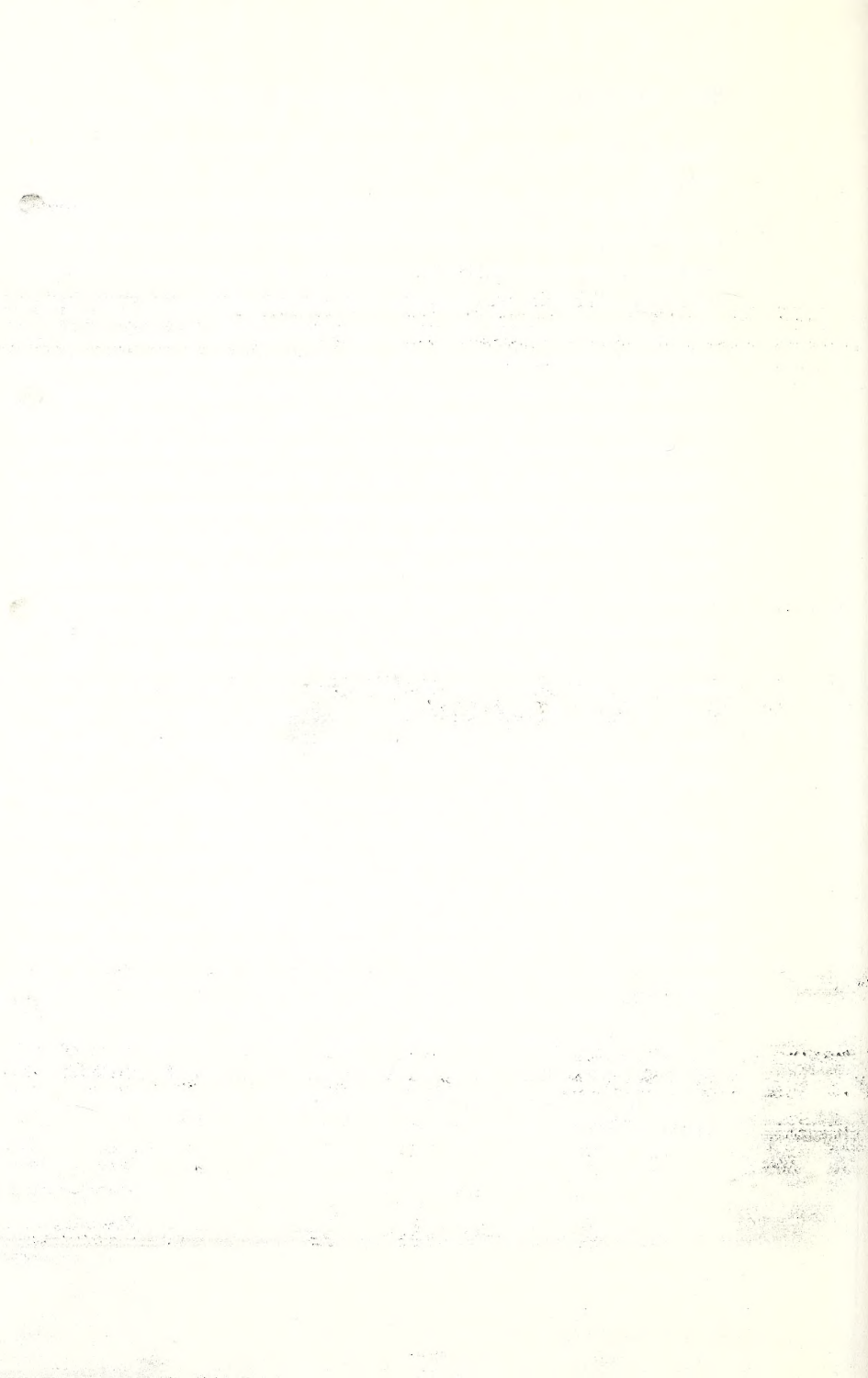
The commander of the right wing of the army was Brigadier-General Enoch Poor of Exeter, N. H., who in early life had been a successful shipbuilder, became connected with the Third New Hampshire, or Scammel's, Regiment, and on the appointment of Scammel to be adjutant-general of the army, was put in command of the regiment, and promoted to a brigadier in 1777. After his service with Sullivan on this campaign, and at the request of La Fayette, Poor was appointed to the command of a brigade of light troops under that general, and it has been mentioned as no small tribute to his memory that the marquis, on his second visit to this country, at a public entertainment should have proposed the sentiment, "The memory of Light Infantry Poor and Yorktown Scammel." At Hackensack, N. J., he was killed, September 8, 1781, in a duel with a French officer, but so great was his popularity with the troops that a rupture was feared if the truth were known; it was therefore currently reported that he



died of bilious fever. He was in the forty-third year of his age.

Brigadier-General Edward Hand, though the youngest of the brigadiers, held the most important position in the command next to Sullivan himself. Born in Ireland the last day of 1744, he entered the British army as ensign, served for two years in his regiment, then resigned and settled in Pennsylvania. At the beginning of the Revolution he entered the continental service as lieutenant-colonel, but was made colonel of a rifle corps in 1776, and was in the battle of Long Island and Trenton, and in the summer and fall of 1777 was in command at Pittsburg, where he acquired such a knowledge of the Indian country and their modes of warfare as made his services indispensable to the expedition. Washington placed great confidence in his judgment, and consulted him freely in regard to the feasibility of the enterprise. In 1780 he succeeded Scammel as adjutant-general of the army and held the position until the close of the war. He was known as a lover of fine horses and was an excellent horseman. He died in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, September 3, 1802, aged fifty-eight years.

Colonel Thomas Proctor of the Artillery, whose stalwart person must have been conspicuous in the group, was doubtless invited to the consultation. He, too, was born in Ireland, but in early life came to Philadelphia, where he worked at the carpenter's trade until the beginning of the war, when he raised a company, was commissioned captain, and was soon promoted to colonel. He was a man of great executive ability, and was frequently serviceable to the government in other than military capacity. In 1791 he was sent on a mission to the western Indians, which he performed to the satisfaction of the government. He died in March, 1806.



The Shadows Men Follow

A Plain Tale of Plain People, Some of Whom You May Have
Known, All of Whom Lived a Third of a Century Ago

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

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What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!—*Burke.*

CHAPTER XVI

A BROKEN BARGAIN

"The issues of life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown."

DEACON GOODWILL was astir early on Monday morning, and immediately after breakfast he ordered that Bet should be harnessed into the best wagon and brought to the door. Abe did as he was told without daring to ask any questions, but there were tears in his eyes as he led the faithful mare down to the door. In solemn silence the deacon took his seat in the wagon, and picking up the reins, which Abe in his trepidation forgot to hand him, drove grimly down the road. Without stopping to watch him off as usual, Abe ran into the house, to find his mother standing at one of the windows looking after her departing husband with ill-concealed agitation.

"Oh, mother! what does father mean to do with Bet?"

"Your father is terribly worked up over what happened yesterday and, though he has not exactly said so, I am

very sure he has gone away to sell her. It may be he hopes to find the man who wanted to buy her last month."

"Oh, mother! what shall I do? If he sells Bet now it will spoil all I have done!" cried Abe, regardless of the secret he was giving away, for he had been careful not to let his mother know of the plot he was trying to carry out. "She was not to blame that he made that race yesterday."

"Not in the proper sense, my son, but the fact remains that it was made, and it was an awful affair for your father to be mixed up in. But what do you mean by what you have done?"

Abe turned very red in the face, and he did not know what to say. Seeing his confusion his mother began to question him until he felt obliged to confess the truth, she listening to his explanation in silent surprise, saying when he had finished:

"I did not dream of this, Abraham. I am sorry you have gone as far as you have. You can see the trouble it has already made your father, and I am sure you will get into trouble before you get through. I cannot think of my son as a jockey and a horse racer."

"But, mother, it is only for this once, and there is no betting. Uncle Life Story says there is no harm in matching horses. I want the money so much, so I can go to the academy."

"I know you do my son, but the best of motives become surrounded with evil when we resort to questionable means to gain our ends. Your father is able to pay your tuition at the academy if he chooses."

"But he does not choose to, mother, and yaou knaow he will not do it. Yaou mustn't tell him of this plan of mine to make money."

"Not in his present state of mind. I do not know what to do. It seems so strange and is so unexpected. I hope I am not doing wrong in keeping this away from your father, and I hope you will drop the matter now. No good can come of it and the risk is great. I hope your father



will find a buyer for Bet before he comes back."

"Most likely he will if he finds Mr. Johnson or Jock Jenness," replied Abe with a look of despair. "Either of them will jump at the chance to buy her. I wish I could see Squire Newbegin."

As his mother offered no reply to this, Abe slowly left the house, feeling miserable and not knowing what to do. In the midst of his unhappiness the town claimants, who had remained in their room all the morning, now approached him, Free Newbegin asking in regard to the cause of his dejection, when Abe very frankly explained the whole situation. After laughing heartily at the account of the Sunday race, Free said:

"It cannot be possible your father will sell the mare. You seem to forget that she is my property. Did I not bargain squarely for her on the morning that man Johnson came here to buy her? I was to pay two hundred dollars for her, was I not?"

"That's so," replied Abe, whose countenance brightened; but it quickly clouded, while he continued:

"He has gone away to sell her. What can we do?"

"Why follow him of course. I should like to see him sell my horse. I am not that kind of a man to make a trade, not but what the mare is yours until after the Coldbrook race."

This bold stand awakened a new fear in Abe's mind, as he could see it was likely to make his father still further trouble. This caused him to hesitate, and he had decided mentally that it would be better to abandon his whole project and let Bet go, when little Enoch exclaimed:

"Here comes dad driving back. There's some one follering along behind him. It looks like Johnson's hoss."

"Dad has found him," said Abe, "and he's sold Bet," not knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

This seemed very probable, so Newbegin and his associate watched with the boys anxiously for the approach of the deacon and the man with him, who proved to be the

horse jockey from Coldbrook. It proved that the latter had heard of the other's peculiar race, and had started immediately to see him, reasoning that it would be a good time to make a bargain.

"Take the old mare out of the shafts," called out the deacon before he had alighted from the wagon, but beginning to descend to the ground as he spoke. He seemed in better spirits than he had been an hour before. "I've sold Bet to Johnson here, and he'll take her away with him."

Now that the deed had been done Abe felt the blow more than he had expected, and he was too much overcome to offer to unharness the horse.

"I told you to take that hoss out of th' wagon an' pull her harness off," thundered the deacon. "Johnson has a long road afore him, an he's anxious to be on his way."

Abe did not dare to disobey, but he found courage to ask, as he stepped forward:

"Haow much did yaou get for her, dad?"

"Fifty dollars, to be paid in hand. I might hev got a hundred," he added in a lower tone, "but he was afeared of that lameness. I was lucky to find a buyer so handy. It seemed like the hand of Providence guided me that I should meet him just as I was startin' off."

These words had reached the ears of Mr. Newbegin, who now stepped briskly forward, saying in a clear, crisp tone:

"Did I understand you to say you had sold this mare, Mr. Goodwill, to this man here?"

"Ya'as; Mr. Johnson come along, an' as I had no further use for her I thought I'd let her go. Th' price was lower'n I oughter take, but seein' I've had th' use of her so long, I thought mebbe I'd better take it."

"Deacon Goodwill, I should like to know by what authority you sold *my* horse?"

It would be stating a plain fact mildly to say that Deacon Goodwill was surprised at this question. He had

acted in good faith in trying to dispose of the mare, even if his effort to do so had been born of an ugly feeling that would be difficult to explain, hoping thereby to heal a wound that rankled in his heart if not in his flesh. It is true he had considered seriously at the time the offer made to him by this stranger, and had intended to keep his part of what he considered a good bargain. But, somehow, retaining possession of the animal so long had somehow caused him to let the matter slip from his mind. Thus he had sold her to Mr. Johnson in the perfect confidence of being able to deliver the object of his trade without trouble. It was little wonder then he failed to reply to the question before Mr. Johnson, anticipating, perhaps, what was coming, thrust a roll of bills into the deacon's hand, saying in his brusque way:

"You will find the amount all right, deacon—fifty dollars. It is a pretty steep price to pay, but I am a man of my word. Come, bub, strip off the harness, as I'm in a hurry to get started on a long journey," and he stepped forward to help Enoch about a task the boy would fain not have begun. Abe was unable to move, while he waited anxiously the outcome of the situation.

"Hold on, sir!" commanded Newbegin, advancing also. "This is my horse, and I forbid you to so much as lay a hand on the beast."

"I do not know you, sir. Stand aside or there will be trouble for you."

The situation was becoming exciting, and Abe looked first from his father to Mr. Newbegin, and then upon the angry Johnson, wondering how the affair would end, when the former said:

"Deacon Goodwill, I shall hold you to your word. Did I not buy this mare of you nearly a month ago?"

"I—ya-as—yeou see, Mr. Johnson, I had forgot; but yeou will remember—"

"That has nothing to do with the case now;" broke in the irate jockey. "I have bought the mare and paid my

money. Now I want and shall take my property."

"No—no! here's your money, Johnson. I was wrong—I didn't think. Oh! that ungodly mare 'll be th' death of me! How my rheumatiz stings. I shall have to have a new plaster on my back."

Finding the jockey would not take back the money, Deacon Goodwill laid the roll of bills on his wagon seat without counting it, and started toward the house. At the same time Freeman motioned for Enoch to lead Bet to the barn, which he did, followed by Abe. Mr. Johnson's rage now knew no bounds, and he gave expression to expletives that would not grace these pages. He started at first to follow the boys, as if he would bring back the mare by force. But he seemed to think better of this movement, and as soon as he could clear his mind enough to speak coherently he exclaimed:

"Timothy Goodwill, I shall hold you responsible for the deliverance of my horse. If you do not send her to John Cartwell's before twelve o'clock I shall send a sheriff to get possession. Of all the condemned mean tricks I ever had played on me this is the lowest. I put you down in my book of humbugs as the most rotten, low-lived image of man that I ever found."

Perhaps it was well for the deacon's peace of mind that he had passed into the house, and so escaped listening to these vile statements which spoke so plainly of the character of the man who uttered them.

"Mr. Johnson," said Freeman Newbegin, in that clear-cut tone of his that impressed the listener with the conviction that he meant every word he uttered, "you show no mark of a gentleman in your conduct or language. You forget where you stand, and the sterling character of the person you are addressing. Besides you have no occasion to pick a quarrel with him. It is I who stand in your way. The mare is mine and I defy you to take her away. More than that, if you lift so much as a finger to cause the good deacon any more annoyance, I will send two sheriffs

after you, and I will not let up until you are landed in the county jail. I know enough of your crookedness to do it, and I won't go back in your career more than a month either."

Even the imperturbable adventurer was surprised at the audacity of his speech, but with keen foresight he had seen that his random shots were taking effect, and he showed no hesitation in his manner. Without replying the jockey climbed into his wagon, stuffed the money the deacon had laid on the seat into his vest pocket, and drove away without even looking back.

"Bravo for you!" exclaimed Leonard Quiver, as the little group watched the departure of the other. "I wouldn't have missed that scene for the price of a whole ticket."

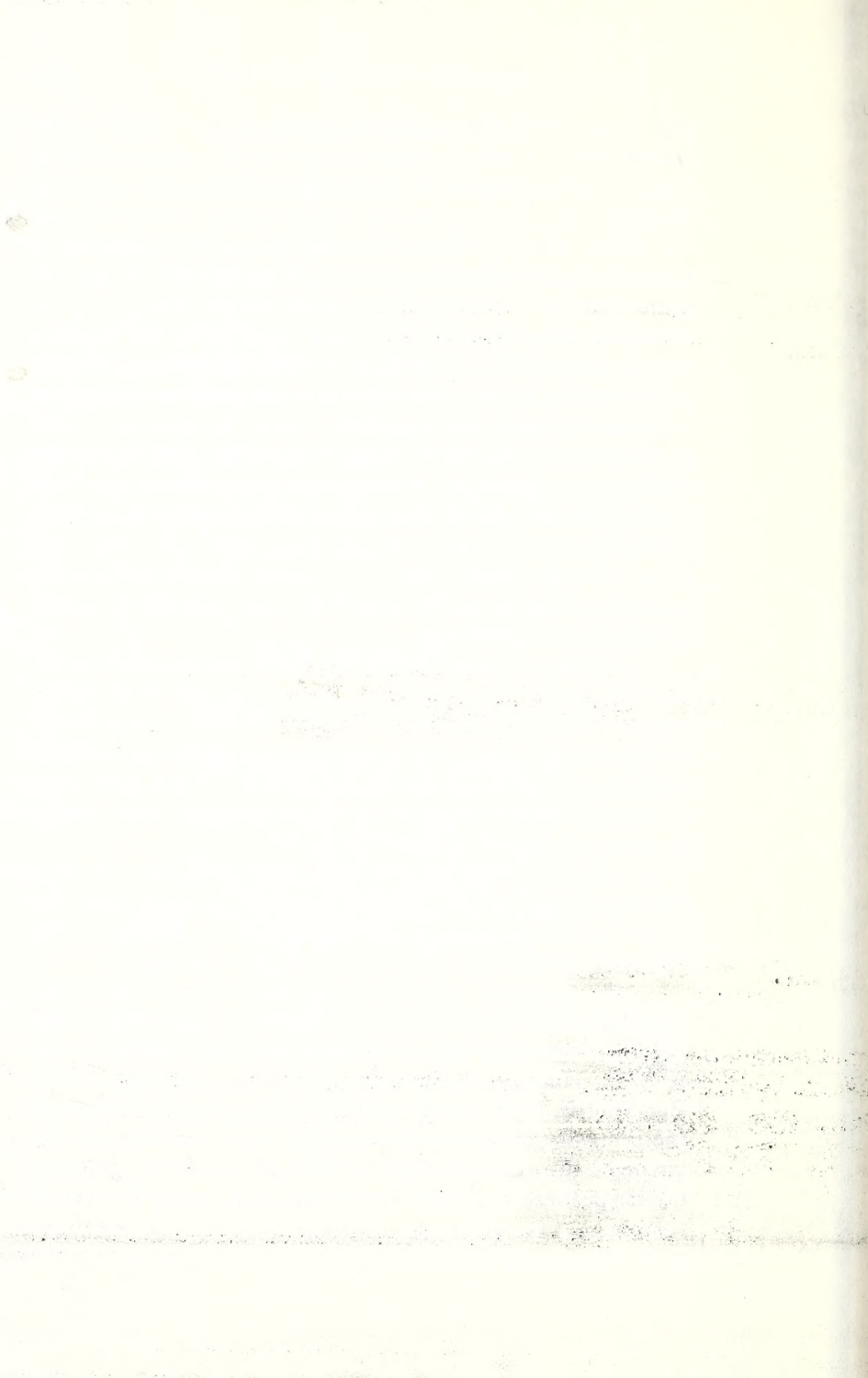
CHAPTER XVII

THE STALWART STRANGER

The long road of life is a free one to all,
And at best it is not very wide,
And it's every one's duty to go at his best,
If in cart or in carriage he ride.
If this motto you paste in the top of your hat
You will find that in time it will pay,
And follow it out just the length of your days:—
"Whip up or get out of the way!"

—Joe Jot, Jr.

NEITHER of the town claimants appeared at the town meeting called by two of the selectmen, the chief plotter deeming it wise to remain away. But Sheriff Jenness was promptly on hand, and in spite of the protests stormed upon him spoke half an hour on the virtue of the claim and the liability of the town. Among other speakers was Life Story, who spoke very fluently of



the perfect decorum of the claimants, but who scouted the idea that their claim was worth considering.

"Why, Mr. Moderator, the leetle squirrel that I overheard talkin' to himself, as I come to this meetin', has as good a claim as these audacious strangers. What is it an' it can't be argified. I remember on one of my hunts into th' North Woods—"

Seeing that Uncle Life was about to begin one of his long yarns, an anxious voter sprang to his feet and moved the whole matter be left to the selectmen to investigate and report at an adjourned meeting. This motion being seconded by a dozen or more voting members, it was unanimously voted in the affirmative. The result was what had been expected, and if the crowd gathered in the hall appeared calm and decorous, it was plainly visible that the spirit of the townspeople was to fight these claimants to the bitter end, if need be. The meeting was adjourned for three weeks, to allow the selectmen ample time in which to investigate and decide on the matter.

During the lazy October days that followed, the excitement first awakened by the appearance of the town claimants subsided somewhat, as the public meeting had not awakened the stir and excitement that had been expected. The gold craze, too, began to quiet down, for after all but few had any faith in the matter, and many believed the speculator had got bitten. The county fair, now drawing near, became the absorbing topic of conversation, as it was known that desperate efforts were being made by the residents of the "east district" to maintain their ring unbroken. It was whispered, though how much truth there was in it no one seemed to know, that Squire Newbegin was making a concentrated attempt to break down this jockey power. He was away from home most of his time, and the knowing ones said he was looking after the training of a horse to sweep the stakes at the coming race. Probably Abe Goodwill had listened to these flying stories with the deepest interest, but they had not deterred him from steadily following his plans, as we have seen.

(Began in the July, 1906, number; to be continued)

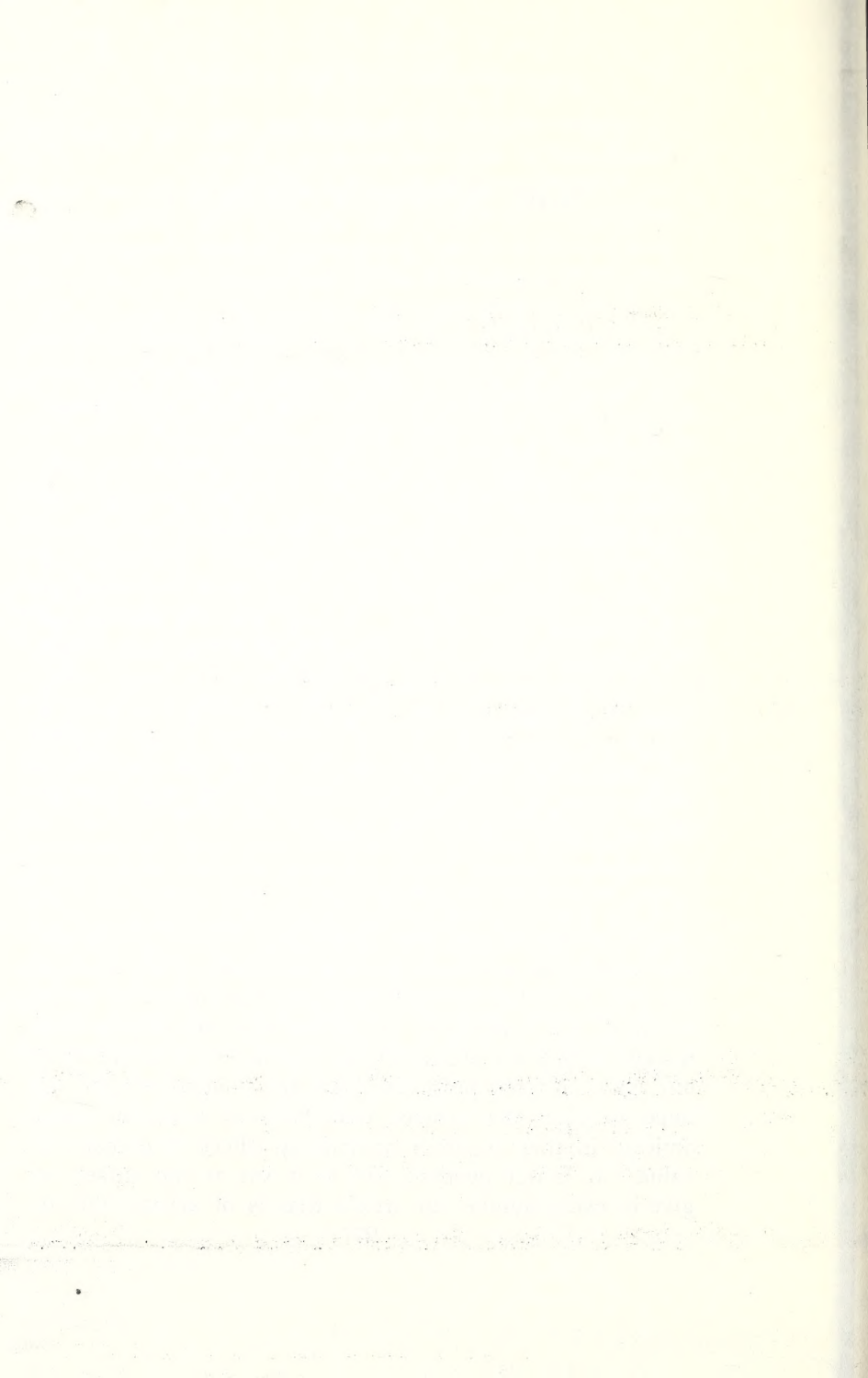
The Editor's Window

Our frontispiece for this volume is a drawing made expressly for the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE by Prof. J. Warren Thyng, from a sketch made by Mr. George W. Baker, of Stark's fort or garrison, which stood near the outlet of Swager's, now Nutt, Pond in Manchester.

This was built in the summer of 1746, under the supervision of Lieut. Archibald Stark, as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of Goffe's Falls, then known as Moore's settlement, and those who had collected in the vicinity of Amoskeag Falls. This stockade was about one hundred and twenty-five feet square. A well was dug and stoned between the building and the west shore of the pond, which is still to be seen, though nearly filled with debris. The situation of this garrison was most favorable, a body of scouts were stationed here for a time, and if the Indians had continued their depredations down the Merrimack Valley as far as this place, it would have afforded serviceable protection to the white settlers.

* * *

For the third time we come to the close of a volume, which completes a busy six months' work. The table of contents at the end of this number speaks definitely of the result of our endeavor. While in some respects it does not come up to our expectations, in other ways we feel that our labor has not been lost. In the coming volume we hope to give the articles that have of necessity been omitted in this, together with many others of permanent value. It is our purpose still, as it was at the outset, to give in every number an article that is of actual value to



the historical reader, making the general contents of as wide interest as is possible in a publication of this kind.

* * *

In the midst of this joyous season, when the old world is at her best, we already hear the announcements of Old Home Week reunions, and our sister commonwealth, Massachusetts, is kindling the fires of home love upon the altars of a hundred hamlets, and the glad greetings of reunited friends and relatives, if only for a day, is making happy many lives. And while these meet about the old hearthstone, there comes to many an Old Home Day hallowed by the invisible presence of the absent ones living amid scenes far away. An ocean may roll between them and the environments of their childhood, and this fact coupled with the impassable void of years, wider and deeper than any ocean of waters, awakens a double train of thought. To them, it seems, should be extended a welcome, sacred with divine love.

* * *

If it were a noble purpose to found a home in the wilderness, is it not equally as divine to save that precious heritage from the desolation of decay? Scattered over the hills and valleys of the Granite State are many homes whose empty walls echo no longer to the sound of light footsteps, and whose deserted rooms speak to us in the eloquence of silence of a day and a dream that have vanished. There are yet a greater number which are represented simply by an ugly rent in the earth where Nature has taken pity over man's neglect and thrown her drapery of green foliage and wild flowers. Her work may be only a fringe of briars and unseemly bushes, but it serves to keep alive the memory of life.

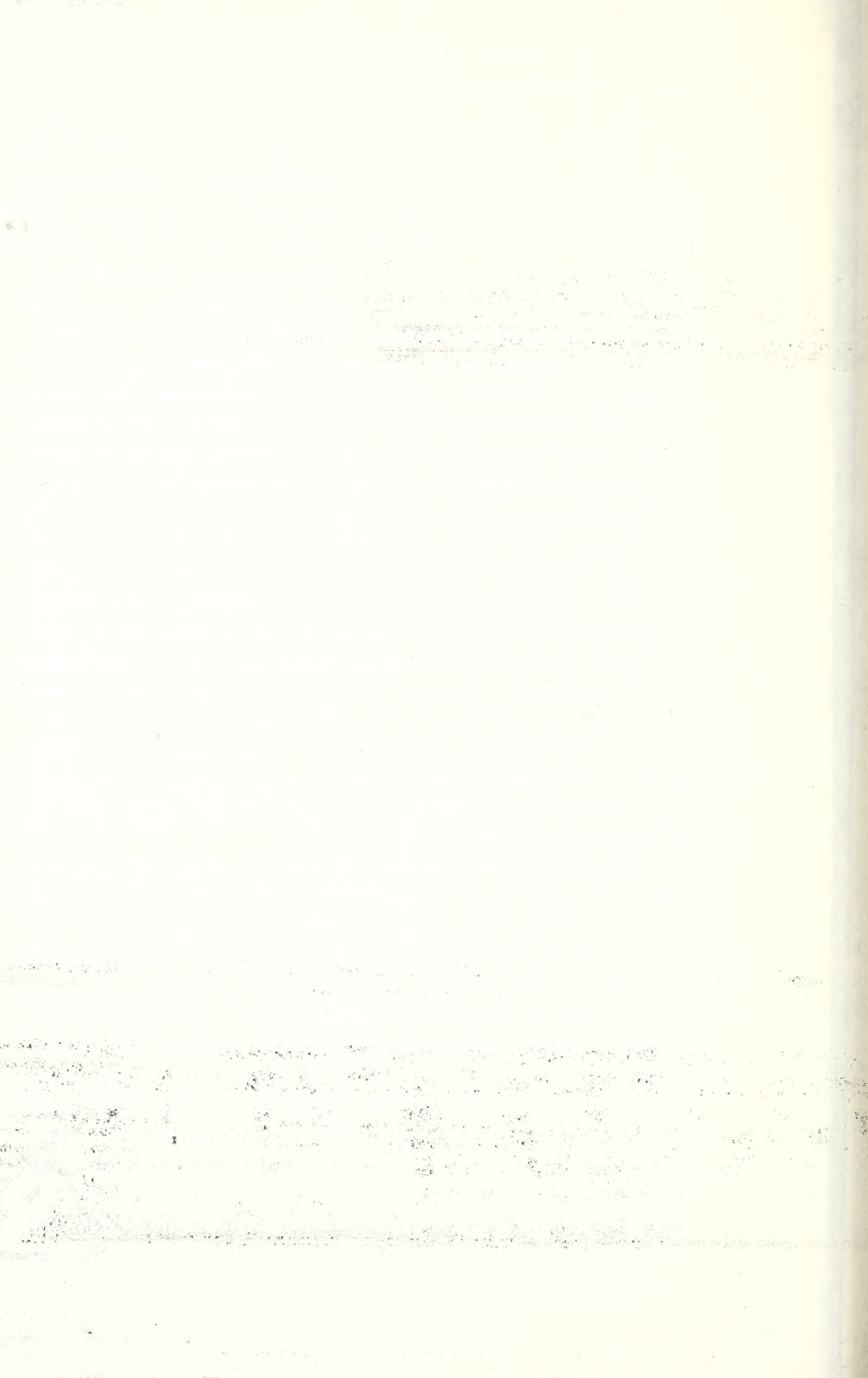
What bright dreams have arisen above these spots of neglect. What memories center there. Within the erst-



while walls of these homes have gathered the family circles of the fairest and brightest in the land. Here came the pioneer and his good wife to hew themselves homes out of the cheerless wilderness. He came in the elastic strength of manhood, filled with ambition and hopefulness. She came in the faith of woman's sacrifice of parental ties, giving into the keeping of her husband her beauty, her hopes, her happiness, her young life, her future. Here has rung the childish prattle and the merriment of childish laughter, innocent of guile. Here the fond mother's heart beat quicker as baby lips first uttered that precious name, *mother!*

These old homes represented all that is sweet and beautiful, toil and sacrifice, loss and gain, aspiration and human endeavor; all that helps to make life noble, grand and perfect. From these silent and now dismantled rooms have gone forth the best the world has known. Here the silver-haired grandmother has bowed to the great sorrow of her life in the loss of him who had so long been her comrade in the years grown gray. From hence have been borne in the silent train of immortality the father, mother, son, daughter, each occupying a place in the great plan of destiny that no other could fill.

These invisible walls speak in the language of memory more eloquent than tongue of the defenders of our country in times of war's alarms. They tell reverently of the men who went under Rogers, Blanchard and Goffe to stem the tide of French invasion in the days of border warfare. They speak of the call of Lexington and Concord and the gallant yeomanry who went with Stark, McClary and Cilley to meet the foreign invaders at Bunker Hill. They were with Poore at Trenton, with Sullivan in his memorable march through the Genesee Valley, with Stark at Bennington, Washington at Valley Forge, and shared in the glory of the victory at Yorktown. They were with McDonough on Lake Champlain, Perry on Lake Erie, under Scott and Taylor at Palo Alto and Monterey. The guns of Sumter



found an echoing answer here, and there was not a battle in the four years of Civil War that did not have its representative from these homes. Ay, sons of these New Hampshire homes, forsaken, neglected, abandoned, have fought on every battlefield of the Republic from Bunker Hill to Santiago.

Not alone in war, but in peace, when other grave perils confronted the prosperity of the country, have they stood in the ranks of civil duty, our Websters, our Wilsons, our Chases, our Greeleys, our Danas, and others whose names need not be mentioned to be remembered. Gifted, indeed, must be the narrator who could do justice to the memory of these sons and the equally as brave and noble daughters who have stood for all that is pure and uplifting in the onward march of American civilization. We owe all to the lofty character of the man at the plow and the woman at the spinning wheel, who stood ready to forsake both at the demand of country. Let us then cherish the memory of these sacred hearthstones, and drop the tear of genuine worship upon the ashes of these forsaken homes left to ruin and forgetfulness because there are none to represent them now.



Fryeburg, Me., was settled in 1763 by Gen. Joseph Frye, in whose honor the new township was named. Colonists from Massachusetts and New Hampshire quickly followed the hardy pioneer, so this became an important settlement on the borders of Maine and the Granite State. Its main street, a mile in length, bears proof of its antiquity in the venerable houses and stately trees overhanging them.

In the long, dark period of Indian supremacy it was a town of importance among the dusky brotherhood that flitted across its fertile intervalles at irregular intervals like the vanishing hosts of the Roman Varus.

Literary Leaves

HOLDERNESS. *An Account of the Beginnings of a New Hampshire Town.* By George Hodges. Cloth, 12mo., 102 pages; illustrated with scenes from photographs, reproductions of old plans and portraits, and silhouettes. Price, \$1.25, postpaid.

This modest little volume, without assuming to be a town history, gives the reader many glimpses and sidelights into the early history not only of Holderness but of the state. Even the settlement of the boundary dispute with Massachusetts is given treatment, accompanied by a map from Hubbard's "Narrative," 1677. This is followed by a plan of the "Old Indian Trail," over which John Stark was taken in 1752, when he was captured by the Indians and taken to St. Francis. There is also the early plan of the township made by Samuel Lane to accompany the charter of 1751, succeeded by the later drawing of the "hundred acre lot."

An appendix gives the many points of interest to be seen from Shepard Hill. This list shows not only a wide panorama of country, but one extremely interesting and picturesque. The author is to be congratulated upon the clear yet succinct manner in which he has treated his subject, giving matter not only of local but of general interest.

Among novels of timely interest on account of the tercentennial of the settlement of Jamestown is Maud Wilder Goodwin's "The Head of a Hundred," which gives a charming picture of the colony of Virginia in the early seventeenth century. The publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, have just issued a new popular price edition of "The Head of a Hundred." The heroic Betty Romney comes to the shores of Virginia in the first shipload of wives, to escape a titled marriage with a man she hates, selected for her husband by her father. It is a stirring colonial tale.

OLD HOME WEEK. By James Ball Naylor. Illustrated and decorated by F. Gilbert Edge. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.50. This sumptuous volume is given in appropriate and attractive pictures and decorations from the handsome cover design to the artistic ornament upon its last page. As a work of art it takes high place among the gift books and should be in every home in the land. For sale in Manchester at Goodman's.

Less than a decade ago, at the suggestion of a New Hampshire governor, the first observance of Old Home Week occurred in the Granite State and proved an instantaneous success. The idea immediately seized upon the people, both upon those at home and abroad, and to-day it is a festival that promises to continue along with other New England institutions for an indefinite period.

This is but a just appreciation of the fundamental principles of a free government, whose foundations are the hearthstones of a people and whose pillars are the love of native land. There is an inspiration to be found in the greetings of old friends long separated unknown to those who drift with the current of loneliness. Not only does he who has remained under the shadows of the parental roof-tree obtain a wider impression of the world in the cheery words of the returned friend, but this new-comer to old scenes finds a hopeful uplifting to the soul that has become sated with the glamor of the ambitions of the broader life in the simple, unaffected guile of the less ambitious brother.



JAMES BALL NAYLOR

felicitous dedication :

"To a sunburnt rogue of the Barefoot Tribe,
Who knew every scene that I here describe,—
Every sunny glade, every shady nook!—
I dedicate this little book;
To a brave of the Barefoot Tribe of Glee—
To the Little Boy that I used to Be!"

The author opens amid the busy scenes of office work, into which is crowded so much of the continual endeavor of life—

"Where the rushing streams of traffic swirl and mingle as they meet."

As he who climbs the hill to get a wider survey of the scene loses the real charm that comes from a closer view, so does he who leaves his early home for the wider associations of the eternal struggle of ambition, sacrifice much that comes in to the life of him who remains in the smaller and yet higher sphere.

We are forcibly reminded of this truth by the beautiful volume from the gifted pen of James Ball Naylor, who leads us into the sweet mysteries of his work with this

Aroused from these scenes by a letter from an old playmate he sees "the load of years slipping from his sagging shoulders," and again he is back at the old home upon his father's farm. The tumult of the crowded city and the babel of tongues is exchanged for the buzz of bees among the clover and the murmur of the brook winding down through the orchard. Again he drinks from the old gourd at the spring, and hears the cheery notes of Bob White's whistle as the saucy songster swings to and fro upon his slender stalk of golden grain. Deciding to return home he fondly thinks to surprise his oldtime friends by steal-



THE YOUNG FOLK

ing back to them unannounced, but somehow they got notice of his coming and he finds them at the station to meet him.

There they were to meet and greet me—those dear chums of other days!—

Older, graver, bent with work and worldly care;

Badly marred in many features, sadly changed in many ways—

Lacking grace of limb and sorely scant of hair.

But I knew them—oh, I knew them! knew each girlish trick and trait—

Remnants of the merry coquetry of yore;

And recognized each impish grin, each boyish move and gait—

And loved them as I never had before!

Among all others the home-seeker sees an aged pair

“Their love alight with pride,—

Their countenances bright with love and joy!

Hesitatingly advancing, hand in hand and side by side;

And I caught their murmured words, ‘My son! my boy!’”



THE OLD FOLK

Following the well-remembered road to the old homestead that stood "high upon the hill," they entered the quiet dwelling, sacred with its many memories of bygone days and vanished visions. In the roomy kitchen they take their supper, recounting the little incidents that arise in the retrospective mind. And so, in this pleasant vein, the poet leads us on and on through the shifting scenes that come and go in the fancy of the kaleidoscopic range of time. Not only scenes are pictured with a delicate, yet powerful, touch; but old acquaintances are renewed, while others—the absent ones—dearer grown from long-past association, severed, never to be taken up again. In this happy, soulful mood the poet takes us, hand in hand, into that

"Dear, delightful land of merriment! I roamed it all again,
From the gaunt, gray house of worship on the ridge
To the humble little school-house, nestling low in Carter's glen,
And the sunfish pool near Sandy Bottom bridge."

Back again to the scenes of the busy city, he finally returns feeling better, stronger and wiser to take up the battle of life, as we must feel brighter and more hopeful for the hour passed amid the pictured memories that we share with him. Taken altogether, this is a delightful book, and comes at an opportune time.

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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

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To Authors.—The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

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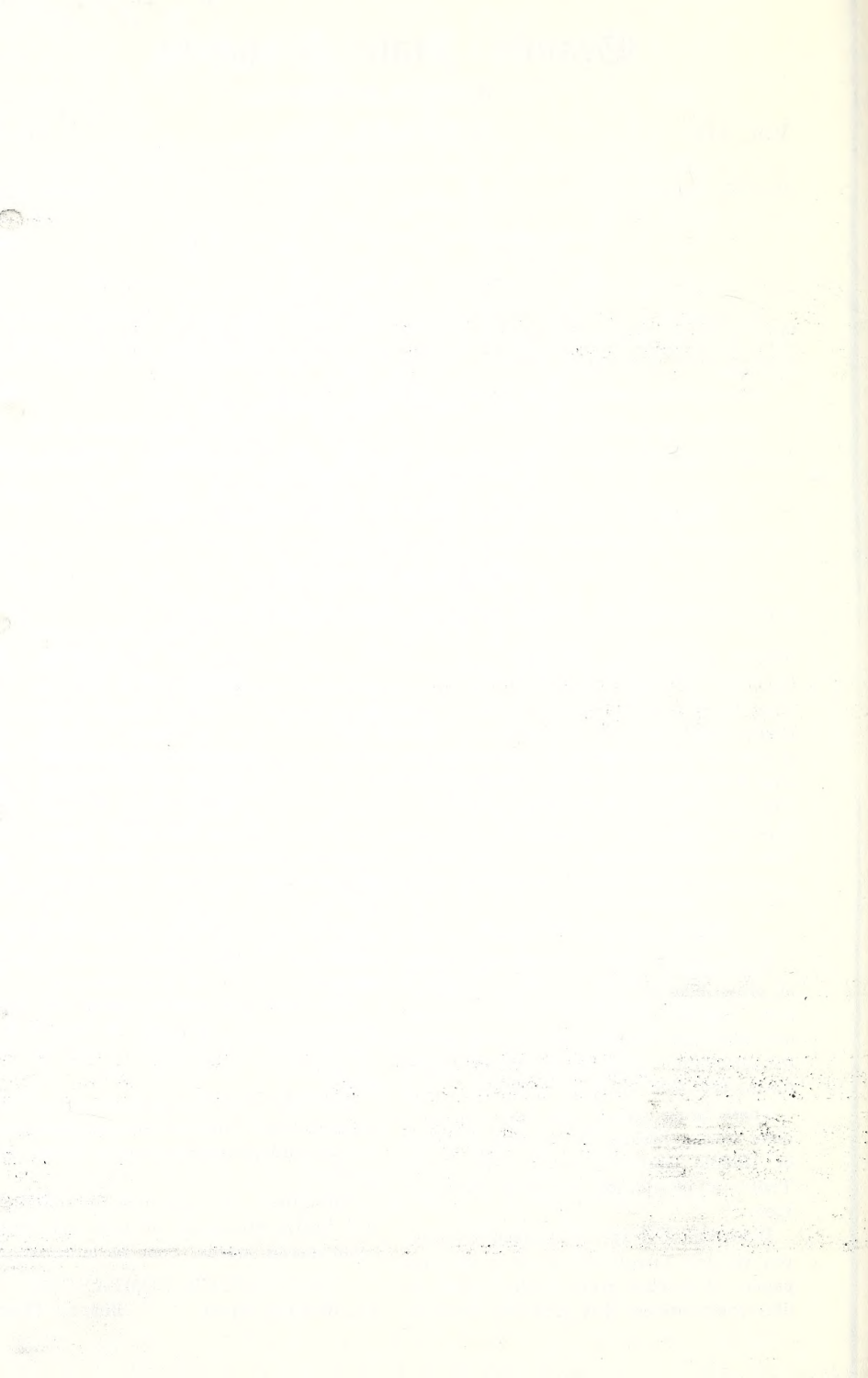
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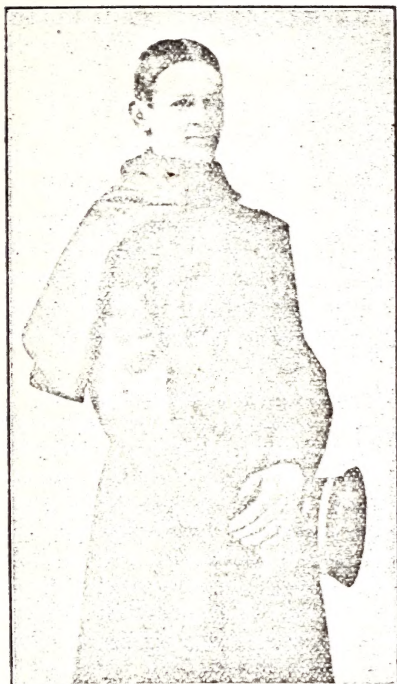
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Literary Leaves



C. F. KING, JR.

THE STARS AND STRIPES AND OTHER AMERICAN FLAGS. Peleg D. Harrison. Cloth, illustrated, 407 pages. Price, \$3 net. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. For sale at W. P. Goodman's Bookstore.

The author of this handsome volume deserves much praise for the careful and comprehensive manner in which he has treated this patriotic subject. It is in fact the only complete work upon the flags, as far as we know, that has been published within several years. It shows from long and persistent research, and sifting out from the miscellaneous and scattered material available much valuable information. He has in a single volume placed such facts as the student as well as the common reader might desire, every page of the work proving the care and accuracy of the author. The scope of the book is shown in the following chapter titles:

Origin and Development of the National Standard, Colonial and Provincial Flags, Pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary Flags, the Stars and Stripes, Army Flags, Colors, Standards, and Guidons, Special Flags, The First Display of American Flags on Land and Sea, The Return of Battle Flags, Flag Making, Flag Display Regulations, Salutes, Tributes to Flags, Honoring the Flag, Flag Legislation, The Flag of Truce, Displaying Flags at Half-Mast, Improvised Flags, Unique Flags, Origin of the Name of Old Glory, The Name of "Old Glory," Secession Flags, The Stars and Bars, The Confederate Battle Flags, The Second Confederate Battle Flags, The Third Confederate Battle Flags, Stories of Confederate Flags, Songs and Their Stories, The American Flag, Barbara Frietchie, The Bonny Blue Flag, The Conquered Banner, The Apron Flag, Index.

A BOY'S VACATION ABROAD. C. F. King, Jr. Cloth, gilt top, profusely illustrated from photographs by the author, 163 pages. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale at Goodman's Bookstore.

This book is a unique and striking departure in literary effort. The author is a typical American boy of seventeen, a Boston lad, who is now a cadet at St. John's Military School, Manilus, New York. In this book, which is his first but we predict not his last, he has given in a school-boy spirit and enthusiasm his experiences during a vacation abroad. Young King has a quick eye, a keen sense of humor, a ready wit, and proves himself a highly interesting descriptive writer. Told in his vivacious, charming style, his easy, boy-like description affords refreshing reading to young and old, and is not to be compared with the general works upon foreign travel filled with stereotyped descriptions. The book is having, as it deserves, a wide sale.

Like all of the books of this enterprising house, it is attractively issued.



The interest and value of this superb work is greatly enhanced by the drawings, printed in colors, of the following flags by Miss Jane Cutter: The Stars and Stripes of To-Day, The Betsy Ross Flag, The Fifteen Star and Fifteen Stripe Flag, Twenty Stars and Thirteen Stripes, The Stars and Bars, The Battle Flag, The Second National Flag, The Third National Flag.

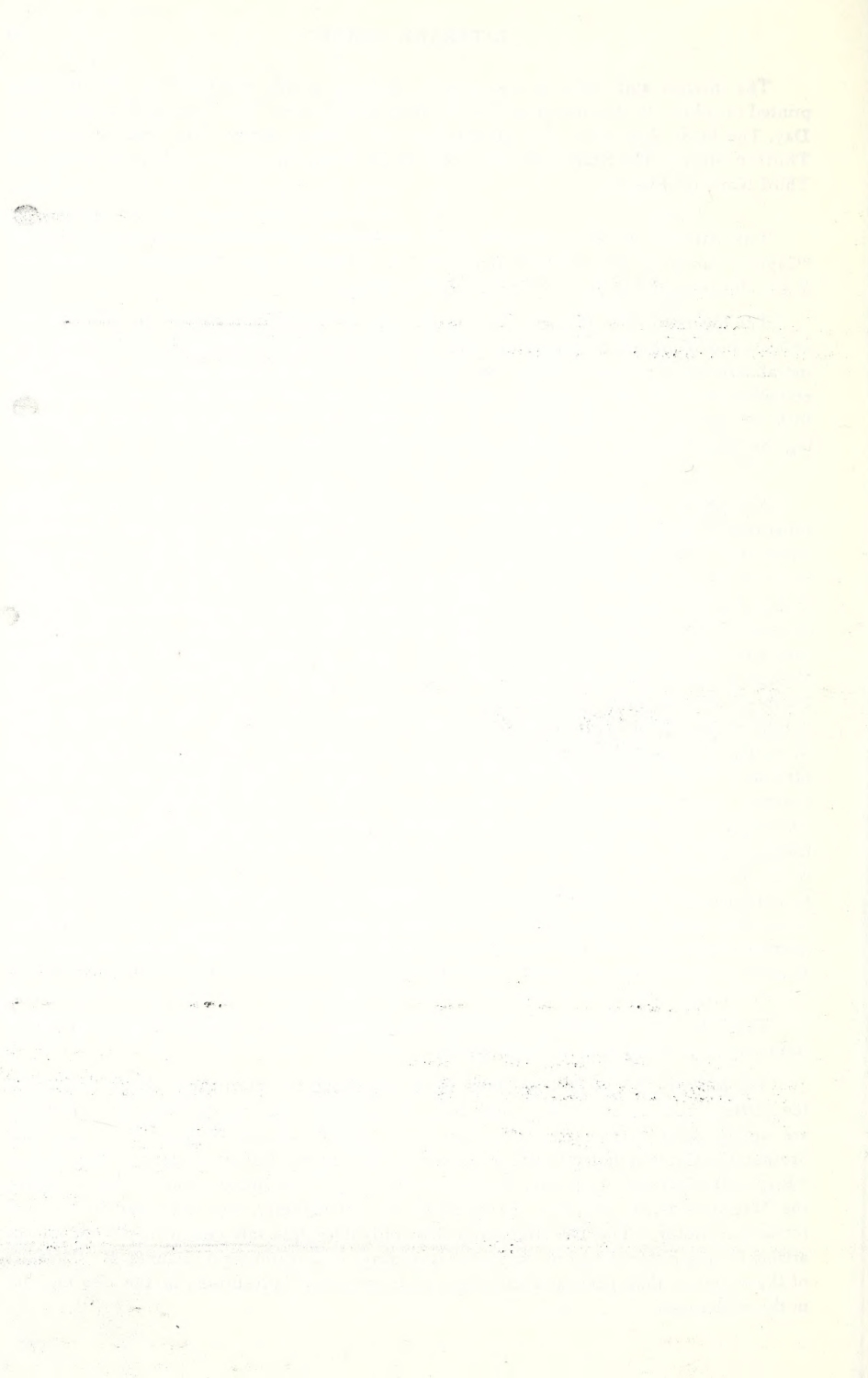
THE SILVER CROWN. Another Book of Fables, by Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," "The Golden Windows," etc. Cloth, 12mo, 105 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Goodman.

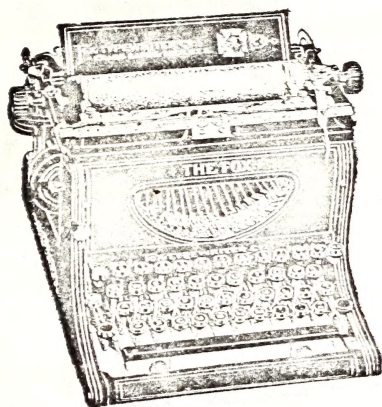
The lovers of Mrs. Richards' books, and they are many, will appreciate this beautiful collection of forty-five fables, simply written and exquisitely conceived, with a little golden moral attached to each. These new fables cover a wide range and the book is highly embellished. Old and young will read it with equal delight. We gave a copy of it to our little girl and she was delighted with it. We have read it ourselves and laid it down wishing there had been another fable to tell by this fascinating writer.

Among the leading articles in the *Delineator* for February we note, Fooling the Public (illustrated), by Fred Thompson. The growth of the big show as described by a master showman. The Making of a Charming Woman (illustrated). "An Old Beau," with some temerity, ventures to discuss this interesting subject. How to Order in a Restaurant (illustrated), by Elizabeth M. Rhodes. For the initiated, this is good reading; for the uninitiated, it is sound instruction. Confidence and Dollars, by Lida A. Churchill. An inspiring little article in "The Department of Real Life." Little Problems of Married Life. William George Jordan, under this heading, discusses "The Specter of Constant Jealousy." The Dawn of Womanhood, by Gabrielle E. Jackson. This chapter of a series of talks helpful to young women is dedicated to mothers. The Care of the Woman, by Dr. Anna M. Galbraith. Dr. Galbraith writes with scientific accuracy on the subject of "The Complexion." Talks on Home-Making, by Alice M. Kellogg. Miss Kellogg this month gives practical suggestions for the furnishing of "A Girl's Room." Fashions of the Stage. Photographs of leading women of the stage posed exclusively for the *Delineator*, and illustrating some features of advanced style. Our Delineator Grandmothers. "One of Them" contends that to dress well is as much the duty of the old as the young woman. The fiction for this month is especially good, while the departments include Fashions in New York, The Dress of Paris, Styles of the Month, Lessons in Millinery, Lessons in Dress-making, At the Point of the Needle, Miscellanea, The Children, The Money-Makers, The Kitchen.

THE WOODRANGER. A Story of the Pioneers of the Debatable Ground. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. 312 pp; \$1.25.

The scene of this book is the tract of country along the Merrimack River claimed by the settlers from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Among the historical characters are young John Stark, afterwards famous as General Stark, William Stark, his older brother, the Captain under Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, Robert Rogers, later known as "Rogers the Ranger," Col. John Goffe, the noted scout and Indian fighter, besides others, the MacDonalds, of Glencoe, the McNeils, of Londonderry, and that semi-historic and romantic forester, "The Woodranger." Not only does this tale deal with the differences arising from a bitter hatred of races, but it portrays in a picturesque manner the home-life of the colonists, their trials and hardships, their sports and adventures in the clearing and in the wilderness.





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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

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Editorial Lookout

Among the attractions we have been able to offer in THE GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE there has not been one of greater interest than the papers we shall begin in an early number, of Personal Recollections of Whittier, written by an author and artist who knew him intimately for twenty-five years. We predict a wide interest in these articles, which will be illustrated by our special artist.

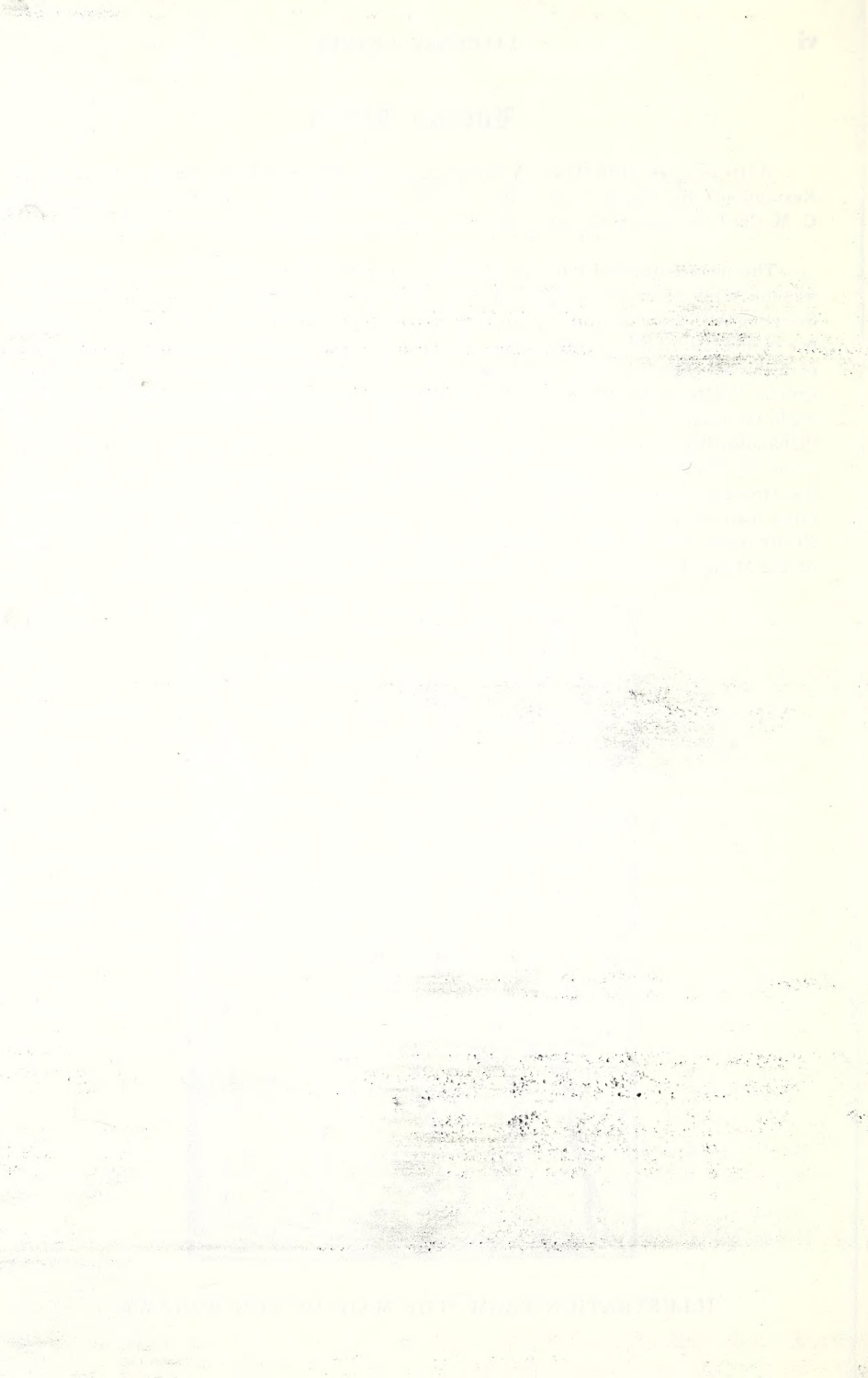
Literary Leaves

MAID OF THE MOHAWK. A Romance of the Mohawk Valley in the Days of the Revolution. By Frederick A. Ray. Cloth, 12mo, 340 pages, illustrated. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The picturesque valley of the Mohawk River, one of the tributaries of the Hudson, was the scene of many exciting and important events during the American Revolution. Selecting this region of storied interest as the setting for his romance, Mr. Ray has given us one of the best novels of the season. It is strong in its cast of characters, many of them of historical note, beautiful in its language and description, interesting in its grasp of incidents. We get clear-cut views of the trying period when the fortune of a people was hanging in the balance of human love of freedom and generosity. The identity of the famous "Unknown Benefactor" who, by the gift of a large sum of money to General Washington, saved the Continental Army at a critical time is here made known for the first time. Not less strong in its pictures of the adversity of the American troops suffering the pains of bitter marches and the privations of the winter camp is the author in his descriptions of British ease and joviality of camp life, the ball, the party and the banquet. The Maid of the Mohawk is herself one of the sweetest, most winsome heroines in fiction.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE MAID OF THE MOHAWK"



SNOW-BOUND. A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. With twenty full-page illustrations from drawings by Howard Pyle, John J. Enneking and Edmund H. Garrett. Decorations by Adrian J. Jorio. Cloth, royal octavo, 96 pages. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price \$2.50. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Had Whittier written no other poem than "Snow-Bound" his fame would have been assured. In this we find him at his best, a work that is not only worth one reading but deserving of careful study. He has glorified our New England winter and pictured the homely comforts of its severe days as none but a master poet could. The sumptuous edition now issued by this old publishing house is one fitting the grand subject. As a work of art it is elegant, and no handsomer ornament for the center table can be obtained. This most popular of American poems has been issued in many forms, but not one that surpasses this attempt. The names of the artists are sufficient guaranty that from an artistic point the undertaking has been faithfully performed, while the name of the house that is its sponsor warrants the rest. There is no room for dissatisfaction or disappointment.

THE UNTAMED PHILOSOPHER. By Frank W. Hastings, author of several widely unknown works. With numerous illustrations. Cloth, 12mo, 258 pages. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman, or sent postpaid by the publishers. Price, \$1.50.

So much is easily said, but here we hesitate. We have read the book, that is, the most of it, and still live, eat three good meals a day, when we can get them, and advise you to get the book if you want to laugh, if you want to find homely philosophy on tap, a little sarcasm that will, as likely as not, touch you, and withal a little common sense. Mr. Hastings' work has been dominated "a scintillating satire on Love, Work, Education, Religion, Temperance and Marriage." Candidly, we think he is a little hard on Mariah. Mariah, it should be known, was the victim of his companionship. We may have gotten a wrong impression. See for yourself and forgive us if you can. As an inkling of what the book contains we quote the following excerpts at random:

"My idea of labor is to let somebody else perform the vulgar deed, but Mariah's notion is that folks become weak and dyspeptic without work."

"All is humor! And all the people are humorists, from the sedate Adam down to the modern circus clown."

"The great uplifting principle of Love is to love one's self above all and all the time."

"If the marriage venture isn't a success, what a blessing it is to have God left to curse for the failure."

"Keep on the funny side of the road, which is also the sunny side!"

"Intellectually the hen is not a dazzling success. Her low narrow forehead indicates lack of brain force and spirituality."

"This world is a little suburb of Paradise or a preparatory school of the other country, according as we clear up the brush heaps of despair and make the grass of good cheer grow all over the old place."

NOTE.—We hope to read the rest of the book at an early date, and invite the author, whom we believe is a Vermonter, to give us a call.

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Editorial Lookout

It is with pleasure that we announce for our next number a carefully prepared article by Dr. Maurice Baldwin, upon "Personal Recollections of the New London and Colby Academy." This is one of the oldest schools of its kind in the state, and its history and environments afford a most interesting story. While Dr. Baldwin does not aim to tell its full history, he does give us in a most entertaining manner something of its personal side, and as it appeared to him coming from the southland to enjoy its instruction. Other articles of interest and historic value are on the way.

Literary Leaves

THE NATIVE MINISTRY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. By Rev. N. F. Carter. A substantial volume of 1,017 pages, 8vo, bound in cloth, with portrait of the author. The Rumford Printing Company, Concord, N. H. For sale by the Author.

This voluminous work is the result of over thirty years of research and compilation, which means a vast amount of patient labor along the lines of history and biography. But it is not labor in vain, as the work is done in a faithful and conscientious manner and becomes a monument of honest endeavor. The towns are arranged in alphabetical order and, as far as we have been able to verify the lists, they are as complete as could be expected of a first attempt of this kind. The sketches are as full and authentic as could be made under the circumstances, and comprise the mention and description of 2,509 ministers who, in home and foreign lands, have sought to render good service to Christianity and humanity.

The knowledge of local history and biography has become more and more sought after and prized by the well-informed everywhere. This volume seems to us as indispensable as any history, and shows an even greater amount of patient and painstaking work than has been done in other fields. In perpetuating these records and making them accessible to the student and general reader as well, Mr. Carter has certainly rendered his generation a pleasant and valuable offering, raised a handsome memorial to the memory of those who have gone before, while the value and importance of his work to posterity is not to be estimated. Every town and church library should, and doubtless will, have a copy, as it is a work that is sure to be in demand by those who care anything for local history, while the individual collector of Americana will not miss it if he is at all desirous of having the most desirable of the local histories. For further particulars address the Author at Concord, N. H.

HISTORY OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SURGEONS IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. By Granville P. Conn, A. B., M. D. Cloth, 8vo, 558 pages. With portrait of Dr. Jno. Mills Browne. Ira C. Evans Company, Printers, Concord, N. H.

Published by order of the New Hampshire Association of Military Surgeons, and written by an author who was eminently fitted for the task, this work is a valuable addition to the state's military history. The histories of the regiments now complete with, we believe, one exception, this handsome volume fills in a gap most admirably and will doubtless be in demand, not only among the libraries but with the seekers after state history. The author in his preface says that ten years of work have been required to complete the work, which accounts for the thoroughness with which it has been done.

It is arranged according to the regiments, closing with the miscellaneous organizations. Occupying a distinctive part in connection with the regimental histories, it proves a good auxiliary to them, and no student of the Civil War can afford to miss it. Most of the sketches are very complete, and both the author and the association are to be congratulated upon the result of the undertaking.

JAY GOULD HARMON WITH MAINE FOLKS. By George S. Kimball, author of "Piney Home," etc. Bound in cloth and tastefully ornamented. Ten illustrations printed in tints. 12mo, 441 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

The publishers speak of this as another "Quincy Adams Sawyer." In some respects it is a book of superior merit. It is certainly good enough to stand on its own qualities.



Rapid in its movements, it carries the reader on from scene to scene with an interest that does not wane from the opening to the final act. The description of the log drive is the strongest we have ever read, and so good that we have marked that chapter for another reading. This work ought to appeal to Maine people wherever they may be living, while it is scarcely less interesting to those who have never seen the Pine Tree State, as it gives vivid pictures of its country life which will be remembered long after the book has been laid aside.

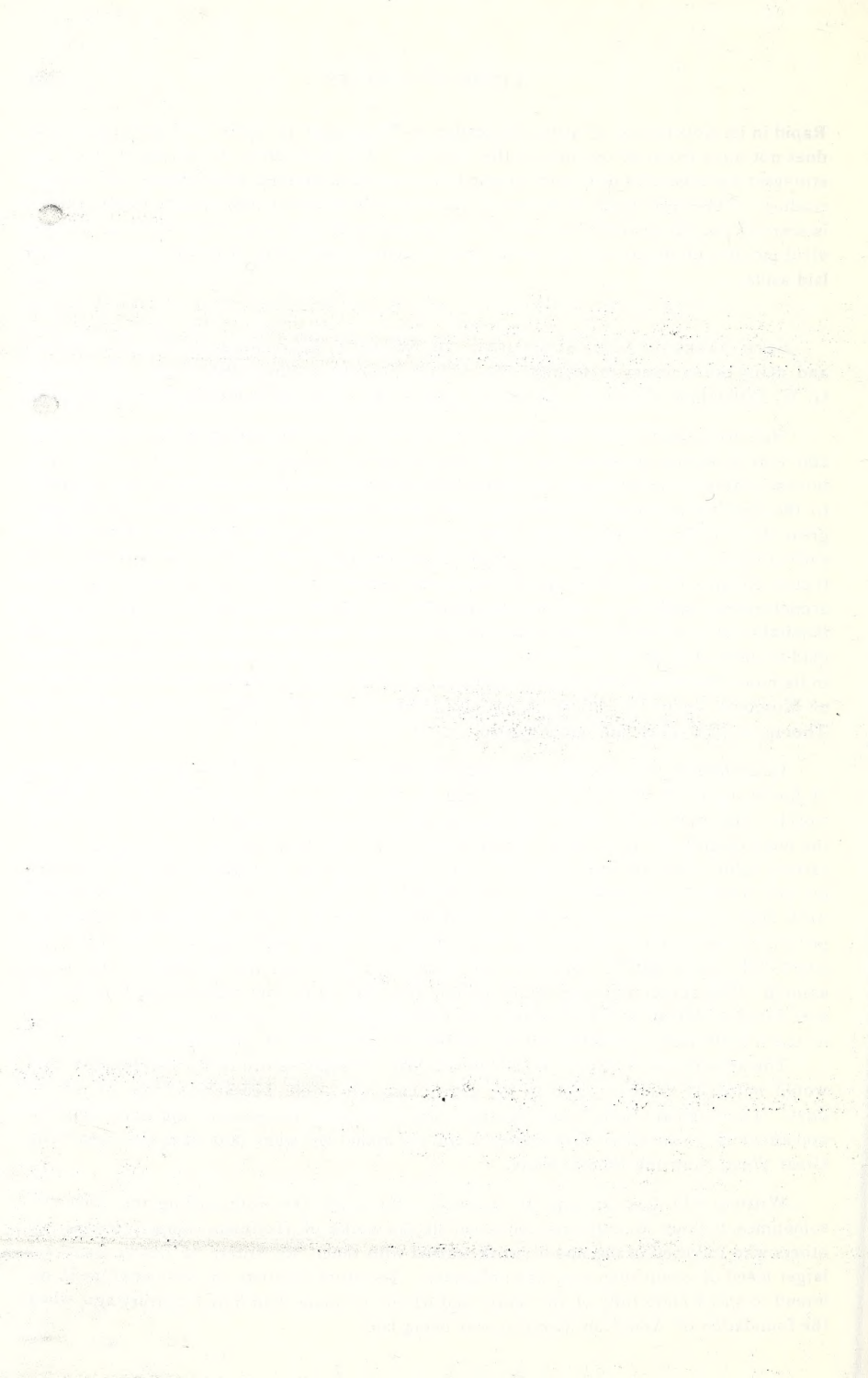
SETH JONES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. By Edward S. Ellis, author of "Deerfoot Series" and many other stories of frontier life. Cloth, illustrated, 12mo, 282 pages. Price, \$1.25. G. W. Dillingham Company, Publishers, New York. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Here we have a book with a history in itself quite as interesting as the story it tells and that is saying considerable. It is one of the few books that we read as a boy with intense pleasure and read again as a man with hardly less desire to follow it page by page to the concluding scene, and the wish that there had been another chapter. It is not a great story, a fact which its author does not claim, but it is a healthy story of adventure, such as any healthy minded youth would enjoy. Originally we bought it for ten cents; now it costs \$1.25. We got the same picture of the redoubtable Seth in his border garb and accoutrements, looking to our boyish mind like an ideal frontiersman; we got the same inimitable account of his adventures, and incidentally the thread of a love story. We were glad to get it then at the low price we did; we are glad to get it now at its increased price in its more becoming dress, that we may put it on our library shelf beside "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Cobb; "Grayslayer," by Hoffman; "The Green Mountain Boys," by Thompson, and other old-time favorites.

Elsewhere, in our article on "Pioneers of 'Popular Literature,'" we speak of the class of books to which "Seth Jones" belonged at the time it was first given to the reading world. This was really the first successful dime novel, due largely to the fact that it was the most extensively advertised. Even Bonner, in his startling system of placing his publications before the world was outdone. The Beadles literally plastered every inch of poster ground with the placard asking the simple question, "Who is Seth Jones?" The following week these placards were succeeded, from Maine to Oregon, by another bearing a full-length picture of the hunter-scout and the announcement: "I am Seth Jones." The result was wonderful. Over 400,000 copies of the work were sold, and the success of the series assured. The author suddenly found himself in a position to earn more money than he had ever dared to dream of in his vocation as schoolmaster. He followed this with others of its class, until to-day he stands among the best of our writers of juvenile works.

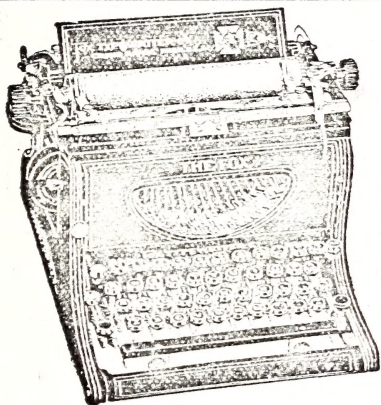
The adventures of "Seth Jones" we are lead to suppose are really mainly those that would naturally come to one of the many men who were Leatherstockings of pioneer days. The original 'Seth,' we understand, was a native of Hopkinton, this state, who, disappointed in a love affair, disappeared from his home and went into what was then "The Great West," now the Empire State.

Written with less attempt at ambitious effort, and therefore lacking the long and, sometimes, tedious descriptions contained in the works of Hoffman, Cooper, Simms, and others who followed in the line of work started with them, the writers of Beadle deserve a larger meed of credit than they have obtained. In future numbers of this department, we intend to speak more fully of the books and writers of more than half a century ago, when the foundation of American literature was being laid.



OWL TOWER. By Charles S. Coom, author of "The Baronet Rag-Picker," etc. Handsomely bound in cloth, with eight full-page illustrations. 12mo, 363 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Owl Tower was a high, ivy-covered fortress that had stood for centuries as a sentinel between the estates of Coleshill and Trevisick in "Merrie England." Between these two families a bitter feud had existed for three generations, so that when the heir of Coleshill fell in love with the oldest daughter of Sir Joseph Trevisick exciting times were bound to happen. The plot of the story is ingenious and the characters are both very human and delightfully entertaining. How "Love will find a way" to climb high towers and surmount every other kind of barrier is told in a bright and breezy style by Mr. Coom in this, his latest and best book.



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Manchester, N. H.

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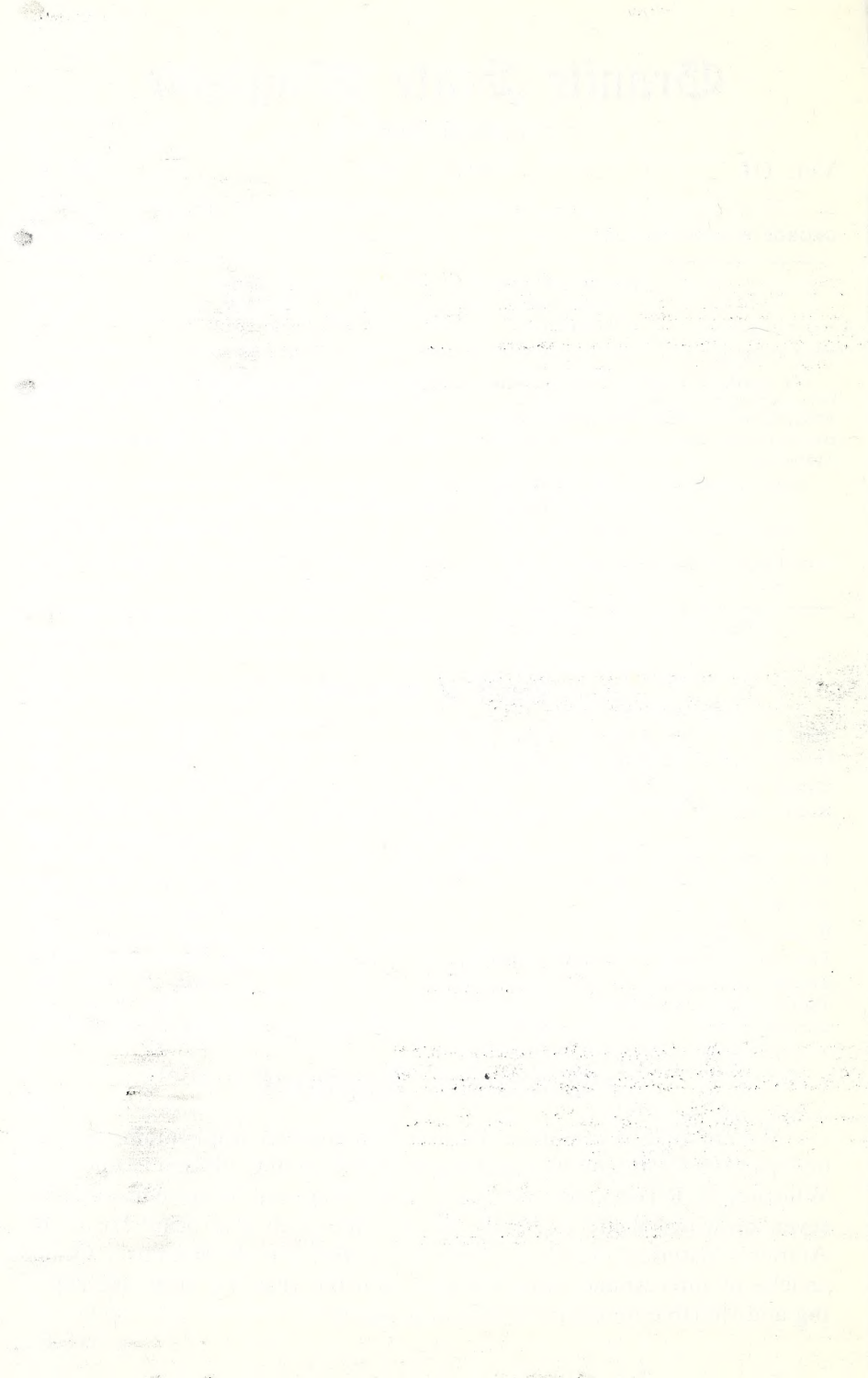
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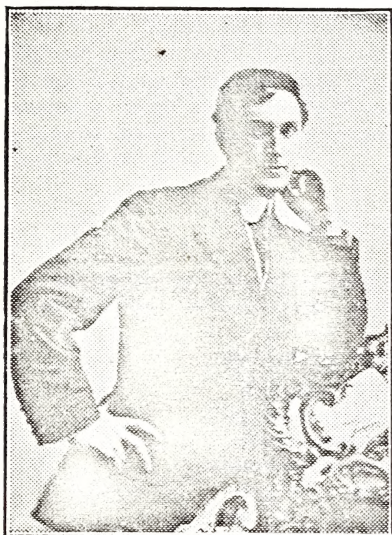
Editorial Lookout

We are glad to announce that our May number will contain the second part of Professor Thyng's highly entertaining "Reminiscences of Whittier, by River, Lake and Sea." The article will be accompanied by seven drawings made expressly for it. We shall also print Mr. T. B. Aldrich's historical sketch of Portsmouth with five illustrations. Other articles of interest and value will help to make this the most entertaining and valuable number we have ever issued.



Literary Leaves

HIGHLAND MARY, The Romance of a Poet. By Clayton Mackenzie Legge. Illustrated by William Kirkpatrick. Printed on deckled edge, hand made linen paper; bound in red silk cloth and gold, with gilt top; 395 pages. Price \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.



CLAYTON MACKENZIE LEGGE

for happiness but for the expression of some soulful sentiment that only such natures seem able to give forth, it would seem. By the way, the author is a descendant of the Henry Mackenzie who was the first to appreciate the gifts of Burns, and who was his friend in adversity, when friends are needed. We consider this a book of real merit, deserving of a large sale. No admirer of Burns should fail to secure a copy.

THE LIEUTENANT, THE GIRL AND THE VICEROY. By Marshall Putnam Thompson. Cloth, 12mo., ten illustrations, colored picture of Inez, gilt top, uncut edges, 274 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

Mr. Thompson has written a strongly dramatic story of adventure, the action of which takes place in one of the old Spanish vice-royalties in South America.

It is intensely interesting, brisk and breezy, and across its pages pass rapidly Soldiers of Fortune, American army officers, haughty Spanish officials and fascinating senoritas.

Although not claiming to be historical, "The Lieutenant, the Girl and the Viceroy" is founded on fact and reveals, under fictitious names, the actors in a forgotten and romantic chapter of American diplomatic history.

There are no soul or social "Problems" in Mr. Thompson's book—it is just a clean, crisp, clearly written story of love and adventure—which once begun will not be put down until finished.

Our love and admiration for the poetry of Burns, if not for this most fortunate and unfortunate of men, causes us to turn with high expectation, bordering almost upon reverence, to this book, which we follow through from page to page until all too soon we reach the closing scene and the curtain of imagination only conceals from us the romance of reality. Next to the poet Highland Mary's sweet, sad life has won for her a safe and abiding place in the hearts of many people. The author here for the first time unfolds the pathetic story of her life, a romance sweeter than any poet ever told. Next to Mary he has placed the beautiful, self-forgetful Jean Armour, so the story possesses a double interest in the lives of the two women who came into the life of Burns, between whose unselfish loves he failed to find the full completion of human happiness.

This was not strange, for temperaments like Burns, Byron and Poe were not created

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LYRICS OF THE GRAY. For Southern Hearts and Southern Homes. By Thomas Chalmers Harbaugh. An octavo of 56 pages. Illustrated with portrait of the author and published by him. Price, 25 cents.

This modest volume is filled with beautiful poems appropriate to the occasions that they commemorate. Mr Harbaugh's poetry possesses a ring and eloquence of meter which makes it particularly well adapted to songs of this kind. In these lyrics, therefore, we find him at his best. One of the first contributors whom we appealed to upon assuming the editorial management of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE was this veteran of prose and poetry, and while he has already given us some of the most happy of his efforts, we have the promise of others along the lines of our work. In this connection we cannot resist the temptation to reproduce here three stanzas from this book, while in a future number we shall give a poem entire.

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS

[On one of the battlefields in the Shenandoah Valley are two soldiers' graves. On the head board of one is inscribed: "A Georgia Soldier;" on the other; "A Maine Volunteer."]

I found them there together
 With roses sweet between,
 Near by a murmuring river,
 Above them heaven's sheen;
 I heard the winds of summer
 Sing low a sweet refrain,
 Above the boy from Georgia,
 Above the boy from Maine.

One left his snowy mountains,
 The other left his pines,
 To stand with gallant thousands
 Amid the battle lines;
 But now in peace they slumber,
 In sunshine and in rain—
 One northward came from Georgia,
 One southward marched from Maine.

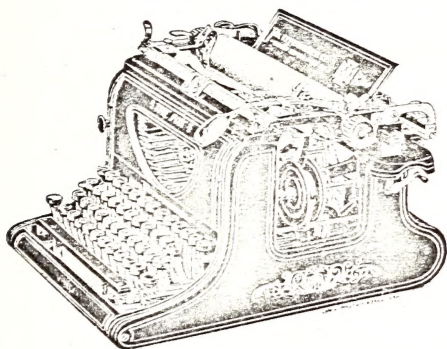
No more the battle bugles
 Will tell them they were foes,
 No more the thundrous cannon
 Will break their deep repose;
 The drums that stirred the thousands
 Will never beat again
 To thrill the sons of Georgia,
 To rouse the sons of Maine.

HEROES EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Illustrated and decorated by Blanche Ostertag. Cloth, 12mo, 332 pages. Price, \$1.25. Published by Doubleday & Page, New York. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This book is one of a series, of which six have already been issued, but is complete in itself. The idea was a happy one, and the result in every way must meet the commendation of the originator. The volume in hand contains sketches of twenty heroes of history whose lives are worthy of study by young and old. Especially is this the case when they are treated in the interesting manner of the authors called to the assistance of the different editors.

It is well that all of the heroes selected do not belong to the traditionary past, so that we find with Daniel and David of biblical times, King Alfred and Robin Hood, and Washington, Lee and Lincoln of our own country. No better present for a boy could be found, and the boy will find here a genuine treat.

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A Monthly Publication

VOL. III.

MAY, 1907.

No. 5.

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

TERMS:—Per Annum \$1.50
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To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

Address plainly: EDITOR GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE,

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Literary Leaves

LIFE OF EDWARD H. ROLLINS. By James O. Lyford. Cloth, 8vo., portrait, gilt top, 547 pages. Dana, Estes & Co., publishers, Boston. Price, \$2.50.

This volume, devoted to the life and character of Hon. Edward H. Rollins, who was so long foremost among the political leaders of the state, must of necessity deal largely with the politics of his day. For that alone it is valuable to the student of history, and we might wish that the author, who is so well situated to throw much light upon what was an

eventful period of political strife, had given even more attention to this phase of the situation. To him who wishes to become more familiar with the work of this political manager, for three terms member of congress and United States senator, it must prove an enduring memorial written by a faithful delineator who was intimately acquainted with him in his later years of activity. The author in his preface says: "There has been no attempt to eulogize him, but rather to present to the reader the story of an eventful epoch in New Hampshire, with the conviction that the recital of Senator Rollins' part therein will prove to be the strongest tribute that can be paid to him."



THE MAN FROM MAINE. By Frank Carlos Griffith. Cloth, 12mo., ten illustrations by A. B. Shute, 255 pages. Price, \$1.50. C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston. For sale in Manchester by Goodman.

This is a story of a quaint old "Down-East" blacksmith who is made United States consul in a Zululand province. While different from anything in the line of humor, different from "Jethro Bass," unlike "Josiah Allen's Wife," it is a delightful satire in which is combined the wit, native shrewdness and keen appreciation of the situation by an innocent abroad greater in some respects than Mark Twain's hero of foreign travel.

The following dialogue between the "Man from Maine" and his wife, Maria, when on their voyage to Zululand explains itself. They had made an inspection of their stateroom when he says:

"Say, Maria, who's goin' to sleep on the top shelf, you or I?"

"Thunder!" Asa exclaimed as he looked their room over, "can we two live in this closet? It hain't got a winder bigger 'n a pants button, an if a feller rolled off of that top shelf, he'd land in the wash basin. Say, Maria, who's goin' to sleep on the top shelf, you or I?"

"I don't know for certain who's goin' to, but I know for sure who ain't and that's me," said Maria.

"Then I guess its goin' to be me. Jim, s'pose you order in á tac'le and fall."

"You'll get the hang of it soon," said Jim. "Just stand on the lower one, and swing yourself right in."

"I can manage it some—say, who's smoking? Somebody's smoking strong tobacco. Strong tobacco always did make me sick. Gosh, what was that? Gess she struck a rock. Jim, run up to the roof, and look off."

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GEORGE WALDO BROWNE Managing Editor

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To Authors. — The editor respectfully solicits contributions relating to state history, biography and legend from those who are in possession of any incidents or narrative of local or general interest. Any one not a regular writer, and not situated to put his notes into readable form, is requested to send the rough draft and we will undertake to put it into manuscript for the printer. Every article received will be carefully read and returned, if found unavailable.

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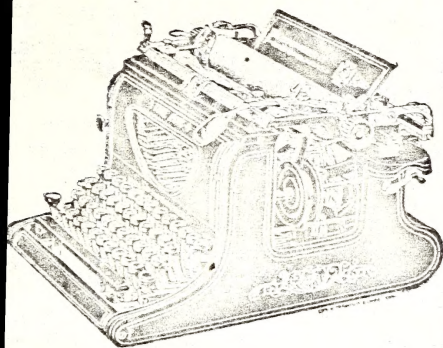
The C. M. Clark Publishing Company of Boston announces for publication in June a book which promises to be of uncommon interest to New Hampshire people, both at home and abroad. With an historical setting, written in the first person, it partakes of an autobiography without the dry details so often given personal narratives. The descriptions of the White Mountains in nicety of touch and fineness of portrayal could only have been made by one who was familiar with them and who had a keen appreciation of their grandeur and attractions.

Mr. Goss, a Vermonter by birth, took up his residence in Berlin, N. H., in 1888, and is one of the ablest and best-known lawyers of the north country. In 1894 he was elected solicitor of Coos county and was twice re-elected. In 1903 he was elected representative to the state legislature.

Ever active in the line of progress and industrial matters, he has been prominently identified with the interests and growth of Berlin, and is looked upon as one of her most substantial citizens. The interest in the literary venture of Mr. Goss is shown by the large number of advance orders which the publishers have received. There will be two editions, one in plain cloth for the general trade at \$1.50 a copy, and what is to be known as the Portrait Edition, containing seventy portraits of prominent New Hampshire men, which will sell for \$3.00.

Among the portraits of prominent men and women are to be mentioned, Jacob Benton, ex-member of congress, Ossian Ray, ex-member of congress, Chester B. Jordan, ex-governor of New Hampshire, George A. Bingham, judge of supreme court, Hon. Harry Bingham, A. S. Batchellor, William H. Mitchell, Moses A. Hastings, Herbert I. Goss, Lewis W. Clark, Major Robert Rogers, Passaconaway, Isabella Pillsbury.

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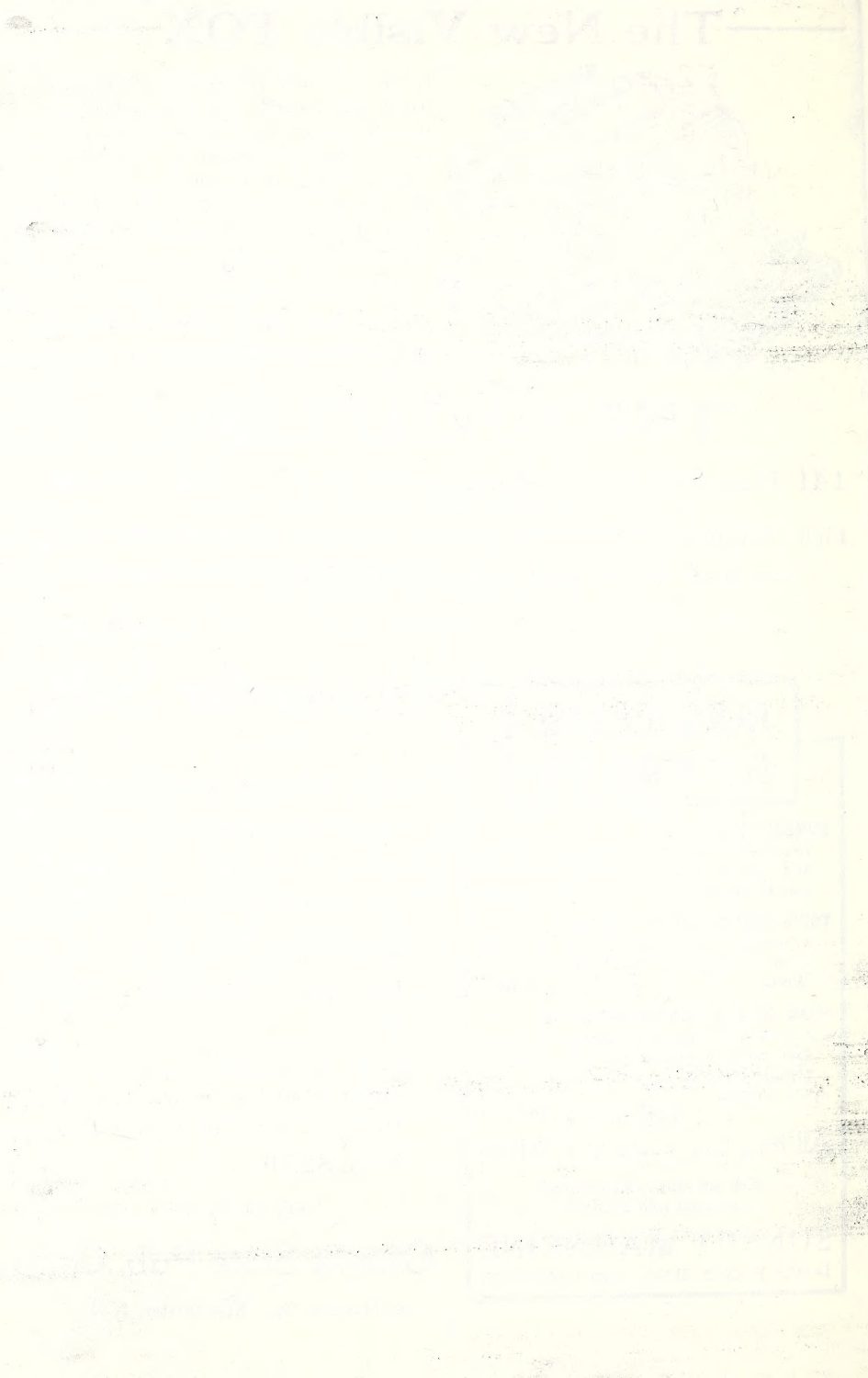
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